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POETS AND POETRY
OF
THE WEST.

THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
THE WEST:

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

BY
WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL.

"Here is a wreath
With many an unripe blossom garlanded,
And many a weed, yet mingled with some flowers
That will not wither."

SOUTHEY.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume is the first of a series designed to present a survey of Western Literature—to make known who have been, and who are the poets, orators, and prose-writers of the States* which comprise what is properly known, in American history and geography, as The West; and to preserve, in a form convenient for reference, their most characteristic productions.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF THE WEST has been prepared upon a plan contemplating not only the republication of poems which have become celebrated, but a fair representation of what may, not inappropriately, be considered the respectable poetical literature of the great Central Valley of the United States. It contains selections, with biographical notices, from the writings of ninety-seven men and fifty-five women, of whom sixty are, or at the time of their decease were, residents of Ohio; twenty-three of Indiana; fourteen of Kentucky; thirteen of Illinois; five of Michigan; four of Wisconsin; three of Missouri; two of Iowa; two of Minnesota; one of Kansas. Among these poets, sixty-nine are native to the geographical division of the American Confederacy in which their fortunes are cast: to Ohio, thirty-nine; to Kentucky, fifteen; to Indiana, thirteen; to Michigan, one; to Illinois, one.

The others belong, by birth, as follows: Fifteen to New York, twelve to Pennsylvania, eight to Massachusetts, eight to Connecticut, seven to New Hampshire, four to Maine, four to Maryland, three to Mississippi, three to Tennessee, three to Vermont, three to Virginia, two to New Jersey, two to South Carolina, one to Delaware, one to Rhode Island, one to the District of Columbia, and four to Great Britain. The nativity of three is unknown. Of the one hundred and fifty-two persons whose places of birth and residence are thus analyzed, only twenty-eight† are known to be deceased.

* Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas.

† John M. Harney, Thomas Peirce, Julia L. Dumont, Micah P. Flint, Charles Hammond, Wm. R. Schenck, Louisa P. Smith, Elijah P. Lovejoy, Otway Curry, Harvey D. Little, James H. Perkins, Hugh Peters, Thomas H. Shreve, Charles A. Jones, Amelia B. Welby, Edward A. M'Laughlin, Laura M. Thurston, Eleanor P. Lee, Horace S. Minor, Emeline H. Johnson, Mary E. Fee Shannon, Benjamin T. Cushing, John G. Dunn, George Y. Weiborn, Mary Wilson Betts, M. Louisa Chitwood, John T. Swartz, Harriet M. Howe.

Not more than ten of the writers herein represented can be classed as literary men and women in that sense which conveys the idea of the pursuit of literature as a profession. The poets of the West are, or have been, lawyers, doctors, teachers, preachers, mechanics, farmers, editors, printers, and housekeepers. They have written at intervals of leisure, snatched from engrossing cares and exacting duties. Their literary labors, consequently desultory, have rarely been given to elaborate performances, but rather to the emotion, the impulse, or the passion of the hour; and yet it may be justly claimed that this volume presents a collection of poems, remarkable for variety of topics and versatility of treatment, exhibiting in a greater degree the feeling than the art of poetry, but preserving some specimens of descriptive and some of lyric verse, which are likely to keep the memories of their authors green for many generations yet to come.

In poetry breathing an earnest spirit of moral and political reform; expressing just appreciation of material beauty; revealing domestic affections; representing noble aspirations for intrinsic worth and force, the West is rich; but in humorous poems (except by way of parody) and in the more pretending styles, which are wrought by elaborate culture, it is far from opulent. The reasons are obvious. The earliest poem of the West was written in 1789. The regular chronological order of this volume comprises a period of only forty years—a period significant for perilous wars, for hard work, for amazing enterprise; all of which furnish materials for literature, but, until the mellowing influences of time have long hung over their history, repel poetry.

It has been the intention of the Editor to include in this collection every person, legitimately belonging to the West, who has gained recognition as a writer of reputable verse. He doubts not some have been omitted more worthy than some who are presented; but all coming within the standard established, of whom satisfactory information could be obtained, have been recorded. Facts calculated to make the volume nearer just, and nearer complete than it now is, will be gratefully received. The Editor trusts that a large number of fugitive poems peculiar to the West, which he found it impossible to collect, will hereafter be brought together.

For the measure of completeness with which the Editor has been enabled to discharge the duties he assumed, he is greatly indebted, for wise counsel as well as valuable assistance, to literary gentlemen in all parts of the West; among whom special acknowledgments are due John P. Foote, N. Peabody Poor, and William Henry Smith of Cincinnati; William D. Gallagher and Ben Casseday of Kentucky;

John B. Dillon of Indiana ; Lyman C. Draper of Wisconsin ; T. Herbert Whipple of Illinois ; Sullivan D. Harris and A. B. Laurens of Columbus ; John H. James of Urbana ; and Harvey Rice of Cleveland, Ohio.

The biographic notices furnish not merely interesting personal facts, but will be found valuable by students of bibliography, and of the history of periodical literature. The aid which has been rendered the Editor in their preparation is announced in the table of Contents.

The order of arrangement is according to the time when, as nearly as could be ascertained, the respective poets included were recognized by the public ; excepting for the period 1850-60, in which the order of succession is according to date of birth.

Trusting that his labors will promote encouragement of local literature among the people for whom he has worked, and believing that what is here collected will enhance respect for that literature, the Editor submits this volume not less cheerfully to their discriminating criticism than to the general good-will, which, in terms demanding gratitude, but with it enforcing embarrassment, has been expressed in leading periodicals and newspapers.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THE men who began the settlement of the North-West, on the Ohio river, at the mouth of the Muskingum, in 1788, were men of culture; and, while cheerfully undertaking the perils and deprivations incident to a wilderness traversed by Indians, they provided that the refinements of art and literature should not altogether be denied them. The social and national festivals, which they had been accustomed to observe in New England, whence they had emigrated, were maintained in their forest town. At Marietta the earliest orations and the earliest poems, as well as the first civil laws of the West, were produced. The hunters of Kentucky had, no doubt, snatches of rude song in which their heroic deeds were celebrated; and, no doubt, earlier than the year 1789, leaders among them often made stirring addresses; but the pioneer attentions to what may justly be claimed as Western Literature, were given at the first settlement made in the Ohio Company's purchase.

At a celebration, on the Fourth of July, 1789, at Marietta, Return Jonathan Meigs¹ pronounced an oration which concluded with the following lines, descriptive of the Ohio Valley as it then appeared, and as it was destined to become:

Enough of tributary praise is paid,
To virtue living, or to merit dead.
To happier themes, the rural muse invites,
To calmest pleasures, and serene delights.
To us, glad fancy brightest prospects shows;
Rejoicing nature all around us glows:
Here late the savage, hid in ambush, lay,
Or roamed th' uncultured valleys for his prey;
Here frowned the forest with terrific shade;
No cultured fields exposed the opening glade.
How changed the scene! See nature clothed in smiles
With joy repays the laborer for his toils;
Her hardy gifts rough industry extends,
The groves bow down, the lofty forest bends;
On every side the cleaving axes sound—
The oak and tall beech thunder to the ground:
And see the spires of Marietta rise,
And domes and temples swell into the skies;
Here justice reign, and foul dissension cease,
Her walks be pleasant, and her paths be peace.

¹ Then an attorney at law in Marietta; in 1803, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio; in 1804, Commandant of the United States troops in the upper district of Louisiana; in 1805, one of the Judges of the Territory of Louisiana; in 1807, one of the Judges of the Territory of Michigan; in 1808, elected Supreme Judge for Ohio; in 1809, chosen United States Senator from Ohio; in 1810, elected Governor of Ohio; and in 1814, appointed Postmaster General of the United States. He died, at Marietta, March twenty-ninth, 1825, aged sixty years.

Here swift Muskingum rolls his rapid waves ;
 There fruitful valleys fair Ohio laves ;
 On its smooth surface gentle zephyrs play,
 The sunbeams tremble with a placid ray.
 What future harvests on his bosom glide,
 And loads of commerce swell the "downward tide,"
 Where Mississippi joins in length'ning sweep,
 And rolls majestic to the Atlantic deep.

Along our banks see distant villas spread ;
 Here waves the corn, and there extends the mead :
 Here sound the murmurs of the gurgling rills ;
 There bleat the flocks upon a thousand hills.
 Fair opes the lawn—the fertile fields extend,
 The kindly flowers from smiling heaven descend ;
 The skies drop fatness on the blooming vale ;
 From spicy shrubs ambrosial sweets exhale ;
 Fresh fragrance rises from the floweret's bloom,
 And ripening vineyards breathe a "glad perfume."
 Gay swells the music of the warbling grove,
 And all around is melody and love.

Here may religion fix her blessed abode,
 Bright emanation of creative God ;
 Here charity extend her liberal hand,
 And mild benevolence o'erspread the land ;
 In harmony the social virtues blend ;
 Joy without measure, rapture without end !

A printing-press had been established at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1787, on which a weekly newspaper was printed,¹ and, in 1793, Cincinnati had its first newspaper ;² but no tokens of the cultivation of the Muses in the West were given, until about the year 1815, when *The Western Spy*³ occasionally published verses which were announced as original. Newspapers were then printed in Missouri, in Michigan, and in Indiana ;⁴ but they were mere chronicles of news, giving infrequent attention even to local business affairs. Soldiers, hunters, and boatmen had among them many songs, descriptive of adventures incident to backwoods life, some of which were not destitute of poetic merit ; but they were known only around camp-fires, or on "broad-horns,"⁵ and tradition has preserved none which demands place in these pages.

In August, 1819, the initial monthly magazine of the West was issued at Lexington, Kentucky.⁶ There was then decided rivalry between Cincinnati and Lexington for literery pre-eminence. Rival institutions of learning⁷ exerted powerful influence wherever social circles existed, not wholly absorbed by imperative material necessities, and the effect of that influence was the development of an active literary spirit, which found expression in *The Western Review*, *The Western Spy*, and in *The*

¹ *The Kentucke Gazette*, by William Bradford.

² *The Sentinel of the North West Territory*, by William Maxwell.

³ Started, in 1799, by Joseph Carpenter, at Cincinnati.

⁴ Established in Missouri, at St. Louis, 1808 ; in Michigan, at Detroit, 1810 ; in Indiana, at Vincennes, in 1811.

⁵ The common name for Ohio and Mississippi flat-boats.

⁶ *The Western Review*. William Gibbs Hunt, Editor. Octavo, 62 pages. Price \$5.00 a year. Discontinued at the end of the fourth volume, July, 1821.

⁷ Transylvania University, Lexington ; Cincinnati College.

Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Gazette.¹ The poetic fruit of that spirit was chiefly anonymous, or over fictitious signatures, and upon local topics; but occasionally verses were produced which would do honor to the poet's corner of a newspaper of the present time.

The first book or pamphlet of original verses, published in the West, was printed at Cincinnati, in 1819. It was a duodecimo pamphlet of ninety-two pages, entitled, "American Bards: A Modern Poem, in three parts." The author did not announce himself, but was understood to be Gorham A. Worth.² Its purpose and value can be presented in a few stanzas:

As a general, intent upon movements more near,
Where the pride of the battle's arrayed,
Sends a chief to inspect the divisions in rear,
To inspire them with ardor in victory's career,
And report each delinquent brigade:

So Apollo, engrossed with the Bards of the Isle,
So famed, but so garrulous grown,
Sends his Aid to the West, to examine the style
Of our star-bannered poets, and notice the while
What laurels we claimed as our own.

His orders expressed, on the wings of the wind,
High o'er the Atlantic was borne
The deputy-god, thus commissioned to bind
In a bundle what garlands our muses had twined,
And report, *à la critique*, as sworn.

Having surveyed the South, the East, and the West of America, the deputy-god reported:

From the shores of St. John, in the Province of Maine,
To the halls of St. Boone, in the West,
Her minstrels are heard; and strain after strain,
From the cities, the mountains re-echo again,
Till at length 'mid the prairies they rest.

Neither his catalogue of those minstrels, nor his opinion of their merits, which he then proceeds to give, is worth quoting.

In November, 1819, Joseph Buchanan published, at Cincinnati, the first number of a weekly paper, which he called *The Literary Cadet*. It gave promise of spirit and taste, but, when twenty-three numbers had been issued, was merged in *The Western Spy*, which was then entitled *The Western Spy and Literary Cadet*, Mr. Buchanan remaining as editor. *The Spy and Cadet* soon became the favorite medium of publication for the rhymers, both of Kentucky and of Ohio. A metrical satire by one of their number,³ though, no doubt, more severe than fair, which was published in

¹ *The Liberty Hall* was started in 1804, by Rev. John W. Browne; and in December, 1815, the *Cincinnati Gazette*, begun by Thomas Palmer in July of that year, was merged in it, and it was then published semi-weekly as well as weekly, being the first semi-weekly paper in the North-West.

² Then a banker in Cincinnati.

³ Thomas Peirce, in No. xx. of "Odes of Horace in Cincinnati," of which account is given, page 86.

The Spy and Cadet, August eighteenth, 1821, gives their signatures and indicates their characteristics:

The first to notice is "Ohio's bard,"¹
 Who, with the love of deathless glory smitten,
 Labored—how long I know not, nor how hard—
 Until a certain poem he had written ;
 And, scorning to accept the least reward
 In useless cash, a novel scheme he hit on—
 To let it run its own road, helter skelter ;
 When lo ! it took to Lethe's banks for shelter.

When warmed and dazzled by some darling theme,
 He writes with ardor and poetic passion,
 But wild as if the whole he did but dream
 (A mode of composition much in fashion),
 Contented if but now and then a gleam
 Of light illumine his wanderings, to dash on
 The best he may do, and improve the season,
 With or without the aid of "rhyme or reason."

Proceed, great bard ! for though your first essay
 May raise the fool's derision—never heed it ;
 Still travel on the muses' turnpike way,
 And write a better book (for much we need it),
 In which your genius may have ampler play ;
 E'en learned reviewers then will deign to read it,
 And not, like all your former critic-sages,
 Just name the title and amount of pages.

The next in course is "Blunderbuss Esquire,"
 Who, like the fever, comes amongst us yearly
 To hurl about his wild poetic fire,
 Until some of us have been scorched severely ;
 But should he ever fairly raise our ire,
 He'll pay for all his sneers and satires dearly ;
 Through every alley, street, and lane we'll dog him ;
 And if we catch him, ten to one we'll flog him.

On this, my scale, the "Bard of Locust Grove"
 May, if he pleases, stand the third in number ;
 If not, 'twill be my task ere long to prove
 He ne'er wrote aught but trash and useless lumber ;
 And if he upward aim one peg to move,
 He must not let his muse profoundly slumber,
 As wont—save just to wake and chant a ditty,
 On every New-Year's day, to please the city.

In truth, I scarce know how to make report
 Of one who writes, 'tis known, so very little ;
 But if his lays are not the best, they're short,
 And, therefore, suit most readers to a tittle ;
 And though his muse may kick, and rear, and snort,
 And show on some occasions too much mettle,
 Yet were she oftener saddled, backed, and ridden,
 She'd move superbly wheresoever bidden.

¹ Gorham A. Worth.

The next in order, 'mong our city bards,
 Comes for his share of laurels, young "Juvenis,"¹
 Who nobly from his poetry discards
 All sense and harmony ; therefore (between us)
 He has obtained my warmest, best regards,
 And I will ever be his kind Mæcenæas,
 While he, as usual, writes without a thought, or
 Instead of ink, he uses milk and water.

Oh ! how I love his lamb-like sort of style !
 It is so soft, so tender, and so simple !
 'Tis so much like a little baby's smile,
 That scarcely raises on its cheek a dimple !
 It makes one "feel all over so ;" meanwhile
 It veils the little sense as with a wimple ;
 And each charmed reader feels himself a lover,
 Until he falls asleep—and all is over.

In course, "Favonius" and "Puero" come,
 Who, being much alike, I link together ;
 Although no poets, they have jingled some,
 But when, or where, or for what end—or whether
 Just so so, or still meaner—I am mum,
 Except to drop this friendly hint to either—
 He who writes ill, the less he writes the better,
 And hence, let rhyme no more your genius fetter.

And last of all, some half a score or so,
 "Fudge," "Momus," "Umbra," "Tom," and "Dick," and "Harry,"
 "Kentucky Bard," "Snip," "Sneezer," and "Quiz & Co.,"
 All aim to write, and all alike miscarry ;
 Like geese of passage flying to and fro,
 Unused in any climate long to tarry—
 In short, the fag-end of the rabble,
 Attracting notice only by their gabble.

In the early part of the year 1821, a competitor for the prose and poetic contributions of the young writers of Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, which *The Spy and Cadet* had chiefly monopolized, was issued at Cincinnati. It was a semi-monthly quarto paper, called *The Ohio*.² The encouragement given by these journals to local literature was the inspiring cause of the first effort on the part of a literary society, in the West, for development of poetic ability.

In the year 1818, the students of Cincinnati College formed a society for mutual literary improvement, which they denominated The Philomathic. The first members were John H. and Junius James, George Mackey Wilson,³ Lemuel D. Howells, Robert T. Lytle, and Edward L. Drake. Afterward, William Henry Harrison, Thomas Peirce, Daniel Drake, Benjamin Drake, Peyton Short Symmes, and other

¹ A writer for the *Spy and Cadet*, who published a small pamphlet, containing poems, at Cincinnati, in 1822.

² John H. Wood and S. S. Brooks were the editors and publishers ; Robert T. Lytle, John H. James, Lemuel Reynolds, Solomon Smith, and Dennis M'Henry, the principal contributors—all of whom had been, and continued to be, contributors to the *Spy and Cadet*. The *Ohio* was continued about one year.

³ Son of Rev. Joshua L. Wilson, well known for many years as Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati.

gentlemen, well known at that day, were elected members of a branch of the society, composed of graduates and persons interested in literary affairs. In that circle originated the enterprise of offering a gold medal of the value of fifty dollars for the best original poem by a citizen of the Western country, which should be sent to the Secretary of the society, between the fifteenth of November, 1821, and the first day of April, 1822. The poem was required to consist of not less than four hundred lines, and, to merit the award, be worthy of publication, the society pledging itself to print it in acceptable form. The only restriction as to subject was that "if any natural scenery, historical incidents, or existing institutions were commemorated, they should be of a Western character."

The committee appointed to decide upon the merits of the poems competing for the prize, was composed of John P. Foote, John D. Godman,¹ and Benjamin Drake. Twelve poems were received by the officers of the society.² Extracts from four of them, "The Muse of Hesperia," by a citizen of Cincinnati, "The Banks of the Ohio," by a lady of Madison, Indiana, "The Story of Osage to Ben Logan," written in Ross county, and "Retrospection," written in Muskingum county, Ohio, were published in *The Spy and Cadet*. The medal was awarded to "The Muse of Hesperia, a Poetic Reverie," and "The Banks of Ohio" was adjudged next in merit.

"The Muse of Hesperia" was published by the Philomathic Society on heavy paper from clear type,³ in the early part of the year 1823. It was then announced that the author had declined making himself known to the society, so as to receive the medal awarded his poem. The President of the society, in a preface to the pamphlet containing "The Muse," said it was not given as the best exhibition of poetic talent in the West, but as the best submitted to the committee. For several weeks after its appearance, lively discussion upon its authorship and upon its merits was had in the *Gazette and Liberty Hall*,⁴ and in *The Spy and Cadet*. The authorship was not certainly ascertained for ten or twelve years. It was then fixed upon Thomas Peirce.⁵

Both on account of its origin and its characteristics, "The Muse of Hesperia" is peculiarly appropriate for the conclusion of this Sketch. It embodies a just appeal to the Bards of the West for original study and treatment of themes suggested by the scenery, history and romance of the Hesperian valleys.

Such facts, showing the origin of literary enterprises, and the encouragement and development of poetical literature in the West, after 1821, as could be ascertained, have been given in the Biographic Notices which precede the specimens of that literature selected for this volume.

¹ Then editor of *The Western Quarterly Reporter*, a medical journal, published by John P. Foote, which was discontinued with the sixth number, when Dr. Godman removed to Philadelphia.

² John H. James, President; Geo. M. Wilson, Secretary.

³ J. H. Looker & S. Reynolds (publishers of the *Spy and Cadet*), printers. 12mo, pp. 52.

⁴ Then edited by Benjamin F. Powers.

⁵ Biographic Notice, page 36.

THE MUSE OF HESPERIA.

'Twas eve: the sun had sunk to rest
 Beneath a hill's aspiring crest;
 But still the gush
 Of changeful light illumed the skies,
 And tinged the clouds with varying dyes,
 Till faded from our eager eyes
 Its latest blush.

'Twas eve: the hum of city-crowd,
 Now faint and weak, now clear and loud,
 The low of kine,
 The bleat of sheep on neighboring plains,
 The milk-maid's song of love-lorn swains,
 The cow-bow's still more rustic strains,
 At once combine.

'Twas eve: the streams and groves along
 The Whippowill poured forth his song
 In descant shrill;
 And night's more solitary bird
 His hoarse and boding song preferred;
 While ever and anon was heard
 Some distant rill.

'Twas eve: in woodlands dark and damp,
 The glow-worm lit his emerald lamp;
 While to and fro
 The fire-flies darted quick and bright,
 As if the countless stars of night
 Had left their empyrean height
 To sport below.

'Twas eve: the toils of daytime o'er,
 I strolled along Ohio's shore,
 Where yonder vale
 Meanders through a hundred hills,
 From whose high tops transparent rills
 Rush boldly down; while music fills
 The evening gale.

There, on the grassy shore, a grove,
 Sacred to Solitude and Love,
 Spread wide around;
 The moonbeams through the foliage played
 In changeful fits of light and shade;
 I trembled—paused—for lo! I strayed
 On fairy ground.

Now calm and calmer stirred the breeze,
 Till not a zephyr fanned the trees;
 So wildly sweet,
 So still, so awful, so profound,
 The breathless solitude around,
 That e'en distinctly seemed to sound
 The pulse's beat.

Sudden, within this fairy ring,
 Where Silence moved on silken wing,
 From harps of heaven
 Burst the full songs of seraph-choirs,
 As angel-fingers touched the lyres,
 And Music breathed with all the fires
 To poets given.

When lo! from heaven's ethereal height,
 Encompassed by a sheet of light,
 A spirit, fair
 As ever poet's fancy drew,
 On viewless pinions downward flew,
 And, hovering full before my view,
 Alighted there.

Against a harp her head reclined;
 Around her brows the laurel twined.
 This Angel-form,
 Through me, her idle son, addressed
 My brother Poets of the West,
 With noble air, this firm behest,
 In language warm:

"Know, youthful Bards—for scarcely yet
 Pieria's waves your lips have wet,
 And scarce a wing
 Have you stretched forth in life's gay prime
 To reach Parnassus' height sublime,
 And scarce essayed in polished rhyme
 Its charms to sing—

"Know, youthful Bards, to me belong
 The realms of Genius and of Song:—
 Who can refuse
 At objects great and good to aim,
 On Glory's page to write his name,
 And follow on to deathless fame
 Hesperia's Muse?—

"Know, youthful Bards, to me are given
 Ten thousand airs from earth and heaven.
 From infant hours
 A pupil of the sacred Nine,
 Reared by Apollo's hand divine,
 The soul of Harmony is mine,
 And Music's powers.

"O'er stream, and wood, and grove, and lawn,
 As Night's dim curtain now is drawn,
 My object here,
 Bards of the West! is to inspire
 Your zeal to wake the slumbering lyre,
 And reach, on classic wings, a higher
 And nobler sphere.

* * * * *

"Lo! bursting on the astonished view,
 What landscapes, vast, and rich, and new,
 Are yours to boast!
 What mountains lift their heads on high!
 What lakes in boundless prospect lie!
 What rivers roll their volumes by,
 To yonder coast!

"In no department of the globe
 Does Flora wear a richer robe,
 Of brighter dyes:
 Here, in the long career of Time,
 Nature still reigns in youthful prime,
 And objects beauteous, vast, sublime,
 Around her rise.

"Far westward, where the sun's last rays
 Fire the wide landscape with a blaze
 Of dazzling gold,
 Huge mountains rear their giant forms
 On high amid the wintry storms,
 And, reaching wide their thousand arms,
 A world infold.

"There, seated on his rocky throne,
 Enwapt in clouds, supreme, alone,
 Where tempests blow,
 The mighty Genius of the West
 Hurls forth his storms: at his behest
 The thunders rage, or slumbering rest,
 To all below.

"He looks around with kingly pride:
 Far eastward sees, expanded wide,
 Vast rivers pour;
 Far northward, arctic tempests rave;
 Far southward, golden harvests wave;
 Far westward, ocean's billows lave
 Columbia's shore.

"How long the war-whoop, round the peak
 Of these huge mountains, high and bleak,
 Responsive rung!
 How long those granite rocks have stood!
 How long has roared that headlong flood!
 How long has bloomed and died that wood!
 —By bards unsung.

"Nor are their beauties wholly fled,
 Now that the white man's restless tread
 Disturbs the gloom—
 A gloom which swift before him flies,
 As meadows open to the skies,
 As forests fall, and cities rise,
 And harvests bloom.

"Behold, far north, yon inland seas!
 Now calm, unruffled by a breeze,
 They silent sleep;
 Now heave on high the mountain-surge,
 And wave on wave tremendous urge,
 And man and shattered navies merge
 Beneath the deep.

"There, 'mid the solitude profound,
 With boundless forests closed around,
 From age to age,
 Untutored red men plied the oar,
 Ferocious wild beasts trod the shore,
 And tempests swept their bosoms o'er
 With boisterous rage.

"Anon, their placid, crystal wave
 To all a faithful mirror gave,
 Above, around:
 There one might see the inverted skies,
 See constellations set and rise,
 Enlightening with their diamond-eyes
 The vast profound.

"There, unobserved by bard or sage,
 For many an unrecorded age,
 The fairy-band,
 In cars of softest moonlight made,
 Drove o'er the deep; or, jocund, played
 Where groves adorned with light and shade
 The adjacent land.

"But softly—hark! the white man's tread—
 And all the fairy vision's fled!
 Lo! on the sight
 Bursts a new scene, which ne'er can fail
 To rouse your pride while navies sail,
 And squadrons o'er the foe prevail
 In equal fight.

"See, far and wide, ten thousand rills,
 Forth issuing from unnumbered hills,
 Through vales and woods;
 Now gliding gently from their source,
 Now gathering strength along their course,
 Now rushing with resistless force
 To kindred floods.

"See, in one channel broad and deep,
 The congregated torrent sweep,
 Which, stretching far
 O'er many a wide-extended plain,
 Resolves its empire to maintain,
 And wages with its parent-main
 Eternal war.

"As marching on its course sublime,
Through what a vast extent of clime
Its waters glide!
From where the eastern mountains rise,
From those that meet the western skies,
From where the lakes attract our eyes,
To ocean's tide!

"To seek a stream so long and deep,
That flows with such resistless sweep,
Where turn our eyes?
The Danube, Ganges, Nile, and Rhine,
Were all their volumes to combine,
This noble stream would scarce outshine
For length and size.

"How long, through ages past and gone,
Its waters flowed unheeded on;
As through the dark,
Unbounded forest's gloomy shade,
In quest of game the Indian strayed,
Or on its surface, sportive, played
His simple bark!

"And still enchanting is the scene;
Now, orchards, fields, and meadows green
Are spreading wide;
Now, Art and Science, hand in hand,
Walk forth; and, at their joint command,
Roads, bridges, cities grace the land,
And ships, the tide.

"These mountains, valleys, lakes, and woods—
These rills that glide, and cataract-floods
That sweep along,
To you are grand and fruitful themes.
Gild these with Fancy's brightest beams,
And wrap them in the wildest dreams
Of fairy-song.

"For whether Spring, with warmth and showers,
Gives to the trees, and shrubs, and flowers,
Another birth;
As zephyrs on light pinions move,
And warblers vocalize each grove
With songs of gratitude and love,
Or sportive mirth:

"Or Summer darts his radiance warm,
And every vegetative form
Is blooming fair;
As rills and rivers cease to flow,
As ardent suns resistless glow,
And breezes scarcely seem to blow—
So calm the air:

"Or Autumn through the orchard strews,
And native woods, with hand profuse,
His ripened fruit;
As Flora captivates your eyes,
With all her gay and sober dyes,
And the wild game in terror flies
The close pursuit:

"Or Winter from his store-house throws
O'er fields and woods his fleecy snows;
As his cold breath
Whistles among the branches bare,
Stills the sweet songsters of the air,
And nips each herb and floweret fair
With instant death:

"Whether bright Morn o'er wood and lawn
Spreads the first blushes of the dawn,
With rosy hand;
As through the air her sweets diffuse,
And from exhaustless mines she strews
Ten thousand gems of crystal dew
O'er all the land:

"Or Noon sends forth the sultry hours
To scathe the choicest fruits and flowers;
As Phoebus now
With undiminished radiance glows,
And no decrease of fervor knows,
Till Eve her dusky mantle throws
O'er Nature's brow:

"Or gloomy Night extends o'er all
The slumbering world her blackest pall;
As from her seat,
In ether fixed, she views the whole—
The countless orbs that o'er her roll,
And land and sea, from pole to pole,
Beneath her feet:

"Whether abroad the tempest lowers,
The lightnings flash, and thunder roars
With deafening sound:
Or Nature's face is calm and fair,
And all that live their joys declare,
And fragrance through the balmy air
Is breathing round:—

"Nay, view it in what state you will,
This Eden breathes enchantment still.
Delighted here
Fays, Sylphs, and Genii oft preside,
Unseen, on airy pinions glide,
And watch and guard the landscape wide,
Through all the year.

" Must foreign rhymers still succeed
In framing tales for you to read?
Can feudal jars
Alone inspire you with delight,
As vengeful chieftain, squire, and knight
Rush forth, in massive armor dight,
To border-wars?

" And will you not, in lofty verse,
Feats more chivalric still rehearse?
The feats of those,
Who, where his herd the swain now leads
O'er plains where peace to war succeeds,
Met and chastised, for barbarous deeds,
Their savage foes.

* * * * *
" * * * * Be yours the task,
As in Apollo's rays you bask,
The Arts to lead,
And Science, to your fairy bowers,
To charm them with your tuneful powers,
And crown them with the choicest flowers
To bards decreed.

" Be yours the office to describe
The blooming belles of Flora's tribe;
For, hidden here,
Linnaeus' self again might find
New treasures to enrich his mind,
To cultivate his taste refined,
And judgment clear.

" Look through this pure and fragrant air,
To note the volant minstrels there,
As yet unknown;
The finny race that cleave these floods;
That seek those fens, the reptile broods;
And beasts that roam these boundless woods,
So late their own.

* * * * *
" Sing how the soil which now we tread
Was once the ocean's coral bed;
Till, from the strife
Of central fires, an earthquake-stroke
Was given; the southern barrier broke,
And lo! a new creation woke
To light and life.

" How then, these valleys wide along,
From northern lakes the currents strong,
In eddy coil,
Rushed southward with impetuous sweep,
Where now but rills are seen to creep,
And formed these vast alluvions, deep
In fertile soil.

" And sing how long these ramparts rude,
Spread through the western wilds, have stood,
Extended wide:
Whether some bold adventurous host
Of white men, wrecked upon the coast,
Could this stupendous labor boast—
Then fled or died:

" Or whether, whence old Ocean roars
Round Asia's hyperborean shores,
The Tartars wild
Here wandered, and these bulwarks planned;
Till, pressed by some more potent band,
They southward fled, and found a land
More fair and mild,—

" Where, self-illumed, from age to age,
Man from a savage to a sage
Progressive grew;
Where, undisturbed by foreign foe,
The infant Arts began to grow,
Till rose the towers of Mexico
And rich Peru.

" Whoe'er the builders may have been,
How altered now the forest scene
From early times!
The former race, though rude, yet brave,
Perhaps, from death their tribes to save,
Forsook the land their fathers gave
For other climes.

" Now, 'mid these shapeless mounds of soil,
Thrown up with long laborious toil,
And want of skill,
A cultivated landscape spreads,
Towns, villas, cities lift their heads,
And Commerce her rich treasures leads
Along each rill.

" Where late the war-whoop's hideous sound
Alone disturbed the silence round;
Now thousands join
In sacred harmony, to raise
The Christian's grateful song of praise,
To Him who beamed o'er all their ways
His light divine.

" Where late the Indian wigwams stood,
Deep in the unbounded range of wood,
Where scarce the sun
Could penetrate the twilight-shade;
Now, domes of science stand displayed,
Where youth's to fame, by learning's aid,
Their journey run.

"Where lately, armed for deadly strife
 With tomahawk and scalping-knife,
 The natives strove ;
 Now dove-eyed Peace triumphant reigns,
 And o'er the cultivated plains,
 In converse sweet, gay nymphs and swains
 Delighted rove.

"Here pause ; and with prospective glass
 Behold new ages as they pass
 In long review :
 Behold the various beasts of prey,
 And red men more untamed than they,
 Become extinct, or pass away
 To regions new.

"See teeming cities rise beside
 Missouri's and Columbia's tide,
 And where the snow
 On Chipewan's high summit gleams ;
 Lo ! fields, and meads, and lakes, and streams,
 Now open to the sun's bright beams,
 Resplendent glow.

"See turnpikes and canals connect
 Oceans which continents dissect ;
 See Trade rescind
 The orders which she gave before,
 And bring from the Pacific's shore,
 O'er western mountains, to each door
 The stores of Ind.

"And still to your aspiring song,
 In common, other themes belong :
 The fertile field,
 Where nobler bards their laurels raise
 (A boon which all their toil repays),
 As large a wreath of fadeless bays
 To you may yield.

"You, too, can aid the noble task
 Vice to expose, when she the mask
 Of Virtue wears ;
 From scandal's shafts the good to save,
 From coward-tongues to shield the brave,
 And show the proud and wealthy knave
 The heart he bears.

"You, too, can Virtue's laws maintain,
 Defend Religion's sacred fane
 'Gainst atheist-arms ;
 And from the cold o'erclouded night
 Of lone obscurity, to light
 Of glorious day, lead genius bright
 In all his charms.

"You, too, can run each poet's round,
 Can wander wide o'er classic ground,
 In thoughtful mood,
 Where famed Parnassus towers on high,
 Or Tempe's blooming valleys lie,
 Or old Scamander wanders by
 Where Ilion stood.

* * * * *

"For know, the Bard is Fancy's child :
 Whate'er is grand, or strange, or wild,
 His genius moves ;
 His pathway lies o'er fairy-ground,
 Where Sylphs and Genii guard him round ;
 Through realms on high and depths profound
 His spirit roves.

"A hermit 'midst the crowd of men,
 Through Nature's works his restive ken
 Excursive flies :
 Though on the present moments cast,
 He lives, in thought, through all the past,
 And those to come, while time shall last
 To earth and skies.

"He journeys, careless of a path
 Where the rude tempest in its wrath
 Spreads ruin wide ;
 Or through the dense, untrodden wood—
 Creation's gloomiest solitude—
 O'er mountains, by the cataract flood,
 Or ocean-side.

"And learn this truth, my pupils dear,
 Where'er you journey, or whate'er
 The plans you lay,
 Let Truth and Nature be your guide :
 The moment you desert their side,
 Through trackless wilds you wander wide,
 And lose your way.

"Who leaves their fire, to warm his heart
 By the cold and dubious light of Art,
 With gaudy flowers
 May please young Fancy for a time,
 And charm with brilliancy of rhyme ;
 But ne'er can reach the true sublime,
 With all his powers.

"Art is the ignis fatuus ray
 That leads the wanderer's feet astray ;
 Fancy, a gleam—
 The meteor flashes, and 'tis gone ;
 But Nature is the unwearied sun,
 That gives whate'er he shines upon
 A glorious beam.

" 'Tis mine your bosoms to inspire
 With genius' warmest, brightest fire ;
 'Tis yours, in turn,
 While pressing for the shrine of Fame,
 To swell her records with each name,
 To make this heaven-enkindled flame
 For ever burn.

" To flatter title, birth, or state,
 The poorly rich, or meanly great,
 Was never given
 So rich a boon on Nature's part :
 Oh, never thus degrade an art,
 Designed to lift the human heart
 From earth to heaven !
 * * * * *

" And envy not the cobweb-wreaths
 That many a modern rhymers weaves,
 His brows to grace ;
 For these are but Mimosa's form
 Amid Boreas' wintry storm,
 Or hoar-frost 'mid the blushes warm
 Of Phœbus' face.

" And e'en the well-earned fame refuse
 Of Milton's, Pope's, and Thompson's muse ;
 Though fresh shall bloom
 Their laurels in the muse's page,
 And each historian's pen engage,
 Though they themselves from age to age
 Sleep in the tomb.

" Nay, copy not the noblest lays
 Of ancient or of modern days.
 The genuine bard
 Dashes all rules of art aside,
 And, taking Nature for his guide,
 Reaps, as he roams creation wide,
 A rich reward.

" For what, my child, is genuine song ?
 'Tis not, as Fashion's giddy throng
 So often deem,
 The far-fetched, witty, odd conceit,
 Which all may write, as all repeat ;
 Nor number, measure, rhyme, nor feet
 That gild each theme.

" It is an undefined control
 That fires, transports, illumines the soul
 With secret sway ;
 And, reckless as to phrase or form,
 Bursts forth in language bold and warm,
 Like sunshine blazing through the storm
 Of winter's day.

" 'Tis not pale Cynthia's feeble light,
 Faint-glimmering through a cheerless night,
 Cold, still, profound ;
 'Tis not a gloomy, stagnant lake,
 Whose sleep no babbling rivulets break ;
 'Tis not the breeze that scarce can wake
 The echo's sound.

" It is the brilliant northern dawn,
 In all the changeful colors drawn
 That bards describe ;
 'Tis now a river deep and strong,
 Rolling in majesty along ;
 Anon, a whirlwind 'mid the throng
 Of Flora's tribe.

" 'Tis now the thunder's awful roar,
 Borne by ten thousand echoes o'er
 The vault of heaven ;
 Now, the swift lightning's vivid rays,
 As o'er the clouds it lambent plays ;
 Anon, the dread volcano's blaze,
 With fury driven.

" 'Tis now the pine's majestic form
 Which, heedless of the winter's storm,
 Is seen to bloom
 From age to age in youthful prime ;
 And now a pyramid sublime,
 That falls but with the fall of Time,
 And shares his tomb."

She ceased. Around her sainted head
 An arrowy sphere of radiance spread,
 Intensely bright ;
 And, mounting high on wings of wind,
 She soared through ether unconfined,
 And left a brilliant trace behind,
 Of vivid light.

So, sinking in the western main,
 Far up the heaven a lucid train
 Bright Sol displays :
 So, darting through exterior skies,
 In crimson paths, the fire-ball flies,
 And for a moment dims our eyes
 With dazzling blaze.

A holy silence reigned around ;
 And, as I left the enchanted ground
 Where late she stood,
 Diviner spirits hovered there,
 More fragrant breathed the balmy air,
 And the full moon showed doubly fair
 Ohio's flood.

JOHN M. HARNEY.

JOHN M. HARNEY, the second son of Thomas Harney, an officer in the American army during the war for independence, was born on the ninth of March, 1789, in Sussex county, Delaware. In the year 1791, the family emigrated to Tennessee, and afterward removed to Louisiana. An older brother became a surgeon in the army, and a younger one was commissioned as a Lieutenant in 1818. In 1847 he was brevetted a Brigadier General for services at Cerro Gordo, and is now commander of the American forces on the Pacific frontier of Oregon.

John M. studied medicine and settled at Bardstown, Kentucky. In 1814 he was married to a daughter of Judge John Rowan. The death of his wife, about four years after their wedding, weighed so seriously upon him that he abandoned his practice at Bardstown, and, after a brief visit to Tennessee, went to Europe. He traveled in Great Britain, France and Spain. Then, receiving a naval appointment, spent several years at Buenos Ayres. On his return to the United States, he resided for a few months at Savannah, Georgia, where he conducted a political newspaper. Severe exertion at a disastrous fire, in that city, was the cause of a violent fever which undermined his constitution. He returned to Bardstown with broken health, and died there on the fifteenth of January, 1825.

Excepting "Crystalina, a Fairy Tale," in six cantos, which was published in 1816, Mr. Harney's poems were not given to the world till after his death. William D. Gallagher, who examined his manuscripts, found several poems he deemed superior to any by Mr. Harney that have been published, but we have not been able to obtain copies of any of them. The lines, "To a Valued Friend," "Echo and the Lover," and "The Whippowil," were first published in *The Western Literary Journal*, in 1837, edited by Mr. Gallagher. "The Echo" has had as wide a circulation as any poem ever written in the western country. It is the original of many verses on the same theme, since published both in England and America. Respecting "Crystalina," Rufus Wilmot Griswold, in his *Poets and Poetry of America*, said:

"Crystalina" was completed when Mr. Harney was about twenty-three years of age, but in consequence of "the proverbial indifference, and even contempt, with which Americans receive the works of their countrymen," he informs us, in a brief preface, was not published until 1816, when it appeared anonymously in New York. It received much attention in the leading literary journals of that day. Its obvious faults were freely censured, but upon the whole it was reviewed with unusual manifestations of kindly interest. The sensitive poet, however, was so deeply wounded by some unfavorable criticisms that he suppressed nearly all the copies he had caused to be printed, so that it has since been among our rarest books.

The poem is chiefly founded upon superstitions that prevailed among the highlands of Scotland. A venerable seer, named Altagrand, is visited by the knight Rinaldo, who informs him that the monarch of a distant island had an only daughter, Crystalina, with whom he had fallen in love; that the princess refused to marry him unless he first distinguished himself in battle; that he "plucked laurel wreaths in danger's bloody path," and returned to claim his promised reward, but was informed of the mysterious disappearance of the maid of whose fate no indications could be discovered, and that he for years had searched for her in vain through every quarter of the world. He implores the aid of the seer, who ascertains from familiar spirits, summoned by his spells, that Crystalina has been stolen by Oberon, and, arming Rinaldo with a cross and consecrated weapons, conducts him to a mystic circle, within which, upon the performance of a described ceremony, the earth opens and discloses the way to Fairy Land. In the second, third and fourth cantos are related the knight's adventures in that golden subterranean realm; the various stratagems and enchantments by which its sovereign endeavored to seduce or terrify him; his annihilation of all obstacles by exhibiting the cross; the discovery of Crystalina, transformed into a bird, in Oberon's palace; the means by which she was restored to her natural form of beauty; and the triumphant return of the lovers to the upper air. In the fifth and sixth cantos, it is revealed that Altagrand is the father of Rinaldo, and the early friend of the father of Crystalina, with whom he had fought in the holy wars against the infidel. The king,

———"inspired with joy and wine,
From his loose locks shook off the snows of time,"

and celebrated the restoration of his child and his friend, and the resignation of his crown to Rinaldo, in a blissful song:

"Ye rolling streams make liquid melody,
And dance into the sea.
Let not rude Boreas, on this haleyon day,
Forth in his stormy chariot be whirled;
Let not a cloud its raven wings display,
Nor shoot the oak-rending lightnings at the world.
Let Jove, auspicious, from his red right hand,
Lay down his thunder brand—
A child I lost, but two this day have found,
Let the earth shout, and let the skies resound.

"Let Atropos forego her dismal trade,
And cast her fatal, horrid shears away,
While Lachesis spins out a firmer thread;
Let hostile armies hold a truce to-day,
And grim-faced war wash white his gory hand,
And smile around the land—
A child I lost, but two this day have found,
Let the earth shout, and let the skies resound.

"Let all the stars of influence benign,
This sacred night in heavenly synod meet,
Let Mars and Venus be in happy trine,
And on the wide world look with aspect sweet;
And let the mystic music of the spheres
Be audible to mortal ears—
A child I lost, but two this day have found,
Then shout, oh earth, and thou, oh sea, resound."

In 1816, Mr. John Neal was editing *The Portico*, a monthly magazine at Baltimore, and he reviewed this poem in a long and characteristic article. After remarking that it was "the most splendid production" that ever came before him, he says: "We can produce passages from 'Crystalina' which have not been surpassed in our language. Spenser himself, who seemed to have condensed all the radiance of fairy-land upon his starry page, never dreamed of more exquisitely fanciful scenery than that which our bard has sometimes painted. . . . Had this poet written before Shakspeare and Spenser, he would have been acknowledged 'the child of fancy.' . . . Had he dared to think for himself—to blot out some passages, which his judgment, we are sure, could not have approved—the remainder would have done credit to any poet, living or dead."

EXTRACTS FROM "CRYSTALINA."

SYLPHS BATHING.

THE shores with acclamations rung,
As in the flood the playful damsels sprung:
Upon their beauteous bodies, with delight,
The billows leapt. Oh, 'twas a pleasant sight
To see the waters dimple round, for joy,
Climb their white necks, and on their
bosoms toy:
Like snowy swans they vex'd the spark-
ling tide,
Till little rainbows danced on every side,
Some swam, some floated, some on pearly
feet
Stood sidelong, smiling, exquisitely sweet.

TITANIA'S CONCERT.

In robes of green, fresh youths the concert
led,
Measuring the while, with nice, emphatic
tread
Of tinkling sandals, the melodious sound
Of smitten timbrels; some with myrtles
crown'd,
Pour the smooth current of sweet melody,
Through ivory tubes; some blow the bugle
free,
And some, at happy intervals around,
With trumps sonorous swell the tide of
sound;
Some, bending raptured o'er their golden
lyres,
With cunning fingers fret the tuneful wires;
With rosy lips some press the siren shell,
And, through its crimson labyrinths, impel
Mellifluous breath, with artful sink and
swell.
Some blow the mellow, melancholy horn,
Which, save the knight, no man of woman
born
E'er heard and fell not senseless to the
ground,
With viewless fetters of enchantment
bound.

. . . . "Thrice had yon moon her pearly
chariot driven

Across the starry wilderness of heaven,
In lonely grandeur; thrice the morning star
Danced on the eastern hills before Hype-
rion's car."

. . . . "Deep silence reigned, so still, so
deep, and dread,
That they might hear the fairy's lightest
tread,
Might hear the spider as he wove his snare,
From rock to rock."

. . . . "The mountain-tops, oak-crowned,
Tossed in the storm and echoed to the
sound
Of trees uptorn, and thunders rolling
round."

. . . . "The prowlers of the wood
Fled to their caves, or, crouching with
alarm,
Howled at the passing spirits of the storm;
Eye-blasting specters and bleached skele-
tons
With snow-white raiment and disjointed
bones,
Before them strode, and meteors flickering
dire,
Around them trailed their scintillating fire."

. . . . "The fearless songsters sing,
And round me flutter with familiar wing,
Or mid the flowers like sunbeams glance
about,
Sipping, with slender tongues, the dainty
nectar out."

. . . . "Morn ascending from the spark-
ling main,
Unlocked her golden magazines of light,
And on the sea, and heaven's cerulean
plain,
Showered liquid rubies, while retreating
night
In other climes her starred pavilion spread."

THE FEVER DREAM.

A FEVER scorched my body, fired my brain,
 Like lava in Vesuvius, boiled my blood
 Within the glowing caverns of my heart.
 I raged with thirst, and begged a cold, clear draught
 Of fountain water.—'Twas with tears denied.
 I drank a nauseous febrifuge, and slept;
 But rested not—harassed with horrid dreams
 Of burning deserts, and of dusty plains,
 Mountains disgorging flames—forests on fire,
 Steam, sunshine, smoke, and ever-boiling lakes—
 Hills of hot sand, and glowing stones that seemed
 Embers and ashes of a burnt up world!

Thirst raged within me.—I sought the deepest vale,
 And called on all the rocks and caves for water;—
 I climbed a mountain, and from cliff to cliff
 Pursued a flying cloud, howling for water:—
 I crushed the withered herbs, and gnawed dry roots,
 Still crying, Water!—While the cliffs and caves,
 In horrid mockery, re-echoed "Water!"
 Below the mountain gleamed a city, red
 With solar flame, upon the sandy bank
 Of a broad river.—"Soon, oh soon!" I cried,
 "I'll cool my burning body in that flood,
 And quaff my fill."—I ran—I reached the shore.
 The river was dried up. Its oozy bed
 Was dust; and on its arid rocks, I saw
 The scaly myriads fry beneath the sun!
 Where sank the channel deepest, I beheld
 A stirring multitude of human forms,
 And heard a faint, wild, lamentable wail.

Thither I sped, and joined the general cry
 Of "Water!" They had delved a spacious pit
 In search of hidden fountains; sad, sad sight!
 I saw them rend the rocks up in their rage,
 With mad impatience calling on the earth
 To open and yield up her cooling springs.

Meanwhile the skies, on which they dared not gaze,
 Stood o'er them like a canopy of brass—
 Undimmed by moisture. The red dog-star raged,
 And Phœbus from the house of Virgo shot
 His scorching shafts. The thirsty multitude
 Grew still more frantic. Those who dug the earth
 Fell lifeless on the rocks they strained to upheave,
 And filled again, with their own carcasses,
 The pits they made—undoing their own work!
 Despair at length drove out the laborers,
 At sight of whom a general groan announced
 The death of hope. Ah! now no more was heard
 The cry of "Water!" To the city next,
 Howling, we ran—all hurrying without aim:—
 Thence to the woods. The baked plain gaped for moisture,
 And from its arid breast heaved smoke, that seemed
 Breath of a furnace—fierce, volcanic fire,
 Or hot monsoon, that raises Syrian sands
 To clouds. Amid the forests we espied
 A faint and bleating herd. Sudden a shrill
 And horrid shout arose of "Blood! blood! blood!"
 We fell upon them with a tiger's thirst,
 And drank up all the blood that was not human!
 We were dyed in blood! Despair returned;

The cry was hushed, and dumb confusion
reigned.

Even then, when hope was dead!—all past
hope—

I heard a laugh! and saw a wretched man
Rip madly his own veins, and bleeding,
drink

With eager joy. The example seized on
all:—

Each fell upon himself, tearing his veins
Fiercely in search of blood! And some
there were,

Who, having emptied their own veins, did
seize

Their neighbors' arms, and slay them for
their blood.

Oh! happy then were mothers who gave
suck.

They dashed their little infants from their
breasts,

And their shrunk bosoms tortured to extract
The balmy juice, oh! exquisitely sweet

To their parched tongues! 'Tis done!—now
all is gone!

Blood, water, and the bosom's nectar,—all!

“Rend, oh! ye lightnings! the sealed
firmament,
And flood a burning world.—Rain! rain!
pour! pour!

Open, ye windows of high heaven! and pour
The mighty deluge! Let us drown, and
drink

Luxurious death! Ye earthquakes, split
the globe,

The solid, rock-ribbed globe! and lay all
bare,

Its subterranean rivers, and fresh seas!”

Thus raged the multitude. And many fell
In fierce convulsions;—many slew them-
selves.

And now I saw the city all in flames—
The forest burning—and the very earth on
fire!

I saw the mountains open with a roar,
Loud as the seven-apocalyptic thunders,
And seas of lava rolling headlong down,
Through crackling forests fierce, and hot
as hell,
Down to the plain.—I turned to fly,—
and waked!

ECHO AND THE LOVER.

Lover. Echo! mysterious nymph, declare
Of what you're made and what you
are—

Echo. “Air!”

Lover. 'Mid airy cliffs, and places high,
Sweet Echo! listening, love, you
lie—

Echo. “You lie!”

Lover. You but resuscitate dead sounds—
Hark! how my voice revives, re-
sounds!

Echo. “Zounds!”

Lover. I'll question you before I go—
Come, answer me more apropos!

Echo. “Poh! poh!”

Lover. Tell me, fair nymph, if e'er you saw
So sweet a girl as Phœbe Shaw!

Echo. “Pshaw!”

Lover. Say, what will win that frisking
coney

Into the toils of matrimony!

Echo. “Money!”

Lover. Has Phœbe not a heavenly brow!
Is it not white as pearl—as snow!

Echo. “Ass, no!”

Lover. Her eyes! Was ever such a pair!
Are the stars brighter than they are?

Echo. “They are!”

Lover. Echo, you lie, but can't deceive me;
Her eyes eclipse the stars, believe
me—

Echo. "Leave me!"

Lover. But come, you saucy, pert romancer,
Who is as fair as Phœbe? answer.

Echo. "Ann, sir!"

THE WHIPPOWIL.

THERE is a strange, mysterious bird,
Which few have seen, but all have heard:
He sits upon a fallen tree,
Through all the night, and thus sings he:

Whippowil!

Whippowil!

Whippowil!

Despising show, and empty noise,
The gaudy fluttering thing he flies:
And in the echoing vale by night
Thus sings the pensive anchorite:

Whippowil!

Oh, had I but his voice and wings,
I'd envy not a bird that sings;
But gladly would I flit away,
And join the wild nocturnal lay:

Whippowil!

The school-boy, tripping home in haste,
Impatient of the night's repast,
Would stop to hear my whistle shrill,
And answer me with mimic skill:

Whippowil!

The rich man's scorn, the poor man's care,
Folly in silk, and Wisdom bare,
Virtue on foot, and Vice astride,
No more should vex me while I cried:
Whippowil!

How blest!—Nor loneliness nor state,
Nor fame, nor wealth, nor love, nor hate,
Nor av'rice, nor ambition vain,
Should e'er disturb my tranquil strain:

Whippowil!

Whippowil!

Whippowil!

ON A VALUED FRIEND.

DEVOUT, yet cheerful; pious, not austere;
To others lenient, to himself severe;
Tho' honored, modest; diffident, tho' prais'd;
The proud he humbled, and the humble
rais'd;

Studious, yet social; though polite, yet
plain;

No man more learned, yet no man less vain.
His fame would universal envy move,
But envy's lost in universal love.

That he has faults, it may be bold to doubt,
Yet certain 'tis we ne'er have found them
out.

If faults he has (as man, 'tis said, must
have),

They are the only faults he ne'er forgave.
I flatter not: absurd to flatter where
Just praise is fulsome, and offends the ear.

PEYTON SHORT SYMMES.

PEYTON SHORT SYMMES, a nephew of John Cleves Symmes, the well known pioneer of the Miami purchase, may be recorded as one of the earliest bards of the West. He is very nearly of the same age as the city of Cincinnati. He saw the first Legislature of the North-West Territory in session in Cincinnati, in 1799, and he was a witness of the festivities in honor of the visit of the Legislatures of Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio to that city, in January, 1860. His recollections of men and places, of writers, of periodicals and of books, extend over the entire history of literary enterprises in Ohio. He deserves to be remembered, not only for what he has written, but for what he has done to encourage others to write. For fifty years at least he has been the ready referee on questions of art and literature for nearly all the journalists and authors of Cincinnati, and a kindly critic for the inexperienced who, before rushing into print, were wise enough to seek good advice.

In 1817, and for many years thereafter, Mr. Symmes was Register of the Land Office at Cincinnati. From 1830 to 1833 he was a member of the City Council. In 1833 he was chosen one of the School Trustees, and until 1849 was an active member of that Board. Several of its most elaborate reports were from his pen. From 1830 to 1850 he was a member of the Board of Health. We remember him well in that capacity, as a self-sacrificing public servant, when, in 1849, the cholera was epidemic in Cincinnati.

Mr. Symmes was one of the Trustees of the old Cincinnati College, and an earnest supporter of the Western College of Teachers which met annually in Cincinnati, from 1831 till 1845. He was identified with nearly all the early literary societies of that city. In 1816 he wrote the New Year's Lay for the carriers of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. Those carriers were Wesley Smead—since well known as a Banker—and Stephen S. L'Hommedieu, now known throughout the West as the President of the Hamilton and Dayton Railroad. The "Lines on Winter," hereafter quoted, are from that lay. In 1824-25, Mr. Symmes was one of the principal writers for the *Literary Gazette*—edited and published for two years by John P. Foote, then a bookseller—a quarto journal which appeared semi-monthly. It was conducted with spirit and good taste. Its chief contributors were Benjamin Drake, Ethan Allen Brown, Fitz Greene Halleck, John H. James, Julia L. Dumont, Thomas Peirce, Daniel Drake, John P. Durbin, John Locke, David T. Disney, and Mr. Symmes.

For the *Cincinnati Chronicle*, conducted by Benjamin Drake, in 1826, and the *Mirror*, edited by Wm. D. Gallagher, between 1831 and 1835, Mr. Symmes wrote often both in prose and verse. In later years he has rarely written for either newspapers or magazines, but it is understood that he has been preparing a biography of his uncle, John Cleves Symmes. We trust it will be completed, because it must possess peculiar interest, as a picture of early times in the West.

LINES ON WINTER.

FROM THE NEW YEAR'S LAY FOR THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE,
1816.

THE northern blast is loud and shrill,
The streamlet's gurgling voice is still!
Where gabbling broods disported late,
The urchin now applies the skate;
And where so lately sailed the boat,
Naught but the crashing ice-cakes float!

The sylvan meads present no more
The verdant hues they gave before;
And leafless, hoar, and rugged, now,
How bleakly waves the forest bough!

E'en the plumed warblers of the wild,
Whose notes our sultry hours beguiled,
No longer give the melting strain,
But seek their wintry haunts again.

The fainting sun, above, displays
His feeble warmth and glimmering rays;—
And in a *winding-sheet* of snow,
All nature seems to sleep below!

And yet, tho' winter may appear
Thus gloomy, and devoid of cheer;—
Tho' comfort may be thought to flow
But coldly o'er a waste of snow;—
Still may the hearth where friends combine,
And bend before the social shrine,
Give pleasures more than half divine!

How sweet around the Christmas fire,
To gaze and listen, and admire,
When beauty's fairy fingers fly,
And wake the harp's wild melody!
Or, as her magic voice refines
Some favored minstrel's glowing lines,
How sweet to find the poet's tone
And feeling, heightened by her own!—
Or, closed each fascinating page
Of lightsome bard, or reverend sage,—
How dear with her, for hours to range
In that harmonious interchange
Of kind and varied converse gay,
Which drives all earthly cares away!

Or, changed the scene,—with what de-
light,

Through half the festive winter's night,
We prize the oft repeated chance
To weave with her the sprightly dance:
Whose "poetry of motion" seems
To realize Elysian dreams,—

And shows, e'en lovelier than before,
The Maid we, next to Heaven, adore!

Yet, dearer far than all that e'er
Ev'n graced the merriest Christmas cheer,
Is that short soul-enlivening sound
Which heals the impassioned lover's wound,
And gains him,—o'er each peril past,
The haven of his hopes at last!

For O! who yet untaught can guess;—
Or who, that knows, with human powers
express
His high-toned raptures at the *favoring*
"Yes!"

SONNET TO HEALTH.

PARAPHRASED FROM DR. JOHNSON'S PROSE TRANSLATION
OF ARISTOGITON'S GREEK HYMN TO HEALTH.

HAIL sovereign health!—Heav'n's earli-
est boon to earth!

With thee let all my future hours be passed!
While o'er our forms thy fairy robe is cast,
Lo, sadness flies before the voice of mirth!
For, all the charms that lurk in Beauty's
wile,

In love-encircled homes,—or mines of
gold,—

Deprived of thee, are cheerless, dim and
cold,—

And, ev'n imperial splendor courts thy
smile!

Nay—mid the highest forms of earthly
joy,

With which Celestials soften human
cares,

To *Thee* we still prefer our ardent pray-
ers,

For thou, alone, hast charms that never
cloy.

Thy kindling smile misfortune's eye re-
lumes;

And in thy roseate bowers, the spring of
pleasure blooms!

APPEAL FOR GREECE.*

WHEN lowly merit feels misfortune's
blow,

And seeks relief from penury and woe,—

How bounds with rapture every generous
heart,

To share its treasures, and its hopes im-
part,—

As, rising o'er the sordid lust of gold,
It shows the impress of a heavenly mould!

And, if a *single* sufferer thus may find
Each eye o'erflowing, and each bosom
kind,—

How should we feel when nations rend the
air

With blended shouts of victory or despair!
How feel, when glorious Greece herself
appears,—

Sublime o'er ruins of a thousand years,—
Recites the harrowing story of her woes,
Since first the Turkish crescent o'er her
rose,—

And asks of free America the aid
Which lies in every freeman's heart and
blade!

Such is the land which now contends
alone,
In proud defiance of a tyrant's throne;—

Beneath whose sway for centuries she bore
The wrongs and suff'rings she shall feel
no more!

The long dark night of stern oppression's
reign

At last is o'er,—and freedom smiles again;
Smiles to behold how all-defacing Time
Has swept in vain o'er that delightful
clime,—

Nor yet subdued the spirit which, of yore
Shed glory's halo round her classic shore!
What though her towers are fall'n, her
arts decayed,

Not time alone the mournful change hath
made:—

'Twas slavery's mildew-breath, and rapine's
sway,

That tore her sculptured monuments
away,—

Till ev'n within Minerva's sacred dome,
The mosque has found a desolated home!

And shall Columbia's rulers coldly stand,
With listless gaze and unextended hand,
Till Greece, regenerate, shall her freedom
find,—

Or firmer fetters tyranny rebind?

Must Greece, the inspiring theme of bard
and sage,

The pride of every lettered clime and age,—
Pressed by her impious foemen, vainly
strive

To keep the hallowed flame of hope alive
Without one friendly arm the sword to
wield,

In freedom's cause, on glory's battle-field?
Forbid it, heaven!—or be the tale unknown
That 'twas not thus our sires achieved their
own!

In vain her poets sung, her heroes fought;
In vain her sages stretched the bounds of
thought;

And, vainly, matchless Phidias toiled for
fame,—

* Recited by the author in the Cincinnati theater, Feb-
ruary 24th, 1824, at a Thespian performance for the benefit
of the Greeks, which resulted in a contribution of \$300 to
the Greek fund in New York.

Should now a thankless world deny the claim!

And yet, when in our councils lately rose
The voice of sympathy for Grecian woes,
The noblest efforts of her champions
failed,—

And cold mistrust o'er eloquence prevailed!

Yet, though our cautious country may
not send

Her fleet, the cause of freedom to defend,—
Lest allied jealousy the act should view
As fraught with danger to the kingly
crew:—

Though by our statesmen it is deemed
unsafe

The angry lions in their lair to chafe,—
Lest we should rouse them to a nimbler leap,
O'er the rude surges of the "vasty deep,"
And find too late, by savage force o'er-
powered,

We are not ev'n the last to be devoured:—
Though neither Turkish faith nor Moslem
laws

Must be invaded—ev'n in the sacred cause
Which aims to rescue from enthralling
chains,

Heroic millions,—in whose fervid veins
The swelling current of the patriot flows,—
In whose proud hearts the Spartan's ardor
glows:

Though nothing now, alas! she dares to give
To her who nobly scorns in chains to live!—
Still may each kindred spirit plead her
cause,

Nor wait the lingering sanction of our
laws;—

Still may our Thespian band the tribute
pay,
Which from the ruthless spoiler rends his
prey;

And waft to that loved land the drama's aid,
Amid whose groves the young Thalia
strayed,

And all the tuneful nine their earliest
powers displayed.

Nor shall the boon be lost;—though
small the sum,

'Twill nerve the warrior's arm when perils
come,

To know a Christian people's prayers arise,
With hope-inspiring ardor, to the skies,—
That heaven's almighty arm may interpose,
And Greece be rescued from her direst
foes!

POETIC ADDRESS.*

By nature's holiest sympathies impress'd
With filial reverence swelling in each
breast,

We meet to-day around the festive board—
With more than viands, and libations
stored:

Here memory comes, through time's dim
vail to cast

Her varied lights and shadows o'er the past;
And hope amid the joyous group appears,
To gild the visions of our future years!

How green the woodlands, and how
bright the sky,

That mark youth's glowing scenes in man-
hood's eye,—

As rising all unbidden to the view,
They tinge with rosy light life's dark'ning
hue!

—And yet, alas, too oft they may recall
The saddening vision of some funeral pall;
And wake the filial tears of fond regret,
O'er those whose sun of life too early set!

* Extracted from the proceedings of the Buckeye and Pioneer Festival, held at Cincinnati, on the anniversary of the Pilgrim landing, Dec. 26, 1834. "9th toast: JOHN CLEVELAND SYMMES [The departed patriarch of the Miami purchase]: Each city, town and village, that dots the green banks of his beloved MIAMI, adds but another monument to his memory!"

Even now, though dimly, I behold again
 The vision of that long funereal train;
 By whom,—from life's sad cares too rudely
 torn,—
 Our coff'n'd "Patriarch" to the grave was
 borne :—
 When he whose name your annals have
 enshrined
 (Th' unselfish benefactor of his kind!)
 Was laid,—where still affection lingering
 grieves,—
 Near his loved home—among the hills of
 CLEVES.

Thrice fifteen summers have their foliage
 cast,
 In golden showers, on autumn's fitful blast,
 Since first our SIREs, by beck'ning hopes
 allured,
 In yonder cove, their ice-worn vessels
 moored.
 —At only two-score years, I cannot claim
 The memory that should give their deeds
 to fame ;—
 But, for those SIREs—the day will surely
 come
 When hist'ry's voice no longer shall be
 dumb!

Where stands this Hall, how oft the
 startled deer
 Fled from the wood-notes of the pioneer,
 As round him the primeval forest bowed,
 And rude huts rose to greet the coming
 crowd!

Aye,—and how oft, beneath those peopled
 sheds,
 Where forest skins supplied the uncur-
 tained beds,
 The death-doomed inmates woke, with
 shuddering fear,
 Th' appalling yells of savage hordes to hear!
 How changed the scene, since first, with
 youthful eyes,
 I saw th' o'ershadowing woods in grandeur
 rise,
 And blithely sought (alas, where are they
 now?)

The flower-decked mound, and vine-en-
 cumbered bough ;—
 Or roamed, perchance, along the nut-strewn
 vale,
 Wooded by the promise of th' autumnal
 gale ;—
 Or, bathed in yonder stream's pellucid
 flood,
 Ere slaughtered herds had dyed it with
 their blood!

Through the long vista of departed years,
 The kindling eye now gazes—dimmed with
 tears ;
 And now, with magic power, behold, it
 brings

The sweets of memory—without its stings!
 * * * * *

But, tongues more tuneful shall these scenes
 rehearse,—
 For mine but heralds many a nobler verse.

THOMAS PEIRCE.

THOMAS PEIRCE, author of "The Muse of Hesperia," the prize poem of the Cincinnati Philomathic Society, was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the fourth day of August, 1786. His father died in 1791, when Thomas was five years old. Soon afterward he was obliged to support himself. He worked on a farm in summer, and attended school in winter, till he was sixteen years of age, when he engaged himself to a saddle and harness maker for five years. In that time he became a skillful workman, but was not contented with his occupation, and having been an attentive student of books, as well as an industrious apprentice, he found no difficulty in securing an opportunity to teach a district school. When he was twenty-four years of age he attended a Quaker Boarding School at New Garden, in his native county, for the purpose of pursuing mathematical studies, in which he took great pleasure. Afterward he taught a common school in Philadelphia.

The tide of emigration then set steadily for Ohio, and in 1813 Mr. Peirce was carried with it to Cincinnati. He immediately engaged in mercantile business and was prosperous. In 1815 he married Elizabeth Neave. Forming a partnership with his father-in-law, Jeremiah Neave, he was an energetic merchant until 1822; then, meeting reverses, he retired from active business and studied medicine. He obtained a diploma, and was about to begin practice, when, in 1827, he was induced to resume the duties and responsibilities of a merchant. He was an influential and useful citizen of Cincinnati till 1850, when he died.

Very soon after he became a citizen of Cincinnati, Mr. Peirce manifested decided literary taste. He was one of the earliest as well as most active promoters of art and literature in the young city. In 1821 he contributed a series of satirical odes to the *Western Spy and Literary Cadet*, which were entitled "Horace in Cincinnati." They contained provoking caricatures, and many witty exposures of local folly, and were so much sought for that, the following year, they were collected and published in a small volume by George W. Harrison, forming the first book of what might, in all respects, be termed Western Poetry.

The following stanzas, from the thirty-first ode (the last of the series), expressing thanks to the Ohio Legislature, fairly represent the spirit of Horace:

For having long discussed a law,
In which, 'twas said, had crept a flaw
That render'd it not worth a straw,
And spent some thousand dollars;
A just decision to produce—
Whether a gander be a goose,
Consistent with the rules in use
'Mong scientific scholars.

* * * * *

To you our thanks no less we owe,
 For having spent a week or so
 In learn'd harangues, to sink below
 Their present state, your wages :
 Declared such act was naught but fair ;
 But on the final vote took care
 They should continue as they were,
 Oh, wise, consistent sages.

In August, 1821, the proprietors of the Cincinnati Theater offered "a silver ticket for one year's freedom of the Theater," for the best poetical address, to be spoken as a prologue at the opening of the Theater, which was expected to take place in October, but did not occur till November nineteenth. "Horace in Cincinnati" was the successful author. The following are the closing lines of his address. We doubt whether their spirit has since been always observed :

Friends of our infant stage ! who here resort,
 To whom our Drama looks for its support,
 Whose lib'ral aid this classic dome has reared,
 Whose constant zeal our every hope has cheered,
 On whose superior judgment and applause
 Depends the final triumph of our cause ;
 If e'er some foolish fashion of the day
 From nature's path should lead our steps astray ;
 If honor's voice we ever strive to hush,
 Or o'er the maiden's cheek diffuse a blush ;
 If ever poor neglected worth we scorn,
 Or crouch to those with empty honors born ;—
 Oh, give us not your sanction ! but dismiss
 The play and players with th' indignant hiss.
 —Thus may the Stage present to public view
 A school for *morals*, and for *letters* too ;
 Where native genius may expand its powers,
 And strew your paths with intellectual flowers.

Mr. Peirce seemed to take pleasure in metrical composition for occasions like that just referred to. He wrote an "Ode on Science" for an "extra night" at the Western Museum in Cincinnati ; and when, in 1822, the proprietors of the "New Theater" in Philadelphia offered a silver cup for the best poem, to be delivered at the opening of their "dramatic temple," he was a competitor. The prize was awarded to Charles Sprague, but Mr. Peirce's ode was adjudged "second best." It was published in the Cincinnati *National Republican*, April eighteenth, 1823. The lines on "The Drama," hereafter quoted, are from it.

In 1824 and 1825, Mr. Peirce was a frequent contributor to the *Literary Gazette*, published and edited by John P. Foote. Besides original poems, he prepared for the *Gazette* several successful translations from the French of Boileau, and from the Spanish of Vasquez. In 1825 he wrote a second series of satirical poems, which he published in the *National Republican*. They were entitled "Billy Moody," and professed to recount the education and varied experience of a Yankee, who taught school in the East, and then wandered to the West as a peddler and an office-seeker. These poems were also published in a volume, but are not of sufficient general interest to be quoted

from now. Between 1825 and 1835 Mr. Peirce but seldom wrote. His last published poem, "Knowledge is Power," was contributed to the *Cincinnati Chronicle* in 1829. Benjamin Drake, then the editor, spoke of it as a poem of much spirit, and hoped that "one who wielded his pen with such fluency, would oftener contribute to the gratification of the lovers of poetry." Mr. Peirce was not only disinclined to gratify this hope, but in his later life was unwilling to be reminded that he had ever courted the muses. The specimens of his unacknowledged newspaper contributions which are subjoined, together with the extracts from "The Muse of Hesperia," given on previous pages, fairly represent Mr. Peirce's poetic abilities—unacknowledged we say, because he did not sign his name to any of his poems, and never so far acknowledged "The Muse of Hesperia" as to give the Philomathic Society an opportunity to present him the "fifty dollar gold medal" which it had won.

THE DANDY.*

BEHOLD a pale, thin-visaged wight,
Some five feet, more or less, in height;
Which, as it frisks and dances,
Presents a body that, at most,
Is less substantial than a ghost,
As pictured in romances!

A head of hair, as wild and big
As any reverend bishop's wig;
And on the top inserted
(Or front, or side—as runs the whim)
A something with an inch of brim,
And crown like cone inverted.

Around its neck a stiff cravat;
Another tightly drawn o'er that,
And over these, a dozen
Enormous ruffles on his breast;
And close below a tiny vest,
For gaudy colors chosen.

And over all, a trim surtout
Scanty in length, and tight to boot.
And (what is now no wonder)

Rigg'd out with capes full half a score;
And five small buttons down before,
Just half an inch asunder.

With trowsers welted down each side,
And spreading out almost as wide
As petticoats at bottom;
A small dumb watch some cent'ries old,
With twenty keys and seals of gold—
No matter how he got 'em.

To dangle at a lady's side,
When'er she takes a walk or ride,
A thing extremely handy:—
These constitute—as fashions run
In eighteen hundred twenty-one—
A Cincinnati Dandy.

TO A LADY.*

If virgin purity of mind,
With native loveliness combined,
In life's unclouded morning;
If in her fair and comely face
Shine true politeness, ease and grace,
Her character adorning;

* "Horace in Cincinnati." Ode VII. To Posterity—if ever posterity see verse of mine.

*From "Horace in Cincinnati." Ode XIX.

If bless'd with kind parental care,
 To guard her steps from vice's snare;
 And if religion summon
 To taste her joys a maid like this;—
 You must, dear friend, possess of bliss
 A portion more than common.

For she who thus aspires to feel,
 And cultivate with ardent zeal,
 Those virtuous dispositions
 By which alone the fair can rise,
 Of human bliss will realize
 The most romantic visions.

Proceed, dear girl, in learning's way;
 Whatever coxcomb fools may say,
 'Tis knowledge that ennobles;
 Still laugh at beauty's outward show,
 Still shun the proud unletter'd beau,
 And scorn pedantic foibles.

Unskill'd in coquetry's vain wiles,
 Devoid of art, and siren smiles,
 And free from envy's leaven,
 Still with untiring ardor run
 The virtuous course you have begun
 Beneath the smiles of heaven.

Beauty, at best, is but a gleam
 Of mem'ry, from a frenzied dream
 Or legendary story;
 'Tis but the rainbow in the skies,
 Which steals away before our eyes,
 In evanescent glory.

'Tis but a new-blown fragile flower,
 Blushing beside a roseate bower:—
 If with rude hand you sever
 Its beauties from its native stem—
 Though fair and brilliant as a gem,
 It fades away forever.

And if (as may occur ere long)
 Around you num'rous suitors throng,
 Led on by ardent passion,

With complaisance the wise regard,
 But from your company discard
 The silly fools of fashion.

And should you find a modest youth,
 The friend of piety and truth,
 In precept and example,
 Proceed by mutual vows to prove
 The consummation of your love
 At Hymen's sacred temple.

For she who heeds but folly's voice,
 And makes her matrimonial choice
 From outward show and glitter,
 May find, with sorrow in the end,
 Her late warm, kind, connubial friend,
 Will all life's sweets embitter.

But she who, scorning wealth and birth,
 Aims in her choice alone at worth,
 From mental coffers flowing,
 Illumed will pass life's somber way,
 Fair as the dawn to perfect day,
 Still bright and brighter glowing.

THE DRAMA.

IN "olden time," when arts and taste re-
 fined
 Lit with bright beams the midnight of the
 mind,
 And martial Greece subdued her num'rous
 foes,
 The Drama's sun o'er classic Athens rose.
 By clouds obscured, at first it scarcely
 spread
 Its pale cold beams o'er each high moun-
 tain's head,
 Till gaining step by step its noonday height,
 It clothed the boundless scene with brill-
 iant light.

Then learned Eschylus, warm with patriot
fire,
Touched with bold hand the Drama's slum-
bering lyre,
Avenged inveterate faults with satire's dart,
Or laughed a thousand foibles from the
heart.

Then soft Euripides, skilled to control
The kindest, gentlest feelings of the soul,
O'er his bright pages deep enchantment
threw,
And floods of tears from pity's fountain
drew.

When all her glory gone, in evil hour
Greece bowed submissive to superior
power;
The wandering Drama found a friend and
home

In bounteous Cæsar and triumphant Rome.
As moved by love or pity, scorn or rage,
Guilt, pride or folly, Roscius trod the stage;
His mimic power surrounding thousands
praised,
And e'en great Tully lauded as he gazed.

When the long reign of Gothic midnight
pass'd,
Wit, taste and science blessed the world at
last;
To Albion's shores the scenic Muses flew,
And o'er her youthful bards their mantles
threw.

Then Shakspeare rose, in truth and vir-
tue's cause,
Revived the Drama, and reformed its
laws,

Portrayed the airy forms of fancy's dreams,
And spread o'er life's rude scenes her bright-
est beams.

Then Garrick moved, the Roscius of the
age,
And learning quit the forum for the stage.
Then Siddons bade the tears of pity start,
And Kemble thrilled each fiber of the
heart.

When on the rights of man curs'd ty-
rants trod,

And stepp'd between his conscience and his
God;

Fettered with rules of faith the free-born
soul,

And bade the million bow to their control;
Or, flushed with savage pride, beheld ex-
pire

A host of martyrs on the funeral pyre;
The exiled drama quits the scene of blood,
And, following Freedom o'er the Atlantic
flood,

Reared with a skill and taste unknown be-
fore,

Her fanes and altars on Columbia's shore.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

KNOWLEDGE is power.—In days of old
Archimedes, the learned and bold,
Who rude barbaric nations taught
The lore with which his mind was fraught,
Threw to one point the rays of light
Reflected by his mirrors bright.
Rome's mighty fleet in flames arose,
Fired by the science of her foes:
A crazy vessel scarcely bore
Marcellus from the hostile shore;
While smiling peace resumed again
O'er Syracuse her wonted reign.

Knowledge is power.—From age to age
The bolts of heaven, with deadly rage,
Marked their red paths from cloud to cloud,
Alarmed the skies with thunders loud,
O'er earth's vast surface winged their
course,

And mortals trembled at their force;
Towns, temples, navies, catch the fire,
And in the quenchless flames expire.

Franklin—whose penetrating eye
Could Nature's darkest secrets spy;
Whose mind could compass all her laws,
And from the effect deduce the cause—

O'er ships and castles leads the wires,
And shoots on high the forked spires.
The thunder's loud, tremendous crash,
The lightning's vivid, fatal flash,
Now pass unfeared, innoxious found,
And spend their rage beneath the ground.

Knowledge is power.—Now calmly sleep
The billows of the "vasty deep;"
O'er the still fleets no friendly gales
Pass lightly by to swell the sails;
Fixed to one spot, they silent ride
In useless splendor on the tide;
While many a schooner, keel, and barge,
Designed to trace our rivers large,
Can scarcely stem the rapid course,
With all their sails and oars in force.
From dumb oblivion's dreary night
Great Fulton rushes forth to light,
Conducted by a numerous throng
Of arts and sciences along;
And prays the mighty power of Steam
To bless his new adventurous scheme.
Lo, as he lifts his wand on high,
O'er the calm seas the vessels fly
With force, rapidity and ease,
Unaided by the gentlest breeze!
Or up impetuous rivers glide
In spite of currents, wind and tide!—
Whole nations bless the sage sublime,
Who triumphs over space and time.

Knowledge is power.—Since time began
The unrelenting foe of man,
The monster, Pest'lence, stalked abroad,
By all the powers of health unawed.
O'er the broad plains and hills sublime
Of Europe's rich and varied clime;
O'er Asia's wide-extended land;
O'er Afric's desert realms of sand;
O'er the vast mountains, vales and plains
Where nature in her splendor reigns,
E'er since Columbus great unfurled
The glories of the Western world;
Through every clime and every zone
By man inhabited or known,

Far as the boundless ocean rolls,
Or land wide-stretches to the poles;—
He marched abroad with giant stride,
And death and ruin at his side:
Whole nations fell beneath his hand,
And desolation ruled the land.
Great Jenner, cool and undismayed,
With only Science for his aid,
Grapples the fiend in deadly fight,
And hurls him to eternal night:
While all mankind, with loud acclaim,
Resound their benefactor's name.

Knowledge is power.—By chemic art,
Behold the sage Montgolfier part
From water's clear, compounded mass
Pure hydrogen's ethereal gas;
Urged by whose light, elastic spring
The huge balloon, on buoyant wing,
Amid the thousands gazing round,
Receives the sage, and leaves the ground.
Observe the bold Montgolfier rise,
League above league, through purer skies:
Now a thick mist the globe enshrouds,
Now see, it soars above the clouds,
Now, faint and fainter, from afar
It shines a small, pale-glimmering star;
And now it vanishes from sight;
While, from this vast, ethereal height,
The dauntless sage, the clouds between,
Looks down with rapture on the scene;
Where wide around the landscape spreads,
And towns and cities lift their heads;
Where to the clouds huge mountains throw
Their heads gigantic—white with snow;
Where round the globe deep oceans roll,
And land extends to either pole.
Tired of these wondrous scenes—behold
The sage his parachute unfold;
And, loosing quick the cords that bind,
His airy castle cleaves the wind,—
While he, with safe-descending speed,
Now from his heavenward journey freed,
The boundless power of knowledge shows,
And gains the earth from whence he
rose!

Knowledge is power.—In depths profound,
 Where midnight throws her gloom around,
 With thunder's voice, thro' mines and caves,
 The demon gas resides and raves;
 And as the workmen crowd below,
 Slaughters his thousands at a blow:
 And gloats with fiend-like joy his eyes,
 As hills of dead around him rise.
 Lo! Davy, fearless of his ire,
 Weaves a close net of finest wire,
 Descends the monster's dreary den,
 And, stumbling o'er the bones of men,
 Beholds him sunk, in grim repose,
 And his wire-mantle o'er him throws.
 He rouses,—feels his iron robe,
 And to its center shakes the globe;
 To burst his magic fetters tries,
 And in the desperate effort dies.
 Thus fell by great Alcides' hand,
 The hydra-monster of the land.

Knowledge is power.—When private
 jars
 Were changed of yore to public wars,
 Till millions, prodigal of life,
 Rushed to the field and joined the strife,
 Where in close conflict, hand to hand,
 With javelin, battle-ax, and brand,
 More copious streams of blood were shed,
 And raised were larger piles of dead,
 Immortal Bacon rose to view,
 And nature's thickest vail withdrew,
 And as her light illumed his mind,
 Three magic substances combined.
 Touched by a spark, the new compound
 Exploded with tremendous sound;
 And myriads heard with dread surprise,
 The mimic thunder of the skies.

* * * * *

Knowledge is power.—In olden time,
 When superstition, leagued with crime,

Ruled the wide world, ere classic light
 Had pierced the gloom of Gothic night;
 While tedious years of toil and care
 Were spent one transcript to prepare,
 Which chance might to oblivion doom,
 A drop deface, a spark consume;—
 Laurentius like an angel moves
 From Harlem's academic groves,
 And with his wooden types combined,
 Gives a new wonder to mankind.
 Hence knowledge flew at his command
 From sea to sea, from land to land,
 And science his broad flag unfurled,
 To wave it o'er a brighter world;
 Hence unimpaired to us have come
 The classic works of Greece and Rome,
 And we their wit and learning know,
 Though penned three thousand years ago;
 And hence these lamps a path will light
 To erudition's mountain height;
 And thence, as step by step we rise,
 To perfect knowledge in the skies.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

YOUTH is the time when man,
 With industry and care,
 The store-house of his mind should scan,
 And lay up treasures there
 Of virtuous thoughts and useful lore,
 Ere life's unclouded morn is o'er.

Old age is that bright hour
 To erring mortals given,
 To drop earth's riches, joys and power,
 And lay up wealth in heaven,
 For their support, when time shall be
 Merged in a bless'd eternity.

JULIA L. DUMONT.

JULIA L. DUMONT, the earliest female writer in the West whose poems, tales and sketches have been preserved, was the daughter of Ebenezer and Martha D. Corey. Her parents emigrated from Rhode Island to Marietta, Ohio, with the "Ohio Company," which settled at that place. She was born at Waterford, Washington county, Ohio, on the Muskingum River, in October, 1794. Her parents returned to Rhode Island during her infancy, and while she was yet a mere babe, her father died. Her mother removed to Greenfield, Saratoga county, New York, and married the second time. They then had their residence on the Kayaderosseras Mountain, in Greenfield. With her mother, I had the pleasure of an acquaintance during the closing years of her life. From her, doubtless, Mrs. Dumont inherited her delicate organism and strong emotional nature, her large-heartedness, united with shrinking sensibility. And in that mountain home her soul learned communion with nature in its noble forms—learned to love the mountain, with its beetling brow, and the gentle hyacinth, which blossomed at its base.

She spent some time in the Milton Academy, in Saratoga county, where she gave unmistakable evidence of superior mental powers. In 1811 she taught a school in Greenfield, and in 1812 in Cambridge, Washington county, New York. In August of the last named year, she was married to John Dumont, and the following October they removed to Ohio.

The village of Vevay, Indiana, is on a beautiful site. The river has a majestic curve, and the level plateau on the shore corresponds to its semicircular sweep, while around its periphery stands, like guardian sentinels, a range of noble hills. There settled a colony of Swiss, designing to engage in the culture of the grape. To this locality Mr. and Mrs. Dumont went in 1814, in the gloomy month of March, and there was her home till death. There were the struggles incident to a new country. Her husband being a lawyer, was, according to the custom of those times, much from home, attending the courts of other counties. The care of the family was upon her, and she met it nobly. Schools were scarce and poor. Her own children were to be instructed, and she determined to do the work herself. She opened a school, and thenceforward much of her life was spent in the school-room. For this she was peculiarly fitted by her sympathy and keen intuition. Indeed, we may claim for her a high position among western pioneer teachers. She had a lofty idea of the mission of the instructor, and if she did not attain it, 'twas because she placed it above what a mind of far more than ordinary abilities, tireless effort, and a loving heart could reach. She was successful in imparting what she knew. A dear friend of hers, who often saw her in the school-room, said, "How faithfully did she obey the command, 'Say to them that are of fearful heart, be strong!'" How zealously did she labor to confirm the feeble! Was there one in her school particularly unfortunate, that one

was immediately taken especially under her maternal care. She had in her school several cripple boys, some of whom were poor and friendless, and it seemed to me no mother could have surpassed her endeavor to fit them for usefulness." We claim special honor for her early and successful devotion to education in the West.

Her nature was so finely strung that few were capable of sympathizing with her, either in her sorrows or her rejoicings. She dwelt in some sense alone, and yet her heart was full of sympathy. When a great grief was pressing upon her soul, she was surrounded by a promiscuous circle, capable of interesting and rendering happy those with whom she mingled. Very bitter were some of the trials through which she passed, and very severe the discipline of suffering which was her lot. She saw three sons wither, one by one, away to the cold grave. Soon a daughter followed them. There was a beautiful boy whom she called Edgar, and whom she loved intensely. One summer morning he left her side full of glee; in half an hour he was drowned; she bore him to her house in her arms. The blow was terrible. Her soul had a long-continued struggle. His name she never mentioned; yet he was ever in her heart. I said she did not call his name, but a letter from her daughter says: "Among all her papers was never found any allusion to his name, nor to this bereavement; but in a private drawer of hers are to be found several small packages marked thus, 'Seed of the flowers he planted,' 'The shoes he wore,' 'His little fish-hooks.'"

There is scarcely to be found a more touching fact. It tells the deep, sad grief which preyed upon her soul. During all this struggle she did not "charge God foolishly." She strove to feel what she believed to be true—that God was very pitiful and of tender mercy.

There were other trials. She had another son, who had grown to man's estate—had married—was admitted to the bar, and had high hopes of eminence in his profession. He was sprightly and full of force. Well did I know him—often I spoke with him—united him to his bride in marriage, and stood by his bedside as he was passing down into the swellings of Jordan. In the pride of his manhood he was smitten, and wasted to the tomb. Another shrine was broken!

Mrs. Dumont's health gave way—her constitution, though elastic, was delicate, and she bowed at length. She went South—among the orange groves and palmettos she sought to regain her former strength and activity. It was not to be so. She was marked for death. A year, or nearly so, was spent South, and then she returned home, for Vevay was still the home of the living and the resting-place of the dead.

Amid the greetings, the experiences, the questions asked and answered, her children discovered that she had come back to them with a distressing cough. It never left her, but was developed into consumption! It only needs the old history to tell what remains, so far as the disease was concerned—the mocking promise of restored health—then the change. With the indomitable industry which had ever marked her, she would not cease work, but, in addition to preparing a volume of sketches for the press, also, after her return, superintended her school through several terms. "She trusted and was not afraid." Trust ripened into joy, and she whose whole life had

been one weary battle-field, at last triumphed! I cannot forbear transcribing one other passage from her daughter's letter to me, though it was not written for publication:

"For many years she suffered with a nervous restlessness, which prevented her sleeping; but the blessed promise, 'He giveth his beloved sleep,' seemed graven on her heart. Again and again have I found her with her eyes closed, hands clasped, and voice uttering, as in thanksgiving prayer, 'So he giveth his beloved sleep.'"

Early in life Mrs. Dumont's mental powers attracted attention, and led many to presage for her a high literary position. But the cares of her household, her feeble health, and a distrust of her own abilities, prevented her from attempting more than fragmentary essays, tales, sketches, and poems. While her productions were sought after with avidity by publishers able to pay for them, she felt so much desire to build up and sustain the local press and home literature, that she more usually would send her best songs to some new village paper, struggling for an existence, and with the communication, some words of cheer to the editor, to give him heart and hope. She was a frequent contributor to the *Literary Gazette*, published at Cincinnati. Several of the best poems she wrote were first printed in the *Gazette*, among which are "Poverty," "The Pauper to the Rich Man," and "The Orphan Emigrant." In the years 1834, '35 and '36, she wrote frequently for the *Cincinnati Mirror*, but chiefly in prose. She was awarded two prizes by the publishers of the *Mirror* for stories on Western themes. One of those stories, "Ashton Grey," with others, contributed to the *Western Literary Journal*, and the *Ladies' Repository*, are collected in a volume entitled "Life Sketches."*

While examining the characteristics of Mrs. Dumont's style, we are impressed with its purity. She never wrote a line calculated to lure one from virtue, to gild vice, or bedeck with flowers the road to death. There is virtue in all that lives from her pen—virtue the child of heaven—the true guide to success in life, and true title to fragrant memory. Her teachings addressed to the young—for to them and for them she mainly wrote—inspire heroic virtue, a working faith, and conquering zeal. She had ever a word of hopefulness for the desponding, of encouragement for the toiling.

Mrs. Dumont died on the second day of January, 1857—mourned not only by a bereaved family and immediate neighbors, but by many far distant, to whom kind instructions had closely endeared her. It was understood, in 1835, that Mrs. Dumont had collected materials for a Life of Tecumseh. Whether the purpose of such a work was executed we are not advised. We are informed, however, that her friends contemplate the publication of her poems in a volume.

Mr. Dumont is yet a resident of Vevay—the center of a family of wide influence in Indiana. He was a member of the Indiana Legislature in 1822-'23, and was afterward a candidate for the office of Governor, against David Wallace. Mr. Dumont has a worthy reputation in Indiana as a lawyer. His son, Ebenezer Dumont, who distinguished himself as a Colonel in the Mexican war, is now a citizen of Indianapolis.

* Life Sketches, from Common Paths. Appletons, New York, 1856. 12mo. pp. 236.

POVERTY.

I PARDON the lover, that raves of the maid,
Whose graces, tho' few, have his bosom
betray'd,
But the poet, who sings of dame poverty's
charms,
Deserves to be chained in her merciless
arms.

Behold her stern features, how livid and
pale;
Her breath is the Upas, that withers the
vale;
Her garments hang loose round her skele-
ton form,
And she frowns like the demon that rides
on the storm.

If dropp'd thro' a cloud from the realms of
the blest,
A gem of benevolence glows in the breast;
Let poverty breathe on this gem of the
heart,
Alas! it no longer its light can impart.

When touch'd by the tale of unvarnish'd
distress,
A hand is extended the sufferer to bless
With cold, empty fingers that purpose to
blight,
Lo! poverty comes, like the mildews of
night.

If science her treasure attempts to display,
Where poverty holds her tyrannical sway,
Her subjects are torn from the rapt'rous
repat,
To labor condemned, while the mind is to
fast.

Tho' Genius goes forth on the pinions of
light,
With halos encircled, and brilliants bedight,
If poverty's vapors around him are cast,
The vale of obscurity hides him at last.

Avaunt, then, thou goblin: away from my
path!

I'm weary of drinking thy vials of wrath;
Thy mists have extinguish'd the lights of
my soul,
And my spirit revolts from thy further
control.

THE MOTHER TO HER DYING INFANT.

CHILD of my bosom, how deep thy decay!
Life! thy last tint is now fading away;
Death his pale seal on thy cheek has im-
press'd,—
Babe of my love! thou art hast'ning to rest.

Pain! thou shalt riot no more on his form,
Grave! thy cold pillow is rock'd with no
storm;
Slumbers of death, ye are tranquil and
deep,
Sweetly and long shall the suffering sleep.

Bud of affection, pale, canker'd and low,
Blossom of hope, shall I weep for the blow!
Life! thy dark billow is turbid and wild,
Mercy! thy cherubims wait for my child.

Go then, my babe, the deep conflict is past,
Calm and resign'd, I will yield to the blast;
Go where the spoiler shall scatter no blight,
Angels shall hymn thee to regions of light.

Ah! thy deep moanings still break on my
ear,
Still thy pure spirit is lingering here;
Grief! thy dark surges yet proudly shall
roll,
Visions of bliss! ye have fled from my soul.

Look at that face! 'tis distorted and wild,
See those wan features where innocence
smiled;

Where are their light and their loveliness
now?

Heavy and cold are the dews on his brow.

Hark! how convulsive and deep is his
breath,

See those clench'd hands, they are strug-
gling with death;

When, oh my God! shall the agony cease?

When shall the sufferer slumber in peace?

Say, shall I weep when in sleep he is laid?

No! the deep waves of despair shall be
stayed,

Calmly I'll gaze on the still settled face,

Calmly impress the last icy embrace.

Loveless and cold when my pathway is
left,

Hope of its blossoms eternally reft,

Summon'd to bliss, my last cherub shall
rise,

Pure and immortal, a child of the skies.

THE PAUPER TO THE RICH MAN.

'Tis the rich man rolling past,

The man of lordly sway,

And the chilling glance on the pauper cast,

Would rebuke me from his way.

But alas! my brother, spare

That look of cold recoil,

Nor with the pride of thy state, compare

The garb of want and toil.

And stay thine alms, for I seek

These meager hands to fill,

No part of aught thy robes bespeak;

Yet are we brothers still.

Though thy scorn our path divide,

Though thou own'st no brother's heart,

Yet shall not envy's poisonous tide
Our souls yet farther part.

Hast thou not suffered? Years

Have o'er thee also swept;

Thou hast journey'd in a vale of tears,

Hast thou not also wept?

Thou art strong, yet hath not pain

E'er bowed thy mighty head?

And the robe of wealth been found all vain

A healing balm to shed?

And thy mind's rich gifts been lost,

As thou shrunk'st with icy chill,

Or in wildering dreams of frenzy toss'd?

Then are we brothers still.

Hast thou still, in life's fierce race,

Swept on with strength unworn,

Nor dim, uncertain aim taken place,

Of thy strong spirit's scorn?

Or hath strange weariness,

Mid all thy proud renown,

Flung on thy heart with palsyng press,

Borne its high pulses down,

Till thou, in the flush of life,

Stood faltering, sick and chill,

And thy soul in faintness forgot its strife?

Then are we brothers still.

Hast thou not on human worth

Too deep a venture laid,

And found, more cold than the icy north,

The chill of trust betrayed?

And felt how like a spell,

Earth's warm light faded out,

As from the heart thou hadst loved too well,

Thou turn'dst *all* hearts to doubt?

Hast thou known and felt all this,

With many a nameless ill,

That drugged thy every drop of bliss?

Then are we brothers still.

And death! the spoiler death,
 Who mocks even love's strong clasp,
 Hath he borne naught to his halls beneath,
 Won from thy soul's fond grasp?

Or hast thou bent to kiss
 The lips his breath had chilled?
 And called, in dreams of "remembered
 bliss,"
 On tones forever stilled?

And stood, with bowed face, hid
 By the grave thy dead must fill,
 And heard the clod on the coffin-lid?
 Then are we brothers still.

Is not deep suffering
 Upon thy nature sealed?
 And shall all the gifts that dust may bring,
 Thy mortal bosom shield?

And hasten we not down
 To the same low, narrow bed,
 Where the mighty doffs his victor-crown,
 And the tired slave rests his head?

Then pass on in thy pride,
 Till earth shall claim her part;
 Yet why should envy's bitter tide
 Flow o'er a human heart?

Earth's pomps around thee fold
 Yet closer, if thou will;
 Thro' this squalid frame the winds pierce
 cold,
 Yet are we brothers still.

TO THE MOON.

Cold planet, of the changeful form!
 Dark shadows round thee roll,
 Yet still thy beams dispel the storm,
 That rocks the madd'ning soul.

The waves of passion, strong and deep,
 Like summer seas are hush'd to sleep,
 Beneath thy calm control:
 Like sacred balm which heaven imparts,
 Thy rays descend on breaking hearts.

The sea-boy on the billowy waste
 Of waters, dark and wild,
 Far from the home which love embrac'd
 When brighter visions smil'd—
 While soft thy beam on ocean sleeps,
 Far o'er the wave his spirit sweeps,
 By magic power beguiled:
 And forms yet lov'd, a spectral band,
 Embrace him on his native land.

Ethereal lamp! whose flame is fed
 From an eternal source,
 Religion's softest dews are shed,
 While thou roll'st on thy course;
 The vail of mental darkness rends,
 And holy light from heaven descends,
 With strong, resistless force:
 Faith points beyond the purple skies,
 And, thither, hopes unearthly rise.

Queen of the hush'd, mysterious hour,
 When fairies hold their sway,
 Young love, exulting, hails thy power,
 And shuns the glare of day.
 Lured by thy light, from scenes of mirth,
 The festive hall, the social hearth,
 His votaries court thy ray:
 Pure witness of the vestal sigh,
 When youthful hearts throb warm and
 high.

And he whose hopes and joys are fled
 Beyond this vale of tears;
 Who strays among his kindred dead,
 The wreck of former years;
 Sooth'd by thy soft seraphic light,
 His spirit wings a transient flight
 To everlasting spheres:
 And forms, now mouldering at his feet,
 In beauty cloth'd, his vision greet.

Pale taper of the glimmering ray,
 Lamp of the magic spell,
 Soon as thou climb'st thy azure way,
 The muses leave their cell,
 And bid the rushing tide of song,
 In varying numbers, roll along,
 With wild tumultuous swell:
 But hush—their band may now retire,
 For thou hast quench'd thy vestal fire.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

No radiant beam has cheer'd the joyless day,
 Nature seems robed in all her sad attire
 Obscur'd and dim, thro' mists of thick'ning gray,
 The sun appears a gloomy ball of fire.

But lo! he sinks fast in the western heaven;
 Thro' murky shades the night bird slowly flies;
 White-gathering clouds in swift confusion driven,
 Portend a tempest low'ring in the skies.

The moon in darkness veils her crescent form,
 Tho' late, Ohio, on thy breast she smiled;
 Thy turbid wave rolls dark beneath the storm,
 And round thy arks the rocking winds roar wild.

The shivering oak alarms the listening ear,
 And scattered fragments cross the hunter's path;
 The vengeful besom sweeps the gay parterre,
 And ripening fields are marked with fearful scath.

Redoubling horror all the concave shrouds,
 Re-echoing thunders startle and affright;

The lightnings dance among the sable clouds,
 And stream athwart the stormy-bosom'd night.

Dark and sublime, amid the fitful glare,
 Destruction rides triumphant on the storm,
 While deep and fervent, hark! the voice of prayer
 Is heard from lips, that never learned its form!

Mid scenes like this the spirit seems to pause;
 In wordless dread, on nature's awful verge,
 Jehovah stands reveal'd, the Eternal Cause,
 That wakes the storm and binds the madd'ning surge.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

YE faded threads among this still dark hair,
 Noting with spectral trace time's mocking speed;
 How deftly weave ye, with your pale hues there,
 A writing for the conscious soul to read.

And let me read: what say those paly lines,
 Gleaming through locks with woman's pride once bound?
 For me the wreaths life's golden summer twines,
 Brilliant as brief, shall never more be wound.

The rich warm prime, when, with soft-colored hues,
 The buds of hope, not here, perhaps, to bloom,

Yet, even through tears, like violets bathed
in dews,
Still yield to life a beauty and perfume.

The hours when still, though blent with
many a thorn,
Beneath the feet blossom and verdure
spring,
To me are fled; they may no more return,
Nor time again one leaf of freshness
bring.

But ever shall my future day grow wan,
And from life's shore the greenness fade
away,
Till the dull wave, that bears me darkling
on,
Reflect no image but of pale decay.

Decay, whose gathering mildews, o'er me
spread,
Shall dim each sense that drinks the
summer beams;
The glorious odors life's full censers shed,
The music-tones that thrill its earlier
dreams.

Well, let me meet the thought—it hath no
power
To daunt the soul that knows its heaven-
ly birth;
Pass, pass away! brief splendors of life's
hour,
The sights, the sounds, the gorgeous hues
of earth.

All sights, all sounds, all thoughts and
dreams of time,
Of a pure joy that wake the passing
thrill,
Are yet but tokens of that "better" clime,
Where life no more conflicts with change
or chill.

The flush, the odor of the summer rose,
The breath of spring, the morning's robe
of light,

The whole broad beauty o'er the earth that
glows,
Are of the land that knows no touch of
blight.

The melodies that fill the purple skies,
The tones of love that thrill life's wide
domain,
Are all but notes of the deep harmonies
Poured round the Eternal, in triumphant
strain.

And I, while through this fading form of
dust,
There burns the deathless spark, de-
rived from Him,
May look on change with calm, though
solemn trust,
Bearing a life its shadows may not dim.

Oh bless'd assurance of exulting faith!
Humble, and yet victorious in its might,
Through the dark mysteries of decay and
death,
Sustaining on,—a pillar still of light.

The life immortal! of a peace intense,
Holy, unchanging, save to brighter day,
How fails the mind in upward flight im-
mense,
When, to conceive it, human thoughts
essay!

How fade the glories of our fairest spheres,
As faith's fixed eye pursues that heaven-
ward flight!
The hopes and joys, the pain, the passion-
ate tears,
How shadowy all—phantasmas of the
night!

What I am now, and what I once have
been,
E'en when each pulse with health's full
bound was rife,

Melt as a dream—a strange and struggling
scene,
A dim and fitful consciousness of life.

Pass, pass away! things of a fondness vain,
Fade on, frail vestments meant but for
decay;
I wait the robes corruption may not stain,
The bloom, the freshness of immortal
day.

THE ORPHAN EMIGRANT.

LADY.

WHITHER, maiden, art thou strolling,
Heedless of the evening blast?
List, and hear the thunders rolling,
Look! the storm is gathering fast.
With no guardian friend beside thee,
Whither, whither wouldst thou roam?
Lest some evil should betide thee,
Haste, oh! maiden, to thy home.

MAIDEN.

Ask not, lady, where I wander,
Ask not why my footsteps roam;
Tho' the skies are rent asunder,
Lady, still I have no home.
Crossing o'er the wide Atlantic,
Seeking freedom's blissful shore,—
Oh! reflection makes me frantic—
Lady, I can tell no more.

LADY.

Oh, be calm, poor hapless maiden,
Let me hear thy artless tale,
Why with grief so heavy laden?
What has made thy cheek so pale?

MAIDEN.

Freedom's banner, brightly beaming,
Lured my parents o'er the wave,
But the lights of death were gleaming,
Even then, around their grave.
After braving toils and dangers,
Scorching fevers seized their brain;

Left amid a land of strangers,
Penury's child, I weep in vain.
Where yon willow tree is bending,
There my parents mouldering lie,
Grief their Ellen's heart is rending,
Yet they answer not her cry.
Here without a friend to cherish,
Led by want's cold hand I roam—
Rocked on sorrow's wave I perish,
Death! thy bed shall be my home.

LADY.

Maiden, cease my heart to sever,
Child of mourning, dry your tears,
I will be your friend forever—
I will guard your future years;
I have never known that gladness,
Which a mother's heart must own;
Crown'd with wealth, but vailed in sadness,
I have sipped its sweets alone.
Shall I leave thee, then, to perish,
While thro' flowery paths I roam?
No, my cares thy form shall cherish,
And my dwelling be thy home.
Bless'd in fondly watching o'er thee,
Love shall every grief beguile;
May the shade of her who bore thee,
On our sacred compact smile.

THE TUMULUS.*

ETERNAL vestige of departed years!
Mysterious signet of a race gone by,
Unscath'd while Ruin o'er the earth careers,
And around thy base the wrecks of ages lie.
Reveal'st thou naught to the inquiring eye?
What fearful changes Time has given
birth
Since first thy form, where now the oak
towers high,
A dark gray mass, rose from the verdant
earth.

* Written upon visiting one of the stupendous mounds
that greet the eye of the traveler in the West.

Ah! where are those who proudly trod thy brow,
 Ere yet thy bright green coronals waved there—
 The strong, the brave, their race—where is it now?
 Earth's living nations no memorial bear!
 Where then the sounds of life rose on the air,
 A grave-like silence, long and deep, has pass'd,
 Save when the wolf howl'd from his rocky lair,
 Or owlet-screams rose on the fitful blast.
 Bear'st thou no trace within thy sullen breast,
 Thou seal'd-up relic of the mouldering dead?
 Is there no record on thy form impress'd
 Of those who rear'd thee from thy valley bed?
 Did pale Decay, with slow though lingering tread,
 Consign their race to nature's common tomb?
 Or sweeping Plague, with blasting wing outspread,
 Their brightness quench in everlasting gloom?
 And thou, that mock'st Destruction's wrathful storm,
 While living worlds beneath its blast are crush'd,
 Say for what end the dead upheav'd thy form,
 Or consecrated thus thy breathless dust.
 Did calm Devotion here, with holy trust,
 Erect her temple to the living God?
 Or lordly Pride, with weak ambition flush'd,
 Heap up thy dark and monumental sod?
 Or hid'st thou those, in thy sepulchral breast,
 Who erst were scattered o'er the vales around?

A mighty tomb, where nations, laid to rest
 In ghastly sleep, await the trumpet's sound.

When Earth's dim records are at length unbound,
 And in her last funereal lights reveal'd,
 While rising bones burst from their prison ground,
 Shall then thy heaving brow its mysteries yield?

Vainly I ask—but o'er the musing soul
 A noiseless voice comes from thy dust to chide:

"Man may exult in glory's glittering roll,
 And o'er the earth, life, for a while pre-side;

But learn to know the wreck of human pride!

Her fairest names time may at length efface;

Dark o'er her cities flow Oblivion's tide,
 And Death abide where life and joy have place."

THE HOME-BOUND GREEKS.*

DAYS, weeks and months wore heavy on,
 And still the Grecian bands
 Their slow but glorious pathway won,
 Through vast barbarian lands.

* On the fifth day they came to the mountain; and the name of it was Theches. When the men who were in the front had mounted the height, and looked down upon the sea, a great shout proceeded from them; and Xenophon and the rear-guard, on hearing it, thought that some new enemies were assailing the front, for in the rear, too, the people from the country that they had burnt were following them, and the rear-guard, by placing an ambuscade, had killed some, and taken others prisoners, and had captured about twenty shields made of raw ox-hides with the hair on. But as the noise still increased, and drew nearer, and as those who came up from time to time kept running at full speed to join those who were continually shouting, the cries becoming louder as the men became more numer-

Their glorious path, for not in fear
 Turned they from the foeman's plains;
 And still they met his hovering spear,
 With a might that mocked at chains.

But lingering want and toil have power
 To tame the strong man's soul,
 And a surer work than the conflict's hour
 Hath suffering's slow control.

Those men who thrilled at the trumpet's
 blast,
 The fearless and the true,
 Grew warm and haggard as they passed
 The desert's perils through.

O'er vast and trackless mountain snows,
 Mid precipices wound,
 On the river's bed was the path of those
 For home and freedom bound.

Yet on, still on, they sternly pressed;
 How might he sink to die,
 Who must give his dust to earth's dark
 breast,
 Beneath a Persian sky?

But while the still and gathered soul
 The purpose strong sustained,
 The eye grew tame that had flashed control,
 And the haughty strength was drained;

And the war-like cheer was heard no more,
 Through all the long array,
 Though many a province trodden o'er
 In lengthening distance lay.

ous, it appeared to Xenophon that it must be something of very great moment. Mounting his horse, therefore, and taking with him Lycius and the cavalry, he hastened forward to give aid, when presently they heard the soldiers shouting, "The sea, the sea!" and cheering on one another. They then all began to run, the rear-guard as well as the rest, and the baggage-cattle and horses were put to their speed; and when they had all arrived at the top, the men embraced one another, and their generals and captains, with tears in their eyes. Suddenly, whoever it was that suggested it, the soldiers brought stones, and raised a large mound, on which they laid a number of new ox-hides, staves, and shields taken from the enemy. XENOPHON'S ANABASIS. *Bohn's Classical Library*, pages 187-8.

Their step had lost the warrior's pride,
 Yet on they moved—still on;
 And their way now threads a mountain's
 side,
 Whose steepes the skies had won.

Slowly, with weak and weary limbs,
 They reach that mountain brow,
 And their glance is turned, though with
 sadness dim,
 To the distant vales below.

Fair gleamed those vales of smiling peace,
 Through summer's shining haze,
 Outstretching far; but was it these
 That fixed their straining gaze?

The hollow cheek grows strangely flushed!
 The sunken eye has light!
 With some strong thought their souls seem-
 ed hushed—
 Does mirage mock their sight?

Beyond those valleys still away,
 A line of glittering sheen
 Told where the blue Ægean lay,
 With its isles of living green.

"The sea! the sea!" the stormy sound
 broke—
 Their souls shook off the doubt;
 And the startled rocks of the mountain
 woke
 With the loud and thrilling shout.

There, there, beneath that same fair sky,
 Did the fires of their altars burn;
 And the homes where love with fading eye
 Kept watch for their return.

All tender thoughts and feelings high,
 All memories of the free,
 Found utterance in that long, wild cry,
 "The sea! the sea! the sea!"

As of meeting waves, the uplifted sound
 Deepened in gathering might;
 From rank to rank the shout profound
 Swelled o'er the mountain height.

One only sound—"The sea! the sea!"
 Filled all the echoing sky;
 For ten thousand voices, high and free,
 Blend in the pealing cry.

If such were the mighty burst
 To an earthly home but given,
 How shall the Christian hosts greet first
 The glorious gates of heaven?

MY DAUGHTER NURSE.*

I HEAR her still—that buoyant tread,
 How soft it falls upon my heart;
 I've counted, since she left my bed,
 Each pulse that told of time a part.

Yet in a dreamy calm I've lain,
 Scarce broke by fitful pain's strong thrill,
 As one who listening waits some strain
 Wont every troubled thought to still.

And o'er me yet in visions sweet,
 The image of my precious child,
 Plying e'en now with busy feet,
 Some tender task—for me has smiled.

Oh! youth and health: rich gifts and high
 Are those wherewith your hours are
 crown'd;
 The balm, the breath of earth and sky—
 The gladsome sense of sight and sound.

The conscious rush of life's full tide,
 The dreams of hope in fairy bowers:
 Action and strength, their glee and pride,
 Are portions of your laughing hours.

But, still to dim and wasting life,
 Thou bringest dearer gifts than these:
 Gifts, that amid pale, suffering strife,
 Love, filial love, beside me wreathes.

Sweet draughts fresh-drawn from love's
 deep spring,
 Still lull my many hours of pain,
 And not all summer joys might bring
 A draught so pure from earthly stain.

Why is it that thus faint and prone
 I may not raise my languid head!—
 A daughter's arms around me thrown
 Yet lift me from my weary bed.

And what have flowers or skies the while
 To waken in a mother's breast,
 Soft gladness like the beaming smile
 With which she lays me back to rest?

Those smiles, when all things round me
 melt
 In slumberous mist, my spirit fill:
 As light upon closed eyelids felt
 Beneath their curtaining shadow still.

And still in happy dreams I hear,
 While angel forms seem o'er me bent,
 Her tones of ever-tender cheer,
 With their high whisperings softly blent.

But hush! that is her own light tread,
 It is her hand upon my brow;
 And leaning silent o'er my bed,
 Her eyes in mine are smiling now.

My child, my child, you bring me flowers—
 Spring's fragrant gift to deck my room;
 But through the dark, drear, win'try hours
 Love—love alone has poured perfume.

* The last lines from the pen of Mrs. Dumont.

MICAH P. FLINT.

MICAH P. FLINT, son of Timothy Flint, who rendered eminent service in the cultivation and encouragement of literature in the Mississippi valley, was born in Lunenburg, Massachusetts, about the year 1807. While Micah was yet a boy, his father selected the west as a field for missionary labor, and the young poet received his education, with his father for tutor, at St. Louis, New Madrid, New Orleans, and Alexandria, Mississippi, to which places Rev. Mr. Flint's engagements as a missionary successively called him. When failing health finally required his father to suspend his labors as a minister, Micah studied law and was admitted to the bar at Alexandria, but was not permitted to become known as a lawyer. His first published poem was on a mound that stood near a farm-house in Cahokia prairie, Illinois, to which for a few months, when his health required a respite from severe labors, his father took the family. It was written in 1825, and was printed in Timothy Flint's "Ten Years in the Mississippi Valley." In the same work are several other poems by Micah, which have merit enough to justify the evident pride his father took in them. In 1826, "The Hunter, and other Poems," a thin duodecimo volume, was published in Boston. "The Hunter" is a narrative of the adventures of a backwoodsman, who, on account of Indian outrages, had become a Hermit. It is not vigorously executed, but contains a few pictures which may now be deemed interesting. In a dedication to Josiah S. Johnston, United States Senator from Louisiana, the author said of it:

Neither leisure nor the shade and the books of academic establishments, nor the excitement of literary societies, had any share in eliciting it. It was produced in the intervals of the severest studies, and where swamps, alligators, miasm, musketoes, and the growing of cotton, might seem to preclude the slightest effort of the muse; and where the ordinary motive to action is with one hand to fence with death and with the other to grasp at the rapid accumulation of wealth.

In a poem written two years later, the following stanzas occur:

I was permitted, in my youthful folly,
To write, and send a book forth, once myself;
And now it makes me feel right melancholy,
When e'er by chance I see it on a shelf:
Not that I think the book was common trash,
But, that it cost some hundred dollars cash.

In 1827, Timothy Flint started, at Cincinnati, *The Western Review*, a monthly magazine of much value, which was continued three years. Micah was a frequent contributor. In an article written at the close of the first volume, his father said:

The poetry, except two articles, has been altogether original. and of domestic fabric. That the public begin rightly to estimate the powers of the chief contributor in this department, we have the most grateful and consoling testimonials. Every one remarks, and most truly, that editors ought to have good *steel wire* instead of nerves. But we do not see the cruel necessity that an

editor should not have a heart. The "Camp Meeting," we are told, has found its way into the most extensively circulated journal in the United States, a religious paper edited with a great deal of talent, * * *—the *Methodist Magazine*, of New York. Whatever be the general dearth of poetical feeling, and however capricious the standard of poetical excellence, it cannot but be that some kindred eye will rest upon the poetry in this volume, and that a congenial string will be harped in some heart. In the structure of poetry, the public seems to demand nothing more than pretty words put into ingenious rhythm, with a due regard to euphony. In conformity to that taste, we have inserted some poetry which we considered made up rather with reference to words than pictures and thoughts. But we have flattered ourselves that the greater amount has had something of the ancient simplicity and force to recommend it to those who had a taste for that, and has had an aim to call the mind "from sound to things, from fancy to the heart." We have an humble hope that if the author of these verses survives the chances of the distant and deadly climate in which his lot is cast, and is not, in the hackneying cares of life, deprived of the visitings of the muse, the time will come when no man that has any living and permanent name as a writer and a poet, will be forward to proclaim that he did not discover the powers of the writer; or, after investigation, viewed them with disapprobation.

That hope of a fond father, so confidently expressed, is not without fulfillment, but the poet did not survive the chances of the deadly climate in which he had prepared himself for activity in a new sphere. He died in the year 1830.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE HUNTER."

THE MOUNTAIN STORM.

THE storm had passed, but not in wrath,
For ruin had not marked its path,
O'er that sweet vale, where now was seen
A bluer sky, and brighter green.
There was a milder azure spread
Around the distant mountain's head;
And every hue of that fair bow,
Whose beauteous arch had risen there,
Now sunk beneath a brighter glow,
And melted into ambient air.
The tempest, which had just gone by,
Still hung along the eastern sky,
And threatened, as it rolled away.
The birds from every dripping spray,
Were pouring forth their joyous mirth.
The torrent, with its waters brown,
From rock to rock came rushing down;
While, from among the smoking hills,
The voices of a thousand rills
Were heard, exulting at its birth.
A breeze came whispering through the wood,
And, from its thousand tresses, shook

The big round drops, that trembling stood,
Like pearls, in every leafy nook.

THE SUGAR CAMP.

It was a valley down whose slope
A streamlet poured its full spring tide,
With gentle swells on either side,
Slow rising to their distant cope;
By Nature planted with that tree,
Whose generous veins, when pierced for use,
Pour forth their rich, nectareous juice,
Like Patriot life-blood, rich, though free.
Its new sprung, red, sharp-pointed leaves,
Almost the first, that Flora weaves,
Already twinkling in the blast,
Proclaimed "the season" almost past;
When on that eve, that vale along,
The joyous shout, the merry song,
The laugh of age, and youthful glee,
Rung out the forest jubilee.

A hundred fires were blazing bright;
And by their wild, yet cheerful light,
The magic scene was all displayed.
A table stretched from shade to shade,

Fresh smoking with its rude repast,
 And grouped in converse, here and there,
 Were seen the men, whose hoary hair
 Told that the fire of youth had past.
 There, too, in neatest garb arrayed,
 Were many a happy youth and maid.
 Some sat retired, to say and hear
 Things only meant for love's own ear ;
 While others turned with conscious glance
 To join the merry-footed dance.
 There, too, around the blazing fires,
 O'er which the bubbling caldrons boiled,
 The slave, alternate, danced and toiled,
 Now sung the rude song of his sires ;
 Though on his ear its wild sounds rung,
 Like accents from a foreign tongue,
 Now with his little ladle dipped
 The liquid sweet, and slowly sipped
 As though he lingered on the taste,
 And now with skill and nicest care,
 Drew off the thick and grainy paste,
 To form its crystals in the air.
 All hearts were glad ; all faces gay,
 There was no strife, no rude alloy ;
 Such as in this degenerate day
 Will rise to mar the common joy.
 To fancy's eye it might have seemed
 As though the golden days of yore
 Had circled back to earth once more ;
 And brought again that guileless mirth
 Which bards have sung and sages dreamed
 In bright reversion yet for earth.

—
 MOONLIGHT IN THE FOREST.

The moon shone bright, and her silvery
 light
 Through the forest aisles was glancing,
 And with mimic beam on the rippling
 stream
 A thousand stars were dancing.
 No noise was heard save the night's lone
 bird,
 From his dark and dreary dwelling ;
 Or the distant crash of some aged ash,
 Which the ax of time was felling.

THE MOUNDS OF CAHOKIA.

THE sun's last rays were fading from the
 west,
 The deepening shades stole slowly o'er the
 plain,
 The evening breeze had lulled itself to rest ;
 And all was silent, save the mournful strain
 With which the widowed turtle wooed in
 vain
 Her absent lover to her lonely nest.

Now, one by one, emerging to the sight,
 The brighter stars assumed their seats on
 high.
 The moon's pale crescent glowed serenely
 bright,
 As the last twilight fled along the sky,
 And all her train in cloudless majesty
 Were glittering on the dark, blue vault of
 night.

I lingered, by some soft enchantment bound,
 And gazed, enraptured, on the lovely scene.
 From the dark summit of an Indian mound
 I saw the plain, outspread in softened green,
 Its fringe of hoary cliffs, by moonlight sheen,
 And the dark line of forest, sweeping round.

I saw the lesser mounds which round me
 rose,
 Each was a giant mass of slumbering clay.
 There slept the warriors, women, friends
 and foes.

There, side by side, the rival chieftains lay ;
 And mighty tribes, swept from the face of
 day,
 Forgot their wars, and found a long repose.

Ye mouldering relics of departed years !
 Your names have perished ; not a trace
 remains,
 Save, where the grass-grown mound its
 summit rears
 From the green bosom of your native plains.

Say! do your spirits wear oblivion's chains?
Did death forever quench your hopes and fears?

Or live they, shrined in some congenial form?

What if the swan, who leaves her summer nest

Among the northern lakes, and mounts the storm,

To wing her rapid flight to climes more blest,
Should hover o'er the very spot where rest
The crumbling bones once with her spirit warm.

What, if the song, so soft, so sweet, so clear,
Whose music fell so gently from on high,
In tones aerial, thrilling my rapt ear;
Though not a speck was on the cloudless sky,

Were their own soft funereal melody,
While lingering o'er the scenes that once were dear?

Or did those fairy hopes of future bliss,
Which simple Nature to your bosoms gave,
Find other worlds with fairer skies than this,

Beyond the gloomy portals of the grave,
In whose bright bowers the virtuous and the brave

Rest from their toils, and all their cares dismiss?

Where the great hunter still pursues the chase,

And o'er the sunny mountains tracks the deer,

Or finds again each long-extinguished race,
And sees once more the mighty mammoth rear

The giant form which lies embedded here,
Of other years the sole remaining trace.

Or it may be that still ye linger near
The sleeping ashes, once your dearest pride;
And, could your forms to mortal eye appear,

Could the dark veil of death be thrown aside,

Then might I see your restless shadows glide,

With watchful care, around these relics dear.

If so, forgive the rude, unhallowed feet,
Which trode so thoughtless o'er your mighty dead.

I would not thus profane their low retreat,
Nor trample where the sleeping warrior's head

Lay pillowed on its everlasting bed,
Age after age, still sunk in slumbers sweet.

Farewell; and may you still in peace repose.

Still o'er you may the flowers, untrodden, bloom,

And gently wave to every wind that blows,
Breathing their fragrance o'er each lonely tomb,

Where, earthward mouldering, in the same dark womb,

Ye mingle with the dust, from whence ye rose.

THE WARRIOR'S EXECUTION.

BESIDE the stake, in fetters bound,

A captive warrior lay,

And slept a sleep as sweetly sound,

As children's after play;

Although the morrow's sun would come
To light him to his martyrdom.

And as he slept, a cheering dream

His fitting hours beguill'd:

He stood beside his native stream,

And clasped his first-born child.

The wife, that drest his hunter-fare,

And all his little ones were there.

The buried feelings of past years
 With that sweet vision sprung,
 'Till his clos'd lids were moist with tears,
 That anguish had not wrung.
 But they were kindly tears—not weak,
 That cours'd each other down his cheek.

Again he heard those accents dear—
 No—'twas the savage yell,
 That burst upon his sleeping ear,
 And broke the magic spell.
 A moment—and his waken'd eye
 Had scorch'd its lingering moisture dry.

The sun sprang up the morning sky,
 And roll'd the mists away;
 But he was nerv'd to sufferance high;
 And saw without dismay
 That cheerful sun in glory rise,
 As though to mock his agonies.

Amid the flames, proud to the last,
 His warrior-spirit rose,
 And looks of scorn, unblenching, cast
 Upon his circling foes:
 "Think ye I feel these harmless fires?
 No—by the spirits of my sires!

"I, that have made your wigwams red,
 Your women captive borne,
 And from your bravest chieftain's head
 The badge of triumph torn:
 Think ye I feel these harmless fires?
 No—by the spirits of my sires!

"This frame to ashes ye may burn,
 And give the winds in vain;
 I know ye cannot thus return
 Your friends, these hands have slain:
 Think ye I feel these harmless fires?
 No—by the spirits of my sires!

"Shades of my Fathers!—oh draw near,
 And greet me from the flame:
 My foes have drawn no coward-tear,
 To stain my warrior fame;

Nor wrung one plaint amid these fires,
 To shame the spirits of my sires.

"They come—on yonder fleecy cloud
 Slow sails the shadowy throng;
 They bend them from their misty shroud,
 And catch my dying song:
 I mount in triumph from these fires,
 To join the spirits of my sires."



THE CAMP MEETING.

THERE is a lovely vale, that, isle-like,
 sleeps
 Embosom'd in the rough and craggy hills
 Of Tennessee. Girt round, as with a
 storm
 Toss'd sea, by mountains hoar, precipitous
 And wild, its verdant basin lies at rest,
 And in the summer-sunshine smiles, as
 'twere
 A soft and beauteous dimple on the harsh
 And furrow'd visage of the land. 'Twas
 eve,
 The loveliest of the spring, and in that
 vale,
 From their far homes among the distant
 hills,
 And desert solitudes, a mighty throng
 Had gather'd round, to meet and worship
 God.
 There were the gray-hair'd fathers of the
 land;
 And there, in sober manhood's hardest
 prime,
 Their forest-sons. And their sons' sons
 were there;
 Their young eyes glist'ning with the looks
 Of aw'd and wondering curiosity.
 And there were mothers with their infant
 babes,
 Delightful burdens, slumbering in their
 arms;

<p>And aged matrons, and the young and fair- Hair'd maidens, with their eyes of light, and looks That told the sweet day-dreams of youth and hope. There were the young divines, severely plain In dress, and look of sanctity; and there Old pilgrims of the cross, whose wander- ing feet, For three-score years, had borne to cities full, To crowded populous plains, and to the few, That met and worship'd in the wilderness, The Gospel's peaceful mission; who had preach'd From the broad Lawrence and his nursing lakes, To streams that ripple in the southern breeze; And still the burden of their theme, to laud The power of Him who died upon the tree. Such was the crowd, that from their dis- tant homes Had met, and peopled that green solitude. The shades of evening slowly gather'd round, And deepen'd into gloom, until at length Their bright and cheerful fires were kin- dled up, And they in many a scatter'd group were seen, Some visiting around from tent to tent; Some meeting in the midst with inter- change Of friendly questionings and words of love, And greetings apostolic. And there were That walk'd apart, as though wrapt up in deep And solitary meditations. They, Perchance, dwelt on the coming rites, and girt Them for the sanctuary's services. Meanwhile the mountains with their tow'r- ing peaks,</p>	<p>Stood forth, their blackening masses pic- tur'd on The sky, as from behind their summits rose The full-orb'd moon, and far o'er hills and vales Her pale and melancholy radiance cast. Her slanting rays glanc'd through the open- ing trees, And here and there, at intervals between Their branches, some bright star was seen, as 'twere A living spirit, looking forth from its Blue resting place. But the dim light of moon And stars shone feebly through that for- est's gloom, Nor lighted up its somber aisles, obscure And dun, save where a thousand torches from Its giant trunks suspended, shed around Their fiery brilliance, and display'd its broad And overhanging arches, and its huge And ivy-wreathed columns, till it seem'd A glorious temple, worthy of a God. At length the hour of evening worship came; And on their rustic seats, fresh cleft, and hewn From the huge poplars, and in many a range Of circling rows dispos'd, in quiet sat The expectant multitude. Oh, 'twas a scene! The silent thousands, that were list'ning there, 'Midst the gray columns of that ancient wood, Its dark green roof, the rows of whitening tents, That circled in the distance, and the clear And sparkling waters of the mountain- stream, In torch-light gleaming, as it danc'd along; And, more than all, the rustling leaves, that caught</p>
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On their moist surfaces the light, and
 wav'd
 On every bough, now in their native green,
 And now in burnished gold. The preach-
 er rose :
 He was an aged veteran of the cross,
 Whose thin, gray locks had whiten'd in
 the snows
 Of four-score winters, and whose feeble
 sight
 No longer from their letter'd tablets conn'd
 The chosen text, and answering song of
 praise ;
 But with a memory quicken'd, till it
 seem'd
 Almost an inspiration, and a voice
 That age alone made tremulous, he spoke
 A simple, well known hymn. And when
 he ceas'd,
 From the deep silence of that desert vale,
 A mighty sound, the mingling voices of
 A thousand tongues, in one proud anthem
 rose ;
 And as it rose, far through its hoary
 depths,
 The forest shook ; and from the distant
 hills,
 Like the far rush of many waters, deep,
 Long, and reverberating echoes came.
 Loud burst the song ; now swelling to the
 sky—
 Now soft'ning down, and at each measur'd
 close,
 Along the woods expiring ; till at length
 'Twas hush'd into a stillness so intense,
 That the half sigh of penitence alone,
 Throughout that multitude, was audible.
 And then again that trembling voice was
 heard,
 In fervent accents, breathing forth the warm
 And heavenward aspirations of a soul,
 Whose strugglings shook its weak old tene-
 ment.
 His words were simple, humble, solemn,
 deep—
 Such as befit a prostrate sinner's lips,

When from the depths his earnest cries as-
 cend
 Up to the mercy-seat ; yet words of power ;
 As 'twere strong wrestlings, that would not
 release
 The cov'nant angel, 'till the jubilee
 Of slaves, enfranchis'd from the iron chains
 Of sin and hell, announced the captive free.
 And then he plead, that brighter scenes of
 things,
 And glad millennial days of promise yet
 In this dark world might dawn upon his eye,
 And truth and mercy fill the peopled earth,
 E'en as the waters fill their pathless beds.
 And then, invoking audience for a theme,
 To which the babbling tricks of eloquence
 Of Greece and Rome were children's idle
 sports,
 He rose, to lure back wandering souls to
 God.
 His burden was, "I tell you there is joy
 In heaven, when one repentant sinner
 comes
 Home to his God." The trembling orator,
 Pois'd on his mighty task, and with his
 theme,
 Warm'd into power, applied the golden key,
 That opes the sacred fount of joy and tears.
 His solemn paintings flash'd upon the eye
 The hopeless realms, where dwells impeni-
 tence,
 The tearless mansions of a happier world ;
 The Eternal sitting on his spotless throne
 For judgment, and an universe arraign'd
 For doom, unchanging, as his truth and
 power.
 Deem not I fondly dare the hopeless task
 To paint the force of sacred eloquence,
 Or trace the holy man through all his
 theme.
 Were all like him, thus fearlessly to grasp
 The pillars of the dark colossal towers
 Of the destroyer's kingdom, 'till it shook,
 A happier era soon might dawn to earth.
 E'en yet in better hours o'er memory comes
 His picture of the wand'ring prodigal,

With devious, comet-course, receding still
From God and hope to mercy's utmost
verge ;

'And there arrested by th' unceasing power
Of the great Shepherd's love, and by di-
vine

Attraction turn'd, and circling back to God.
The choral anthems still, methinks, I hear,
Symphonious, swelling acclamations loud
From heavenly hosts, to hail the wanderer
home.

There are, to whom all this would only
seem

Fit subject for the scorner's idle mirth.
The cold and scanning critic's sneer I felt
Were out of place. But flitting visions
pass'd,

Like light'ning scorching through my wil-
der'd brain ;

And memory's specters sprang up from the
past.

My earth-born schemes, my palaces of
hope,

Lately so proud, all melted into air.
Eternity, and truth, and God alone, re-
main'd.

'Twas as the Great Invisible had come
In power, o'ershadowing all the vale.

I almost look'd, to see the mountains smoke,
Emitting Sinai's thunderings and fires.

Nor was I single ; many a sin-worn face
Was pale, and woman's sympathetic tears,
And children's flow'd, and men, who thought
no shame,

In tears. The proud ones, looking down
in scorn

From fancied intellectual heights, whose
hearts

The world had sear'd ; e'en these, uncon-
scious, caught

Th' infectious weakness, like the rest, and
though

They only "came to mock, remain'd to
pray."

THE SILENT MONKS.*

AMIDST the hundred giant mounds, that rise
Above Cahokia's flowering plains, I spent
A vernal day. The cloudless sun rode high,
And all was silent, save that in the air,
Above the fleecy clouds, careering swans,
With trumpet note, sailed slowly to the
south ;

And a soft breeze swept gently o'er the
grass,

Moving its changing verdure, like the wave.
A few religious mid these sepulchers
Had fixed their home. In sackcloth clad
they were ;

And they were old and gray, and walked
as in dreams,

Emaciate, sallow, pale. Their furrowed
brow,

Though now subdued, show'd many a trace
That stormy passions once had wanted
there.

I asked the way, the country, and the
tombs.

One finger on their lip, the other hand
Raised to the sky, they motion'd me
That they were vowed to silence, and might
give

No accent to their thoughts. 'Twas said
around,

That they had deeply sinn'd beyond the
seas.

That one had practiced cruel perjury
To a fond heart, that broke, when he proved
false ;

And sunk in beauty's blighted bloom to
earth.

Another, for an idle fray in wine, that rose
For venal beauty, slew his dearest friend.

A third, like Lucifer, had fall'n from power.
They all had play'd high parts ; had been

*A few French monks, of the order of "La Trappe,"
vowed to perpetual silence, had fixed their residence near
the largest of the numerous Indian mounds that are
found near Cahokia, in the American Bottom, not far
from the eastern shore of the Mississippi.

Where pageants, music, beauty, wine and
mirth,
Ambition, favor, grandeur, all that glares,—
A king and courtiers, hated and caress'd,
In seeming held the keys of love and joy.
Remorse had smitten them. Her snakes
had stung
Their hearts; and the deep voice, that all
on earth
Is vanity, had scattered their gay dreams.
They clad themselves in hair, and took a
vow
To break their silence only at the tomb.*
Haply, they thought to fly from their dark
hearts;
And they came o'er the billow, wand'ring
still
Far to the west. Here, midst a boundless
waste
Of rank and gaudy flowers, and o'er the
bones
Of unknown races of the ages past,
They dwelt. Themselves knew not the
deep, dark thoughts
Of their associates. When the unbidden tear
Rose to their eye, they dashed away to
earth
The moisture; but might never tell the
source
Whence it was sprung; nor joy, nor hope,
nor grief,
Nor fear might count, or tell, or share their
throbs.
When sweet remembrance of the past
came o'er
Their minds in joy, no converse of those
years
Might soothe the present sadness of their
state.
Man's heart is made of iron, or 'twould
burst
'Midst mute endurances of woes, like these.
I saw the sun behind the western woods

Go down upon their shorn and cowed
heads.
No vesper hymn consoled their troubled
thoughts.
Far o'er the plain the wolf's lugubrious
howl,
The cricket's chirp, and the nocturnal cry
Of hooting owls, was their sad evening song.

THE BEECH WOODS.

GROVE, rearing thy green head above the
smoke
And morning mists, I bend me to thy shade,
And court thy shelter from the ceaseless
hum,
And wearying bustle, of the dusty town,
To taste thy coolness, privacy and peace.
What string invisible, sweet beechen wood,
Know'st thou to harp, that here my morning
dreams
Of youth, my young imaginings, return
In all the freshness of their rainbow hues?
My earliest love was for the dark green
woods.
From stunted wishes, cares and toils at
home,
From master's frown at school, the bitter
scorn
Of dark-ey'd maids belov'd, that vanquish'd
me
In the proud struggles of the dawning mind;
From all the sad presages of the years
To come, the cypress-woven destiny,
Which my young eye, prophetic, ken'd from
far;
From emulation's early fires; from pride,
And hope just op'ning in the bud, and
nipp'd
By early frost, I bounded to the woods.
The stillness reached my heart. The cool-
ing shade
Soon taught my throbbing pulses rest.

*By their vows, they are permitted to speak just before death.

'Twas, as the grove return'd my youthful
 love,
 And fondly clasped me in maternal arms,
 And on her mossy pillow laid my head.
 E'en there my youthful palaces of hope
 All rose amidst the trees. My fairy scenes
 Of love and joy were all beneath the shade.
 Words cannot paint the visionary thoughts
 That rose, spontaneous, as reclin'd I lay
 To list the birds that struck their solemn
 notes,
 Unfrequent, aw'd, and as a temple hymn,
 With turtle's moan at close; and saw the
 flowers
 Bend with the humble-bee, as from their cup
 It, busy, drew ambrosia, bearing home
 The yellow plunder on its loaded thighs,
 And traced it by its organ-tones through air,
 Sailing from sight, like a dark, fading point.
 These voices from the spirit of the groves
 With gentle whisperings inspir'd within
 A holy calm, and thoughts of love and
 peace.
 And since, in forest wanderings of years,
 Whene'er my course led through the
 beechen woods,
 The Mantuan's "spreading beech" to
 memory sprung,
 Like youthful playmate dear. When from
 the bed
 Of pain arising, my first feeble steps
 Still led me to the groves; and, always kind,
 Ye never taunted, slander'd me, deceived,
 Mocked at my sorrows; proudly shrunk
 away
 From the embraces of your druid son.
 As mad'ning wrath arose within my breast,
 And counsel'd deep revenge for cruel
 wrongs,
 In the still air reposing, your green heads
 Still read to me how ye had gently bent
 Before the storms of centuries, unharm'd.
 Sweet beechen woods, ye soon will richly
 tint
 With autumn's gold and purple; ye would
 warn

Your votary to mellow into age,
 And doff, resigned, the flaunty thoughts of
 youth,
 Its flowing tresses, and its unscathed brow,
 E'en as your fallen leaves plash in the
 stream.
 Accept, ye beechen woods, my filial thanks
 For parent's love vouchsaf'd at morn and
 noon.
 Oh! grant me shelter in your shade in age.
 Teach me to dwell in mem'ry, neath your
 boughs,
 On the companions of my morning dawn,
 Of whom but few still walk above the soil.
 Sweet is the mem'ry of their kindnesses.
 The thought of each by distance, time, or
 death
 Is render'd holy. Teach me patiently to wait
 Till my time come. Oh! teach me, beechen
 woods,
 As spring will clothe your boughs again
 with leaves,
 I, too, shall spring immortal from the dust.

THE SHOSHONEE MARTYR.

IN Sewasserna's greenest dell,
 Beside its clear and winding stream,
 The Shoshonee at evening tell
 A tale of truth, that well might seem
 A poet's wild and baseless dream,
 If many an eye that saw the sight,
 Were not as yet undimmed and bright,
 And many an ear, that heard it all,
 Still startled by the sear leaf's fall.
 For years the tribe had dwelt in peace,
 Amidst the free and full increase,
 That Nature in luxuriance yields,
 From their almost uncultur'd fields,
 Without one scene of passing strife
 To mar their peaceful village life.
 The buried hatchet, cased in rust,
 Had almost moulder'd into dust,

And o'er the spot where it was laid,
The peace-tree threw a broad'ning shade,
On whose green turf the warriors met,
And smok'd the circling calumet.

At length Discord, the Fury, came,
Waving her murd'rous torch of flame,
And kindled that intestine fire,
In which the virtues all expire;
Which, like the lightning-flame, burns on
More fierce for being rained upon
By showers of tears, which vainly drench
A fire, that blood alone can quench.

Two chieftain brothers met in pride,
While brethren warr'd on either side,
And kindred hands, that clasped before,
Were deeply dyed in kindred gore,
How many fought; how many fell;
It boots not now to pause, and tell:
Beside, that tale may be another's—
I never lov'd the strife of Brothers.

On a smooth plain, of living green,
Their mingled monuments are seen,
In turf-crown'd hillocks, circling round
The fallen Chieftain's central mound;
And yearly on that fatal plain
Their kindred meet, and mourn the slain,
Wat'ring their humble graves anew
With fond affection's hallow'd dew.

When time and truce at length subdued
The fierceness of that fatal feud,
The Chieftain sent his council call,
And every warrior sought the hall,
To smoke the pipe, and chase away
The memory of that fatal fray.

But Justice claims another life—
Another victim to that strife;
And her stern law may not be chang'd;
One warrior slumbers unaveng'd.
Some one must die; for life alone
Can for another life atone.
It was at length decreed, to take
A victim, for atonement's sake,

By lot, from those against whom lay
The fearful balance of that day.

The solemn trial now had come,
And, slowly to the measur'd drum,
March, one by one, the victim band,
To where two aged warriors stand
Beside a vase, whose ample womb
Contains the fatal lot of doom.
That mystic rod, prepared with care,
Lies with three hundred others there;
And each, in turn, his fate must try,
With beating heart and blindfold eye.
Woe to the hand that lifts it high;
The owner of that hand must die.

Could I in words of power indite,
I would in thrilling verse recite
How many came, and tried, and pass'd,
Ere the dread lot was drawn at last,
By a lone widow, whose last son
Follow'd her steps, and saw it done.
I would, in magic strains, essay
To paint the passions in their play,
And all their deep-wrought movements
trace,
Upon that son's and mother's face.

Yes,—I would picture, even now,
The paleness of her care-worn brow,
The tearless marble of her cheek,
The tender voice that cried, though weak,
In tones that seem'd almost of joy,—
“At least it is not thine, my boy!”
I would describe his frantic cry,
When the dark symbol caught his eye;
The look of fixed and settled gloom
With which he heard the fatal doom;
And the flush'd cheek, and kindling glance,
Which, from the high and holy trance
Of filial inspiration, caught
The brightness of his glorious thought,
When through their circling ranks he press'd,
And thus the wondering crowd address'd:

“Hear me, ye warriors, I am young;
But feelings, such as prompt my tongue,

Might even to a child impart
That living language of the heart,
Which needs no rules of age nor art
To recommend its warm appeal
To every bosom that can feel.
Oh! let my grief-worn mother live,
And, for her life, I'll freely give
This life of mine, whose youthful prime
Is yet unworn by toil or time.
An offering, such as this, will please
The ghost, whose manes ye would appease,
More than the last few days of one
Whose course on earth is almost run.

"Her aged head is gray with years,
Her cheeks are channel'd deep with tears;
While every lock is raven now,
Upon my smooth, unfurrow'd brow,
And, in my veins, the purple flood
Of my brave father's warrior blood
Is swelling, in the deep, full tide
Of youthful strength, and youthful pride.
Her trembling steps can scarce explore
The paths she trod so light of yore;
While I can match the wild deer's flight,
On level plain, or mountain height,
And chase, untir'd, from day to day,
The flying bison, on their way.

"Oh! ye are sons, and once were press'd
In fondness to a mother's breast.
Think of her soft voice, that caress'd;
Her arms, where ye were lull'd to rest;
Her quivering kiss, that was impress'd
So fondly on your sicken'd brow;
Oh! think of these, and tell me now,
If ye, as sons, can here deny
A son the privilege to die
For her, who thus wak'd, watch'd, and wept,
While in her cradling arms he slept.
Ye cannot. No,—there is not one
That can refuse the victim son.
Warriors, the young man's talk is done."

Th' approving shout, that burst aloud
From all that wild, untutor'd crowd,
Was proof, that even they, the rude

Free dwellers of the solitude,
Had hearts that inly thrill'd to view
The meed to filial virtue due.

I will not waste my time, nor oil,
Upon a scene that I should spoil;
Nor labor to describe that pair,
Striving in fond affection there,—
The darling son, the cherished mother,—
Which should die, to save the other.

Ere long there was a gather'd throng,
Whence rose a wild and solemn song,—
The death-song of that martyr son;
And thus his plaintive descant run:

"I fear not the silence, nor gloom of the
grave;
'Tis a pathway of shade and gay flowers
to the Brave,—
For it leads him to plains, where the gleams
of the sun
Kindle spring in their path, that will never
be done.

"Groves, valleys and mountains, bright
streamlet and dell,
Sweet haunts of my youth, take my part-
ing farewell;
Ye braves of my kindred, and thou, moth-
er, adieu;
Great shades of my Fathers, I hasten to
you!"

He fell. The verdant mound, that press'd
Upon his young, heroic breast,
By warrior hands was rear'd and dress'd.
The mother, too, ere the rude breeze
Of winter's wind had stripp'd the trees,
Had bow'd her head in grief, and died,
And there she slumbers at his side.
Hard by the village on the shore,
Their mounds are seen, all studded o'er
With various wild flowers, by the care
Of sons and mothers planted there;
And, to this day, they tell their tale,
In Sewasserna's dark, green vale.

ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.*

On yonder shore, on yonder shore,
 Now verdant with its depth of shade,
 Beneath the white-armed sycamore,
 There is a little infant laid.
 Forgive this tear.—A brother weeps.—
 'Tis there the faded floweret sleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
 The summer's forests o'er her wave;
 And sighing winds at autumn moan
 Around the little stranger's grave,
 As though they murmured at the fate
 Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seem like sorrow's own,
 Their funeral dirges faintly creep;
 Then deep'ning to an organ tone,
 In all their solemn cadence sweep,
 And pour, unheard, along the wild,
 Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came, and passed. Can I forget,
 How we whose hearts had hailed her birth,
 Ere three autumnal suns had set,
 Consigned her to her mother earth!
 Joys and their memories pass away;
 But griefs are deeper traced than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell,
 We heaped the soft mould on her breast;

And parting tears, like rain-drops, fell
 Upon her lonely place of rest.
 May angels guard it:—may they bless
 Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone:
 For, all unheard, on yonder shore,
 The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,
 At evening lifts its solemn roar,
 As, in one broad, eternal tide,
 The rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,
 There is no stone, with graven lie,
 To tell of love and virtue blent
 In one almost too good to die.
 We needed no such useless trace
 To point us to her resting-place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
 But, midst the tears of April showers,
 The genius of the wild hath strown
 His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers,
 And cast his robe of vernal bloom
 In guardian fondness o'er her tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
 Yet yearly is her grave-turf dress'd,
 And still the summer vines are thrown,
 In annual wreaths, across her breast,
 And still the sighing autumn grieves,
 And strews the hallowed spot with leaves.

*In descending the Mississippi, there is a long sweeping point of heavily timbered bottom just opposite the second Chickasaw Bluff, a name which is given to one of those peninsulas of high land which jut into the alluvium and approach the river from time to time on its eastern side. In this bottom, at the distance of about two hundred and fifty paces from the bank of the river, there is a little grave; in which are deposited the remains of my youngest sister. She was born on our passage from Arkansas to St. Charles, in the fall of 1819, and survived only three days. At that time, the settlements on the Mississippi were so thin and remote that there were often intervals of unbroken forests, extending from twenty to thirty miles along its shores. It was in the midst of one of these, and in a night of storms, that this little infant was born; and

it is there that she was buried. We were ascending the river in a small batteau, and were entirely alone, having been left by our hands a few miles below. Our solitary situation—the circumstances of her birth—the place of her burial—all conspired to make a deep and lasting impression on my mind. Some years afterward I passed the same place, in the spring of the year, on my way up the river, in a steamboat. Before we arrived there, I had stolen away from the crowded bustle of the cabin to a more secluded place on the top of the boat, that I might indulge my feelings without observation or restraint. I shall not attempt to describe them now. I felt a desire to consecrate the memory of this "desert born" and "desert buried," in the minds of some whose friendship has been, and ever will be, dear to me.

CHARLES HAMMOND.

WHEN Charles Hammond was born, September, 1779, his father resided in Baltimore county, Maryland. He emigrated to Ohio county, Virginia, in 1785. As soon as Charles was large enough to work in the wilderness, he was required to assist in the severe labors incident to pioneer life. He delighted rather in the duties of the night, than in those of the day; for, when supper was over, under his father's instruction, he either read or studied, or listened to discussions of grave political questions, literary recitations, or historical descriptions. His father could recite whole plays of Shakspeare, and had committed to memory Young's Night Thoughts, and other poems.

Early in life, Charles manifested an aptitude for writing. He exhibited a vein of poetic satire, in rude verses about his father's neighbors, which secured him several severe whippings. Flogging taught him caution, but did not dull his satire—caution as to the manner in which he published his verses; but, in reference to personalities, exasperating because felicitously descriptive, neither flogging in early, nor threats and bitter abuse in after-life, could teach him discretion. Because he loved his pen and his book, and though a steady, was a reluctant laborer on the farm, his father determined that he should be a lawyer. Then did he, for the first time, attend an institution of learning. He was taught English and Latin grammar for a few months, when he entered the office of Phillip Doddridge, of Wellsburg, Virginia, as a law student. He studied not only law, but political economy and the philosophy of history. He was a thorough and judicious reader, and rapidly gained influence among those with whom he became acquainted.

In 1801, Mr. Hammond was admitted to the bar. He opened an office in Wellsburg, Virginia. Practice came slowly. He had leisure for political reading, and he did not fail to improve it advantageously; nor was he ashamed, when he had no briefs to prepare, to resort to other labor for his daily bread. He posted books, and settled accounts for merchants, that his own personal accounts might be liquidated and his wardrobe renewed. He wrote frequently for the newspapers, between 1801 and 1812, on political questions; but on account of the audacity of his spirit, and the keenness of his satire, did not always readily find a publisher for his articles. In 1813, being then a resident of Belmont county, Ohio, he determined to start a paper of his own. In August, 1813, the first number of the *Ohio Federalist* appeared, at St. Clairsville. It was a super-royal sheet, published by John Barry, for C. Hammond. Its motto was characteristic—a quotation from Cowper, in these words:

“In freedom's field advancing firm his foot,
He plants it on the line that Justice draws,
And will prevail, or perish in her cause.”

In 1817 the *Federalist* was discontinued. In 1816 Mr. Hammond was elected

a member of the Ohio House of Representatives, for Belmont county; and he was re-elected in 1817, 1818 and 1820. In 1822, having been unsuccessful in agricultural speculations, by which he had hoped to make a fortune, he removed to Cincinnati, for the purpose of pursuing his profession closely, and, as he said, determined to let newspapers and politics alone. He was not able to keep that determination.

During 1823 and 1824 he wrote frequently on local and national questions. In 1825 he succeeded Benjamin F. Powers, as editor of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. It was then published semi-weekly, and its motto was—"Measures, not Men." It became a daily in June, 1827, and Mr. Hammond was its editor till 1830, without a salary. He then demanded \$1000 per annum, and it was paid him for a few years, after which he received one-third of the profits, until April third, 1840, when, in the sixty-first year of his age, he died.

In 1823, when the office of Reporter for the Supreme Court of Ohio was created, Mr. Hammond was appointed to fill it. He was the Reporter until 1838, when he retired from the bar. The first nine volumes of Ohio Reports were by him.

As a legislator and as an editor Charles Hammond was an earnest advocate of a general system of internal improvement, and of a thorough common school system. He was with the friends of education when the first general law for the encouragement of schools was passed, in 1821; and in 1836, while he stood alone among the political editors of Cincinnati, in vigorous rebuke of the abolition riots, which, by attempts to destroy the liberty of the press, disgraced that city, he was foremost among those who cheered the self-sacrificing friends of education, then laboring for an intelligent revision of the school law of 1825.

As a journalist, Mr. Hammond described himself when, in answer to strictures upon the *Gazette* in 1832, he defined what he thought an editor ought to be:

The legitimate vocation of a newspaper, is to circulate useful intelligence, and promulgate just and impartial views of public affairs. An editor should be one in whom confidence could be reposed, for soundness of judgment, integrity of purpose, and independence of conduct. He should possess varied knowledge and large experience; and he should feel his station to be rather that of a judge dispensing justice, than that of an advocate making out a case. He should be zealous of the truth, and of that chiefly; and he should feel that to deceive purposely, was infamous; to deceive from credulity or inattention, highly reprehensible. He should distinctly comprehend that those who differ from him, might be as honest as himself, and as well informed too; and he should know how to respect, while he opposes them.

In a poem, published soon after Mr. Hammond's death, William D. Gallagher fitly characterized him:

Man had his sympathies, not men!
The whole he loved and not a part!
And to the whole he gave his pen,
His years, his heart.

* * * * *

He asked no leader in the fight—
No "times and seasons" sought to know—
But when convinced his cause was right,
He struck the blow.

While editor of the *Gazette* Mr. Hammond often indulged the talent for satirical

verses, manifested by him when a boy—but upon political or local topics. In earlier life he wrote several poems of more than ordinary merit, and he was always prompt to recognize and encourage evidences of poetic abilities among the young men and women of the West.

BOYHOOD.

How oft, amid the sordid strife

Of worldly wisdom, have I turned
To memory's scenes of early life,

And o'er my joyous boyhood mourned;
How oft have wish'd, mid care and pain,
To be that buoyant boy again!

To sleep beneath the slanting roof,
And hear the pattering rain-drops fall,
Or listen to the lively proof

Of vagrants round my airy hall;
Yet rise at morn with wonted glee,
To wade the brook, or climb the tree.

To join the sturdy reaper's train—

What time the lark her matin sings,
When, mounting with impassioned strain,
She bathes in light her glittering wings,
And, poised in air, is scarcely seen,
So high amid the dazzling sheen.

'Twas mine to trap beside the stream,
Or angle 'neath the alder's shade;
To tend the plow, or drive the team,
Or seek the herd in distant glade,
Where oft, from clustering thickets, shrill
Rang out the notes of whippowil.

Those trembling notes—so long, so wild—

Were music to my boyish ear;
Thought backward flies—and as a child
E'en now methinks the sound I hear:
While fancy spreads before my eye
The dewy glade and moonlit sky.

The lowing herd, now wending slow,
Along the wood, their homeward way;

The winding stream's dark glossy flow,
The liliated vale, the woodland gay,
Still float in visions bland and bright,
As on that balmy summer's night,—

When standing on the distant hill,
With boy-born fancies wand'ring free,
I saw no specter'd form of ill
Rise in the bright futurity;
But all, instead, was joyous, clear,
Buoyant with hope, untouched with fear.

Oh, those were boyhood's cloudless hours,
And sweet on wings unsullied flew;
But pride soon dream'd of loftier bowers,
And wealth her golden luster threw
O'er tempting scenes, as false as fair,
And bade my spirit seek her there.

And I have sought her—not in vain;
I might have piled her treasures high,
But that I scorned her sordid reign,
And turned me from her soulless eye.
I could not delve her dirty mine,
And would not worship at her shrine.

I would not stoop to flatter power
For any vile and selfish end;
I would not change, with every hour,
My faith, my feelings, or my friend;
And, least of all, would I intrust
My hopes to the accursed dust.

The God that reared the woodland heights,
And spread the flow'ry valleys wide,
Awaked, within my mind, delights
That spurned the lures of human pride,
And stern forbade, in accents known,
To worship aught beneath his throne.

JAMES HALL.

JAMES HALL was born at Philadelphia, August nineteen, 1793. He relinquished law studies to join the army of 1812, and distinguished himself at the battle of Lundy's Lane, and the Siege of Fort Erie. At the close of the war, having been appointed an officer in the bomb vessel, which accompanied Decatur's squadron against the Algerines, he enjoyed a cruise in the Mediterranean. His vessel returned to the United States in 1815, and Mr. Hall was stationed at Newport, Rhode Island. He soon after resigned, and resumed the study of law at Pittsburgh.

In 1820 Mr. Hall began the practice of law at Shawneetown, Illinois. He then commenced a series of "Letters from the West," which were published in the *Portfolio*, at Philadelphia—edited by his brother, Harrison Hall—and were collected without his knowledge and published in a volume in England. Soon after he removed to Shawneetown, Mr. Hall edited the *Illinois Gazette*. He was appointed Circuit Attorney for a district comprising ten counties, and served four years, after which he was chosen Judge for the same circuit. When he had occupied it four years his office was abolished by a change in the judiciary system of the State. He was afterward for four years Treasurer of Illinois. Meantime he continued literary labors, editing the *Illinois Intelligencer*, writing letters for the *Portfolio*, and poems and sketches for Flint's *Western Review* at Cincinnati, signing himself ORLANDO.

In 1829 Mr. Hall compiled "*The Western Souvenir, a Christmas and New Year's Gift.*" It was the first annual of the West. N. and G. Guilford, at Cincinnati, were the publishers. The *Souvenir* was a neatly printed 18mo. volume, containing 324 pages. It had an engraved title-page, and was embellished with steel engravings of the Peasant Girl, views of Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Frankfort, of a Shawanoe Warrior, and of an Island Scene of the Ohio. Its poetical contributors were James Hall, Otway Curry, Nathan Guilford, Nathaniel Wright, S. S. Boyd, Moses Brooks, John M. Harney, Harvey D. Little, Caleb Stark, Ephraim Robins, John B. Dillon, and Micah P. Flint. The writers of its prose were James Hall, Nathan Guilford, Morgan Neville, Timothy Flint, Louis R. Noble, John P. Foote and Benjamin Drake. It is now a rare book, and is valuable as a creditable illustration of early art and literature in the West.

In December, 1830, Mr. Hall started the *Illinois Magazine*, at Vandalia. It was a monthly octavo, of forty-eight pages, and was published two years. The editor was the chief writer for its pages. James H. Perkins, Salmon P. Chase, Anna Peyre Dinnies (Moina), and Otway Curry wrote occasionally. Mr. Hall having removed to Cincinnati, the *Illinois Magazine* was discontinued, and *The Western Monthly* there established. It was the same size of its predecessor, but had the assistance of a number of new writers, and was for several years prosperous. Mr. Hall conducted it till 1837, when he was succeeded by James Reese Fry, who was its editor until it was discon-

tinued in 1838. James H. Perkins, William D. Gallagher, Charles A. Jones, Otway Curry, Morgan Neville, Hannah F. Gould, and John H. James were frequent contributors to the *Monthly*.

In 1836 Mr. Hall was elected Cashier of the Commercial Bank of Cincinnati. In 1853 he was chosen President of the same institution, a position he yet holds. His literary labors have been confined for ten or twelve years past to a revision of his works, and to occasional reviews of books for the *Cincinnati Gazette* and *Cincinnati Times*.

Mr. Hall's works are comprised in twelve volumes and one pamphlet. We subjoin a list:

Legends of the West. Philadelphia, 1832, 12mo.; 2d edition, 1833.

The Soldier's Bride, and other Tales, 1832.

The Harpe's Head, a Legend of Kentucky, 1833.

Sketches of the West. Philadelphia, 1835, 2 vols., 12mo.

Tales of the Border. Philadelphia, 1835, 12mo.

Statistics of the West at the close of 1836. Cincinnati, 1836, 12mo.

Notes on the Western States. Philadelphia, 1838, 12mo.; 1839, Cr. 8vo.

Life of General William Henry Harrison. 1836, 18mo.

History of the Indian Tribes, by Thomas L. Kenney and James Hall. 1838-'44, 3 vols. Folio.

The Wilderness and the War Path. New York, 1845, 12mo.

Anniversary Address before the Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati, April, 1846.

Life of Thomas Posey, Major-General and Governor of Indiana (Sparks's American Biography, 2d series, IX, 359, 403).

Romance of Western History. Cincinnati, 1857.

THE INDIAN MAID'S DEATH SONG.

THE valiant Dakota has gone to the chase,
The pride of my heart, and the hope of his
race;

His arrows are sharp, and his eye it is true,
And swift is the march of his birchen canoe;
But suns shall vanish, and seasons shall
wane,
Ere the hunter shall clasp his WINONA
again!

Away, you false hearted, who smile to de-
stroy,
Whose hearts plan deceit, while your lips
utter joy;

Winona is true to the vow she has made,
And none but the hunter shall win the
dark maid.

I sing my death dirge; for the grave I
prepare;
And soon shall my true lover follow me
there.

His heart is so true, that in death he shall
not

Forget the sad scene of this blood-sprinkled
spot;

But swift as the foot of the light-bounding
doe,

He'll fly through the regions of darkness
below,

To join his Winona in mansions of truth,
Where love blooms eternal, with beauty
and youth.

Stern sire, and false-hearted kinsmen, adieu!
I sing my death song, and my courage is
true;

'Tis painful to die—but the pride of my race
Forbids me to pause betwixt pain and dis-
grace ;

The rocks they are sharp, and the preci-
pice high—

See, see! how a maiden can teach ye to die!



WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

'Twas far beyond yon mountains, dear,
we plighted vows of love ;

The ocean wave was at our feet, the au-
tumn sky above ;

The pebbly shore was covered o'er with
many a varied shell,

And on the billow's curling spray the sun-
beams glittering fell.

The storm has vexed that billow oft, and
oft that sun has set,

But plighted love remains with us, in
peace and luster yet.

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bash-
ful love might speak,

Where none could hear what love revealed,
or see the crimson cheek ;

The shore was all deserted, and we wan-
dered there alone,

And not a human step impressed the sand-
beach but our own.

Thy footsteps all have vanished from the
billow-beaten strand—

The vows we breathed remain with us—
they were not traced in sand.

Far, far, we left the sea-girt shore, endeared
by childhood's dream,

To seek the humble cot that smiled by fair
Ohio's stream ;

In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the
mountain torrent roared,

For love unfurled her silken wing, and o'er
each barrier soared ;

And many a wide domain we passed, and
many an ample dome,

But none so blessed, so dear to us, as
wedded love's first home.

Beyond those mountains now are all that
e'er we loved or knew,

The long remembered many, and the dearly
cherished few ;

The home of her we value, and the grave
of him we mourn,

Are there ;—and there is all the past to
which the heart can turn ;—

But dearer scenes surround us here, and
lovelier joys we trace,

For here is wedded love's first home—its
hallowed resting place.



CAN YEARS OF SUFFERING?

CAN years of suffering be repaid,

By after-years of bliss?

When youth has fled, and health decayed,

Can man taste happiness?

When love's bright visions are no more,

Nor high ambition's dream,

Has heaven no kindred joy in store,

To gild life's parting beam?

Oh, bright is youth's propitious hour,

And manhood's joyous prime,

When pleasure's sun, and beauty's flower,

Adorn the march of time.

But age has riper, richer joy,

When hearts prepared for heaven,

Thrice tried, and pure of all alloy,

Rejoice in sins forgiven.

When long-tried love still twines her wreath
Around the brow of age ;

And virtue, the stern arm of death,

Disarms of all its rage ;

When friends, long cherished, still are true,

When virtuous offspring bloom ;

Then man's enjoyment purest flows,

Though ripening for the tomb.

WILLIAM R. SCHENCK.

WILLIAM ROGERS SCHENCK was born at Cincinnati, then in the North-Western Territory, October twentieth, 1799. He was the eldest child of William C. Schenck and Elizabeth R. Schenck. His father was associated with John Cleves Symmes in the early settlement and surveys of the Miami Valley, and resided, after 1800, at Franklin, on the Great Miami river—a village which he himself founded—and continued to be a leading, influential, and highly respected citizen of southern Ohio, until his death, which occurred at Columbus, January twelfth, 1821, while in attendance in the Legislature of the State as a Representative from Warren county.

William Rogers Schenck had no advantages of education except such as were afforded by the common English country schools of that early day in Ohio. He was brought up a merchant, and pursued that business at Franklin until near the close of his life. He was married at Cincinnati, September fourth, 1822, to Phebe W. Reeder. In December, 1832, on his return with a small party of men from an expedition to Taos, in New Mexico, he perished on the prairies, after having been wounded in an encounter with the Camanche Indians. His sad and untimely fate was mourned and commemorated in a fitting elegy by his companion, Albert S. Pike, the poet of Arkansas, who in long years of intimacy had well learned to know and appreciate the generous, noble, and genial qualities and brilliant talents of his unfortunate friend.

With Mr. Schenck, literary exercises were never more than an occasional recreation. He wrote many short poems. The best were contributed to the Cincinnati *Literary Gazette*, in the years 1824 and 1825. They were never published in any collected form.

SUICIDE.

SUICIDE!—In thought as fearful as in
purpose base,—
The hero's bane, the coward's antidote.
The first bears up against the ills of fate,
'Gainst Fortune's frowns, a friend's de-
pravity,
A mistress false, a country's base ingrati-
tude,
And all the miseries that man inherits,

Yet rises still superior to them all;
Thy meaner refuge scorns, and dares to
live;
Nay, glories in his stern philosophy.
His hope of heaven, is his prop on earth;
He feels his spirit rise as ills assail him;
He nobly lives—or dies to live forever.
The other, like the poor despairing mari-
ner,
Buffets awhile the angry billows' roar;
But when a wave, more boisterous than the
rest,

Rolls on his head, his firmness sinks be-
neath it ;
And, losing confidence, he loseth strength,
Abandons hope, and sinks into eternity.
Such is the fear a suicide betrays—
Is madly brave, but braving heaven's
a coward.

THE MUSQUITOES.

AVAUNT, ye crew of butch'ring devils,
Ye worst of all the summer's evils ;
Leave, leave your fell, blood-thirsty revels,
And me in peace.

Or cease ye, foul, tormenting crew,
Your nightly song, your cursed tattoo ;
Worse than the Shawnee's dread halloo,
Your war-song cease.

Drive home your blood-ensanguined stings,
Bathe in the red tide's crimson springs ;
But curse the noise your banquet brings,
Let that subside.

I hold but lightly all your stinging,
Though blood from every pore were spring-
ing ;
I'd murmur not, but oh, your singing
I can't abide.

Then cease, ere I'm to madness driven ;
I've blood enough to spare, thank heaven !
And what I have's as freely given,
As quaffed by you.

"Music hath charms" for many a mind,
Than mine more music'ly inclined,
Then sing for them, pray be so kind,
And bleed me—do!

Do this—or by my many wrongs,
I'll clog your boist'rous, brawling lungs,
And stop the concert of your tongues
With sulph'rous clouds.

INDIAN DEATH SONG.

FOEMEN of my nation's race,
Warriors oft in battle tried,
Oft I've met you face to face,
Oft in blood my hatchet dyed,
But now my race is run :
No more I hurl the bolt of war ;
No more I shine my nation's star,
To guide their vengeance from afar ;
For now will Alvin's son
Soar to the land beyond the sky.
I've bravely lived, I'll bravely die.

Warriors, 'midst the thick'ning fight,
Beneath my arm brave Osci died ;
The hero sunk beneath my might,
Your nation's boast, your nation's pride,
I glory in the deed.
And where your choicest kinsmen fought,
My choicest vengeance there was sought,
Your widest ruin there was wrought,
Your bravest sons did bleed.
The shades of those heroic dead
Invoke your vengeance on my head.

Then higher build my funeral throne,
Then higher raise the raging flame,
And not one murmur, not one groan
Shall sully Orvan's deathless fame.
Think how once burst my warrior flood ;
Remember how before me sank
Your bravest friends, your failing ranks ;
Remember how my hatchet drank
Your warmest, choicest blood,
I scorn your power ; I scorn your wrath ;
I curse you with my latest breath.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND BEAUTY.

SINCE first I have reasoned and felt as a man,
I have loved all that's lovely, I love all I can;
I've been jilted and smiled on, by turns, as
a lover,
And yet my wild race of mad folly's not
over:

From pleasure to pleasure still heedless
I rove,

For, oh! what is life without Beauty
and Love?

Misanthropes, of envy and hatred the slaves,
Preach that women are fickle, and men are
all knaves;

But while I've a friend that will bravely
and nobly

Stand firm to my cause, and a girl that is
lovely,

From pleasure to pleasure still heedless
I'll rove,

For, oh! what is life without Friendship
and Love?

Though Eliza's light vows were as fickle
as air,

And when absent from Anna, my love was
forgot,

Should the arts or the falsehoods of those
perjured fair

The whole female page with inconstancy
blot?

No! perish the thought that would law-
less thus rove,

For, oh! what is life without Beauty and
Love?

This life's but a shadow on Time's rugged
face,

And those hours how short that with plea-
sure we trace;

Then youth is the season for love and de-
light,

Ere old age gathers o'er us the dark cloud
of night;

So while youth lasts, with beauty and
friendship I'll rove,
For, oh! what is life without Friendship
and Love?

WOMAN.

Yes, rail against woman—her arts and her
wiles,

Her treachery, falsehood, and snares;

Then find if you can, a balm like her
smiles,

A charm like her love that the bosom be-
guiles,

Of its deepest and deadliest cares.

What were man—lordly man, unblest'd
and alone,

Condemned o'er life's desert to rove;

What would urge him to glory, to honor,
renown,

If beauty's bright glance on his pathway
ne'er shone,

Nor blest'd by her smiles and her love.

Ah yes, lovely sex! 'tis to you that we
owe

All the blessings this world can impart,

All the pleasures that love and content-
ment bestow,

All that gives to existence a charm here
below,

All the joys that are dear to the heart.

And perish the wretch, unmanly and base,
Undistinguished in life, and unhonored
in death

(May his name be forever deep marked
with disgrace,

Till fame shall with horror the characters
trace),

Who would tarnish thy name with his
slandrous breath.

SARAH LOUISA P. SMITH.

SARAH LOUISA P. HICKMAN was born at Detroit, on the thirtieth of June, 1811. Her grandfather, Major-General Hull, was then Governor of Michigan. While a mere child Miss Hickman wrote verses which were much admired. Having accompanied her mother to the home of her family in Newton, Massachusetts, she was liberally educated. In her eighteenth year she was married to Samuel Jenks Smith, then editor of a periodical in Providence, Rhode Island. Mr. Smith published his wife's poems, in a duodecimo volume of 250 pages, the same year of their marriage. In 1829 Mr. Smith moved to Cincinnati. There Mrs. Smith wrote poems for the *Cincinnati Gazette*, of peculiar gracefulness, upon a variety of themes; but her health rapidly declined, and she died, on a visit to New York City, February twelfth, 1832, in the twenty-first year of her age.

Her husband was afterward for several years connected with the New York Press. He died while on a voyage to Europe, in 1842.

WHITE ROSES.

THEY were gathered for a bridal:

I knew it by their hue—

Fair as the summer moonlight

Upon the sleeping dew.

From their fair and fairy sisters

They were borne, without a sigh,

For one remembered evening,

To blossom and to die.

They were gathered for a bridal,

And fastened in a wreath;

But purer were the roses

Than the heart that lay beneath;

Yet the beaming eye was lovely,

And the coral lip was fair,

And the gazer looked and asked not

For the secret hidden there.

They were gathered for a bridal,

Where a thousand torches glistened,

When the holy words were spoken,

And the false and faithless listened,

And answered to the vow,

Which another heart had taken:

Yet he was present then—

The once loved, the forsaken!

They were gathered for a bridal,

And now, now they are dying,

And young Love at the altar

Of broken faith is sighing.

Their summer life was stainless,

And not like hers who wore them:

They are faded, and the farewell

Of beauty lingers o'er them!

THE OHIO.

THE moonlight sleeps upon thy shores,

Fair river of the west!

And the soft sound of dipping oars

Just breaks thy evening rest.

Full many a bark its silver path
Is tracing o'er thy tide;
And list, the sound of song and laugh
Floats onward, where they glide.
They're *retârom* light hearts, those sounds
so gay,

Whose home and hopes are here,
But one, whose home is far away,
Their music fails to cheer.

The woods of Indiana frown
Along the distant shore,
And send their deep, black shadows down
Upon the glassy floor;
Many a tree is blooming there—
Wild-flowers o'erspread the ground,
And thousand vines of foliage rare
The trunks are wreath'd around.
But though the summer robe is gay
On every hill and tree,
The gray woods rising far away,
Are fairer still to me.

Yon cloudless moon to-night looks down
Upon no lovelier sight,
Than the river winding proudly on—
Yet beautiful, in might;
Onward still to the mighty west,
Where the prairie wastes unfold,
Where the Indian chieftan went to rest
As his last war-signal rolled.
No—never arched the blue skies o'er
A wave more fair and free—
*But the stream around my mother's door
Is dearer far to me.*

—◆—
TO THE ONCE LOVED.

AND thou canst wear a brow of mirth,
The gayest still at pleasure's shrine,
And thou can'st smile on all the earth,
And make its light and music thine!
The winds that sweep the clear blue sea,
Bring perfumes from the glorious land,
Where thou art still the gay, the free,
Where all thy vows were traced on sand.

The stars are burning brightly yet
Above the wood, whose waving boughs
Were harps, wherein the night winds met
To blend their music with those vows.

Thou hast a heart which yet will wake,
When all this splendid dream is o'er,
Which yet will sadly sigh to make
Its home on the deserted shore.
But the light bark that's wandered fast
On ocean's path, when skies were fair,
In vain would turn when clouds o'ercast—
Alone it meets the tempest there.
And for a thing so young, so frail,
And yet so beautiful as thou,
'Twould need but *one* chill autumn gale
To waste the wild flowers on thy brow.

I met thee once within the hall,
The festal hall, where music flows,
And crowds were thronging at the call,
As winds wait on a summer rose.
Still didst thou seem the soul of all
That's holiest, in thought, on earth,
Like dreams we have when moonbeams
fall
Through summer leaves upon the earth.
E'en then, in all thy beauty's power,
I watch'd thy brilliant bloom depart;
Thy thoughts were on a vanish'd hour—
Thine eye on him who read thy heart!

I would not have that fetter'd heart,
For all thy beauty in its spring!
I would not have thy soul of art
To be, like thee, a follow'd thing!
Yet do I grieve to think that thou—
So deeply dear in moments fled,
Hast twin'd a wreath around thy brow,
Whose weight will soon be that of
lead;
And, like the coral chaplet bound
Upon the Christian maiden's brow,
Shedding its poisonous breath around,
Bid all that's fair beneath it bow.

ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY.

ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY was born at Albion, Maine, November ninth, 1802. His father, Daniel Lovejoy, was a Presbyterian preacher. Elijah was given a liberal education. He graduated at Waterville College in September, 1826, and spoke a poem on "The Inspiration of the Muse."

In 1827 Mr. Lovejoy determined to cast his lot for life in the great West. He went to St. Louis and established a school. He was a frequent contributor to the newspapers, and soon became known as a vigorous writer. A poem, "My Mother," published in the *St. Louis Republican* in 1828, was much admired. In 1829 Mr. Lovejoy became the editor of a political paper. He advocated the claims of Henry Clay as a candidate for President of the United States, and was making a favorable impression, as an earnest and skillful political writer, when, in 1832, a change in his religious views caused him to abandon political interests. Having determined to become a preacher, he went to Princeton, New Jersey, and studied theology. He was licensed to preach at Philadelphia, in the summer of 1833, and before winter of the same year, had started a religious paper at St. Louis, which he called *The Observer*. He was a vigorous thinker and a plain-spoken writer, and having repeatedly expressed himself against what he perceived to be the wrongs of slavery, was compelled, by threats of mob violence, to remove his paper, in July, 1836, to Alton, Illinois. The enmity which had been excited at St. Louis pursued him, and in less than a year mobs broke three presses. He procured a fourth one, and was preparing to set it up in his office, when a violent attack, by an excited mob, was made upon the building. Shots were exchanged between the mob and a few friends of the liberty of the press, who were determined to defend it. When, as it was supposed, the mob had retired, Mr. Lovejoy went to the door to reconnoiter. He was fired upon and received five balls—three were in his breast, and caused his death in a few minutes. The building was then entered and the press broken to pieces.

Mr. Lovejoy left a wife—Celia Ann French, to whom he was married at St. Charles, Missouri, in 1835—and one son.

These facts are obtained from a memoir prepared by his brothers, Joseph C. and Owen Lovejoy; published by John S. Taylor, at New York, in 1838. John Quincy Adams wrote an introduction for it, in which he dwelt with spirit upon the fact that the incidents of Mr. Lovejoy's death had inspired an interest in his life and character which would not be temporary.

Owen Lovejoy is now a member of Congress from Illinois. He is distinguished as a popular orator.

MY MOTHER.

THERE is a fire that burns on earth,
 A pure and holy flame;
 It came to men from heavenly birth,
 And still it is the same,
 As when it burned the chords along
 That bore the first-born seraph's song;
 Sweet as the hymn of gratitude
 That swelled to heaven when 'all was
 good.'
 No passion in the choirs above
 Is purer than a mother's love!

My mother! how that name endears,
 Through Memory's griefs, and Sorrow's
 tears!
 I see thee now, as I have seen,
 With thy young boy beside thee—
 Thou didst not know, nor couldst thou deem
 The ills that would betide me;
 For sorrow then had dimmed that eye,
 Which beamed with only ecstasy!

Ah! life was then a joyous thing,
 And time bore pleasure on its wing.
 How buoyant did the minutes move,
 For I was hope and thou wert love.
 Beneath thy smiles I closed the day,
 And met them at the morning ray;
 My infant heart was full of glee,
 And every chord struck harmony.
 And often as there would betide

Some little griefs my heart to gall,
 I bore them to my mother's side,
 And one kind kiss dispelled them all.

And I have knelt with thee—when none
 Were near but thou and I—
 In trembling awe before the throne
 Of mercy in the sky;
 And when thy melted heart was poured
 Before the Being thou adored,
 How holy was that prayer of thine,
 Fit offering for a heavenly shrine—

Not for thyself a wish—not one—
 But smile upon, Lord, bless my son!
 And I have risen and gone my way,
 And seemed to have forgot;
 Yet oft my wandering thoughts would stray
 Back to that hallowed spot;
 While feelings new and undefined
 Would crowd upon my laboring mind.

O days of innocence and peace!
 O ill exchanged for manhood's years!
 When mirth that sprang from youthful
 bliss,

Is drowned beneath misfortune's tears.
 My heart has since been sadly worn,
 While wave on wave has o'er it borne;
 And feelings once all fresh and green,
 Are now as though they ne'er had been.
 And Hope, that bright and buoyant thing,
 E'en hope has lent despair its wing,
 And sits despoiled within my breast,
 A timid, torturing, trembling guest!
 I dare not look upon the past,
 I care not for the future cast.
 Yet o'er this darkness of the soul

There comes one cheering beam,
 Pure, warm, and bright, of rapture full
 As angel visits seem—
 A mother's love, a mother's care.
 My aching heart, there's comfort there!

It is as if a lovely rose
 Should bloom amid the icy waste;
 For while the heart's life-streams are
 froze,
 Its fragrance o'er it still is cast.

Weary and worn, my bed I've shared
 With sickness and with pain,
 Nor one, of all who saw me, cared
 If e'er I rose again.
 Heedless and quick, they passed along,
 With noisy mirth and ribald song,
 And not a hand outstretched to give
 A cordial that should bid me live.
 And woman, too, that nurse of ease,
 Made up of love and sympathies,

Ay, woman, she—*she* passed me by,
 With cold, averted, careless eye;
 Nor deigned to ask, nor seemed to care
 If death and I were struggling there!
 Ah! then I've thought, and *felt* it, too,—
 My mother is not such as you!
 How would she sit beside my bed,
 And pillow up my aching head,
 And then, in accents true as mild,
 "Would I were suff'ring for thee, child!"
 And try to soothe my griefs away,
 And look e'en more than she could say;
 And press her cheek to mine, nor fear,
 Though plague or fever wanted there;
 And watch through weary nights and lone,
 Nor deem fatigue could be her own.
 And if, perchance, I slept, the last
 I saw, her eyes were on me cast;
 And when I woke, 'twould be to meet
 The same kind, anxious glance, so sweet,
 And so endearing, that it seemed
 As from a seraph's eye it beamed.

My mother! I am far away
 From home, and love, and thee;
 And stranger hands may heap the clay
 That soon may cover me;
 Yet we shall meet—perhaps not here,
 But in yon shining azure sphere;
 And if there's aught assures me more,
 Ere yet my spirit fly,
 That heaven has mercy still in store,
 For such a wretch as I,
 'Tis that a heart so good as thine,
 Must bleed—must burst, along with mine.

And life is short, at best, and time
 Must soon prepare the tomb;
 And there is sure a happier clime,
 Beyond this world of gloom.
 And should it be my happy lot,
 After a life of care and pain,
 In sadness spent, or spent in vain—
 To go where sighs and sin is not,
 'Twill make the half my heaven to be,
 My mother, evermore with thee!

THE WANDERER.*

THE sun was set, and that dim twilight
 hour,
 Which shrouds in gloom whate'er it looks
 upon,
 Was o'er the world; stern desolation lay
 In her own ruins; every mark was gone,
 Save one tall, beetling monumental
 stone.

Amid a sandy waste, it reared its head,
 All scathed and blackened by the light-
 ning's shock,
 That many a scar and many a seam had
 made,
 E'en to its base; and there, with thun-
 dering stroke,
 Erie's wild waves in ceaseless clamors
 broke.

And on its rifted top the wanderer stood,
 And bared his head beneath the cold
 night air,
 And wistfully he gazed upon the flood.
 It were a boon to him (so thought he
 there)
 Beneath that tide to rest from every care.

And might it be, and not his own rash hand
 Have done the deed (for yet he dared
 not brave,
 All reckless as he was, the high command,
 Do thou thyself no harm), adown the
 wave,
 And in the tall lake-grass that night, had
 been his grave.

Oh! you may tell of that philosophy,
 Which steels the heart 'gainst every bitter
 woe:
 'Tis not in nature, and it cannot be;
 You cannot rend young hearts, and not
 a throe
 Of agony, tell how they feel the blow.

* Written on the shore of Lake Erie.

He was a lone and solitary one,

With none to love, and pity he disdained:
His hopes were wrecked, and all his joys
were gone;

But his dark eye blanched not; his pride
remained;

And if he deeply felt, to none had he
complained.

Of all that knew him, few but judged him
wrong:

He was of silent and unsocial mood:
Unloving and unloved he passed along:

His chosen path with steadfast aim he
trod,

Nor asked nor wished applause, save
only of his God.

Oh! how preposterous 'tis for man to claim
In his own strength to chain the human
soul!

Go, first, and learn the elements to tame,
Ere you would exercise your vain control
O'er that which pants and strives for an
immortal goal.

Yet oft a young and generous heart has been
By cruel keepers trampled on and torn;
And all the worst and wildest passions in
The human breast have roused them-
selves in scorn,

That else had dormant slept, or never
had been born.

Take heed, ye guardians of the youthful
mind,

That facile grows beneath your kindly
care;

'Tis of elastic mould, and, if confined

With too much stress, "shoots madly from
its sphere,"

Unswayed by love, and unrestrained by
fear.

Oh! 'tis a fearful, blasting sight to see
The soul in ruins, withered, rived and
wrung,

And doomed to spend its immortality,
Darkling and hopeless, where despair
has flung

Her curtains o'er the loves to which it
fondly clung.

So thought the wanderer: so, perhaps, he
felt:

(But this is unrevealed): now had he
come

To the far woods, and there in silence knelt
On the sharp flint-stone, in rayless gloom,
And fervently he prayed to find an early
tomb.

Weep not for him: he asks no sympathy
From human hearts or eyes; aloof, alone,
On his own spirit let him rest, and be
By all his kind forgotten and unknown;
And wild winds mingle with his dying
groan.

And in the desert let him lie and sleep,
In that sweetrest exhausted nature gave;
Oh! make his clay-cold mansion dark and
deep,

While the tall trees their somber foliage
wave,

And drop it blighted on the wanderer's
grave.

JOHN FINLEY.

JOHN FINLEY, author of "The Hoosier's Nest"—a poem which, without his name, has been published in a majority of the newspapers of America, and has been often quoted in England as a graphic specimen of backwoods literature—is a native of Virginia. He was born at Brownsburg, Rockbridge county, on the eleventh of January, 1797. His father was a merchant. John was sent to a country school and there learned "to read and write, and cipher as far as the rule of three." He says ten years were required to teach him that much. He served an apprenticeship as a tanner and currier, and then came west. He was married at Yellow Springs, Ohio, in 1826, to Rachel H. Knott. He was then a citizen of Richmond, Wayne county, Indiana. His wife died and he was married a second time, at Indianapolis, April ninth, 1830, to Julia Hanson.

That Mr. Finley chose wisely when he selected Richmond as his home is evinced in many tokens of public confidence which his fellow-citizens have manifested. He has been a member of the Indiana Legislature during three years, Enrolling Clerk of the State Senate three years, Clerk of the Wayne county courts seven years, and Mayor of Richmond eight years—an office he now holds. He was also for several years editor and proprietor of the *Richmond Palladium*.

"The Hoosier's Nest" formed a part of a New Year's Address, written in 1830, for the *Indianapolis Journal*. The lines "To Indiana," hereafter quoted, were also a part of that address. Its opening stanza expresses happily the poet's characteristics:

Untaught the language of the schools,
Nor versed in scientific rules,
The humble bard may not presume
The Literati to illumine,
Or classic cadences indite,
Attuned "to tickle ears polite;"
Contented if his strains may pass
The ordeal of the common mass,
And raise an anti-critic smile,
The hour of labor to beguile.

Mr. Finley's "Bachelor's Hall" has been very widely circulated in England, as well as in America, with Thomas Moore's name to it. In a note to the editor he says: "I have written nothing for publication for many years, and am more than half ashamed of the notoriety my scribblings have elicited, when I could have written much better. * * * I have prepared my manuscripts for a volume—'The Hoosier's Nest and other Poems'—but as I have not preserved more than about enough pieces to make a book of one hundred pages, the presumption is against my ever publishing in book form."

TO INDIANA.

BLEST Indiana! in thy soil
 Are found the sure rewards of toil,
 Where harvest, purity and worth
 May make a paradise on earth.
 With feelings proud we contemplate
 The rising glory of our State;
 Nor take offense by application
 Of its good-natured appellation.
 Our hardy yeomanry can smile
 At tourists of "the sea-girt Isle,"
 Or wits who traveled at the gallop,
 Like Basil Hall, or Mrs. Trollope.
 'Tis true among the crowds that roam,
 To seek for fortune or a home,
 It happens that we often find
 Empiricism of every kind.

A strutting fop, who boasts of knowledge,
 Acquired at some far eastern college,
 Expects to take us by surprise,
 And dazzle our astonished eyes.
 He boasts of learning, skill and talents,
 Which in the scale, would Andes balance,
 Cuts widening swaths from day to day,
 And in a month he runs away.

Not thus the honest son of toil,
 Who settles here to till the soil,
 And with intentions just and good,
 Acquires an ample livelihood;
 He is (and not the little-great)
 The bone and sinew of the State.
 With six-horse team to one-horse cart,
 We hail them here from every part.
 And some you'll see, *sans* shoes or socks
 on,
 With snake-pole and a yoke of oxen:
 Others with pack-horse, dog and rifle,
 Make emigration quite a trifle.

The emigrant is soon located—
 In Hoosier life initiated—
 Erects a cabin in the woods,
 Wherein he stows his household goods.

At first, round logs and clapboard roof,
 With puncheon floor, quite carpet-proof,
 And paper windows, oiled and neat.
 His edifice is then complete,
 When four clay balls, in form of plum-
 met,
 Adorn his wooden chimney's summit;
 Ensconced in this, let those who can
 Find out a truly happier man.
 The little youngsters rise around him,
 So numerous they quite astound him;
 Each with an ax or wheel in hand,
 And instinct to subdue the land.

Ere long the cabin disappears,
 A spacious mansion next he rears;
 His fields seem widening by stealth,
 An index of increasing wealth;
 And when the hives of Hoosiers *swarm*,
 To each is given a noble farm.
 These are the seedlings of the State,
 The stamina to make the great.

THE HOOSIER'S NEST.

I'm told, in riding somewhere West,
 A stranger found a Hoosier's nest,
 In other words, a Buckeye cabin,
 Just big enough to hold Queen Mab in.
 Its situation low, but airy,
 Was on the borders of a prairie;
 And fearing he might be benighted,
 He hailed the house, and then alighted.
 The Hoosier met him at the door,
 Their salutations soon were o'er.
 He took the stranger's horse aside,
 And to a sturdy sappling tied;
 Then, having stripped the saddle off,
 He fed him in a sugar-trough.

The stranger stooped to enter in,
 The entrance closing with a pin;
 And manifested strong desire
 To sit down by the log-heap fire,
 Where half a dozen Hoosieroons,
 With mush and milk, tin-cups and spoons,

White heads, bare feet and dirty faces,
Seemed much inclined to keep their
places ;

But madam, anxious to display
Her rough but undisputed sway,
Her offspring to the ladder led,
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.

Invited shortly to partake,
Of venison, milk, and johnny-cake,
The stranger made a hearty meal,
And glances round the room would steal.
One side was lined with divers garments,
The other, spread with skins of varmints ;
Dried pumpkins overhead were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung ;
Two rifles placed above the door,
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor—
In short, the domicile was rife
With specimens of Hoosier life.
The host, who center'd his affections
On game, and range and quarter sections,
Discours'd his weary guest for hours
Till Somnus' all-composing powers,
Of sublunary cares bereft 'em ;
And then I come away, and left 'em.

A WIFE WANTED.

YE fair ones attend, I've an offer to make ye,
In Hymen's soft bands I am anxious to
live ;
For better, for worse, a companion I'll take
me,
Provided she fills the description I give.

I neither expect nor can hope for perfection,
For that never yet was a bachelor's lot,
But, choosing a wife, I would make a se-
lection,
Which many in my situation would not.

I'd have—let me see—no—I'd not have a
beauty,
For beautiful women are apt to be vain,

Yet with a small share, I would think it a
duty—

To take her, be thankful, and never com-
plain.

Her form must be good, without art to con-
strain it,
And rather above than below middle
size ;

A something (it puzzles my brain to ex-
plain it)
Like eloquent language, must flow from
her eyes.

She must be well-bred or I could not re-
spect her,
Good-natured and modest, but not very
coy ;

Her mind well-formed—'tis the purified
nectar
That sweetens the cup of hymenial joy.

Her home she must love, and domestic em-
ployment—

Have practical knowledge of household
affairs ;

And make it a part of her highest enjoy-
ment
To soften my troubles, and lighten my
cares.

Her age I would have at the least to be
twenty,

But not to exceed twenty-five at the
most ;

And girls of that age being every where
plenty,
I hope to get one of the numerous host.

No fortune I ask, for I've no predilection
For glitter and show, or the pomp of
high life ;

I wish to be bound by the cords of affec-
tion—

And now I have drawn you a sketch of
a wife.

If any possess the above requisitions,
 And wish to be bound by the conjugal
 band,
 They will please to step forward, they know
 the conditions ;—
 Inquire of the printer, I'm always at
 hand.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

(IN IMITATION OF THE IRISH.)

BACHELOR'S Hall! What a quare lookin'
 place it is!

Kape me from sich all the days of my
 life!

Sure, but I think whata burnin' disgrace it is,
 Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the old Bachelor, gloomy and sad
 enough,

Placing his tay-kettle over the fire;
 Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad
 enough

(If he were present) to fight wid the
 Squire.

Then, like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,
 Awkward enough, see him knading his
 dough;

Troth! if the bread he could ate widout
 swallowing,

How it would favor his palate, you know!

His dish-cloth is missing—the pigs are de-
 vouring it,

In the pursuit he has battered his shin;
 A plate wanted washing—Grimalkin is
 scouring it,

Thunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

His meal being over, the table's left setting
 so;

Dishes, take care of yourselves, if you
 can!

But hunger returns,—then he's fuming and
 fretting so,

Och! Let him alone for a baste of a man!

Pots, dishes, pans, and such grasy commodi-
 ties,

Ashes and prata-skins, kiver the floor;
 His cupboard's a storehouse of comical
 oddities,

Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed
 shiverin',

Niver the bit is the bed made at all!

He crapes like a tarrapin under the kiver-
 erin',—

Bad luck to the picter of Bachelor's
 Hall!

TO MY OLD COAT.

AND must we part—my good old friend?

Ah, me!—it grieves me sorely;

I can no more thy tatters mend,

The stitches hold so poorly.

Thou wast my father's wedding coat,

And I have heard him mention,

He wore thee, buttoned to the throat,

To catch the girls' attention;—

For then the martial figure stood

In highest estimation;

No wonder, with a coat so good,

He raised their admiration.

Five times in fashion thou hast been,

Twice turned and often mended;

The like of thee I ne'er have seen,

Though now thy days are ended.

When first I wore thee "every day,"

It brought to mind my mother;

"Tim, save that coat," she used to say,

"Thou'lt ne'er get such another."

Yes! I'll preserve thy relics still,

And learn by that example,

My every duty to fulfill,

Though fate should on me trample.

TO A SKELETON.*

YEAR after year its course has sped,
 Age after age has passed away;
 And generations, born and dead,
 Have mingled with their kindred clay,
 Since this rude pile, to mem'ry dear,
 Was watered by affection's tear.

Perhaps this mould'ring human frame,
 In death's dark slumber wrapp'd so long,
 Once wore the "magic of a name,"
 The pride of chivalry and song;
 And this once animated earth,
 Haply a noble soul enshrined,
 A feeling heart, of sterling worth,
 A genius bright, though unrefined.
 Perhaps—but let conjecture cease;
 Departed spirit! rest in peace."

No legend tells thy hidden tale,
 Thou relic of a race unknown!
 Oblivion's deepest, darkest veil,
 Around thy history is thrown.
 Fate, with an arbitrary hand,
 Inscribed thy story on the sand.

The sun, in whose diurnal race
 Was measured out thy earthly span,
 Exhibits his unaltered face,
 And mocks the brevity of man.
 The hill, the plain, where thou hast trod,
 Are yearly clad in garments green;
 While thou hast lain beneath the sod,
 Unconscious of the lovely scene.
 Yet roll the river's limpid waves,
 Where thou of yore wert wont to drink,
 And yet its rising current laves
 The rock that overhangs its brink;
 But rock and river, hill and plain,
 To chaos shall return again,
 And e'en the radiant orb of day,
 Like thee, frail man, must pass away.

* Lines written on opening a mound on the bank of
 Whitewater River, Richmond, Ia., and finding in it a
 human skeleton.

WHAT IS FAITH?

FAITH is the Christian's prop,
 Whereon his sorrows lean;
 It is the substance of his hope,
 His proof of things unseen;
 It is the anchor of the soul,
 When tempests rage and billows roll.

Faith is the polar star
 That guides the Christian's bark,
 Directs his wanderings from afar,
 To reach the holy Ark;
 It points his course where'er he roam,
 And safely leads the pilgrim home.

Faith is the rainbow's form,
 Hung on the brow of heaven;
 The glory of the passing storm,
 The pledge of mercy given;
 It is the bright, triumphal arch,
 Through which the saints to glory march.

Faith is the mountain rock,
 Whose summit towers on high,
 Secure above the tempest's shock,
 An inmate of the sky;
 Fixed on a prize of greater worth,
 It views with scorn the things of earth.

Faith is the lightning's flash,
 That rends the solid rock,
 From which the living waters gush,
 At every vivid shock;
 While Sinai's awful thunders roll
 Around the self-convicted soul.

The faith that works by love,
 And purifies the heart,
 A foretaste of the joys above
 To mortals can impart:
 The Christian's faith is simply this—
 A passport to immortal bliss.

OTWAY CURRY.

OTWAY CURRY was born March twenty-six, 1804, on a farm which has since given place to the village of Greenfield, Highland county, Ohio. His father, James Curry, was a man of great bravery and patriotism. In his youth he was, with some Virginia troops, in a bloody engagement near the mouth of the Kanawha, on which occasion he was severely wounded. During the greater part of the Revolutionary War, he was an officer of the Virginia Continental Line; he was at the battles of Germantown and Monmouth, and was taken prisoner when the American army, under General Lincoln, surrendered to the British at Charleston, South Carolina. For fourteen months subsequently, he was on parole two miles distant from that city.

He must have been one of the earliest pioneers of Ohio. In 1811 he removed from Highland county, and settled on Darby Creek, near the village of Pleasant Valley, in the county of Union, where he held many important civil offices, the duties of which he faithfully discharged. He devoted himself chiefly to agriculture, and he was doubtless a man of strong common sense, industrious habits, and honorable character. He died in 1834. The poet's mother was a lady of much intelligence, tender sensibilities, and every social and domestic virtue.

Otway was a child of the wilderness—a situation not unsuitable to awaken imagination, to cultivate taste, and to call forth the love of nature and the spirit of poesy. The approach of the bear, the rattle of the snake, the whoop of the savage, were among the sources of his early fears. To observe the swallow build her nest in the barn, and to watch the deer bounding through the bushes, were among his early amusements; to mark when the dogwood blossoms, and when the north winds blow, to observe how nature mingles storm with sunshine, and draws the rainbow on the cloud, were among his first lessons in philosophy.

He probably learned his alphabet in the old family Bible, as he leaned against the jamb of the cabin fire-place. There was then no school law in Ohio; the school-house was built by common consent, usually in the center of the clearings, and on an eminence, reminding one of Beattie's lines:

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar!"

It was constructed of unhewn logs, floored with puncheons, and roofed with clapboards; having at one end a fire-place capable of receiving a twelve-foot back-log, and at the other a door, with a latch and string; it was completed by sawing out a log at each side, inserting in the opening a light frame, and stretching over this frame some foolscap paper well oiled; this served for the transmission of light, which fell with mellowed beams upon a sloping board, on which the copy-books of advanced scholars were to be placed. In the center of the room were benches without backs, made of slabs, by inserting upright sticks at their extremities.

The season for instruction was called a quarter, and usually extended from November to March; though short, it was long enough to enable the pupil to receive all the knowledge that the teacher could spare. The subjects taught were reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic as far as the rule of three. Grammar was ranked among the natural sciences, and geography among the classics. At the appointed time the children proceed to the school-house, guided by the blazes of the trees. Here they come, young and old, male and female, each having text-books unlike those of all others. Anticipating amusement as well as instruction, one brings a violin, another a dog, a third a jews-harp, etc. They venture to suggest, at the outset, to the teacher, that in order to have a good school, it is necessary to have short recitations, long intermissions, and good entertainment. Organization is out of the question; each scholar must recite in turn out of his own book, and bring up his slate as his sums are worked. Order is almost as impracticable as organization.

Happily there were other means of instruction and mental development; the debating club, the neighborhood meeting, the singing-school, etc., but, above all, the home. Our young poet heard his father relate the tale of the Revolution, the wrongs of the colonists, their determined rebellion, their bloody battles, and their final triumphs; he also heard him describe the characters of the leading statesmen and warriors of that period, the organization of the State and National Governments, the causes, and actors, and consequences of the war of 1812. These details would make others necessary; and we can imagine how Otway would ascend through the history of the United States to that of Great Britain, and from that of Great Britain to that of the middle ages, and so on, up to the great nations of antiquity. We can see how history would make geography and politics needful, and how these would lead an inquiring mind, by nearer or remoter routes, to all the branches of education.

Moreover, the pious mother had her pleasant legends and fairy tales, with which she kept down the rising sigh, and kept up the leaden eyelids of the little ones as she sat plying her spinning-wheel, and waiting for the return of her husband from the mill, when the driving snow-storm delayed him far into the hours of night. She seems, indeed, to have been no ordinary woman; she was accustomed to relate over and over, at her fireside, the whole story of *Paradise Lost*, as well as of many other classic poems, so that young Otway was familiar with their scenes and characters long before he could read. She would often beguile the weary hours of summer nights as she sat in the cabin door with her young ones, watching for the return of the older from the perilous chase, by naming the constellations as they came up to the horizon, and explaining the ordinances of heaven.

The school education of Otway was impeded by the events of the war of 1812. When it broke out the father was summoned to Chillicothe, as a member of the Legislature; the eldest brother went out with the army; the rest of the family remained upon the farm under the superintendence of the prudent and patriotic mother. Alone in the wilderness, surrounded by hostile savages, they were never molested, though often alarmed. On one occasion their horses showed every indication of fear; their dogs barked furiously, now rushing into the cornfield, and then retreating with brist-

ling hair, as if driven. The family, concluding that Indians were near, prepared to fight as well as pray. The old lady, in marshaling her forces, stationed young Otway at the bars, and placing a loaded gun upon a rest, charged him to take aim and fire as soon as he saw an Indian. Fortunately, there was no attack made upon the domestic fort.

As the young poet grew up he began to read the books of his father's library, which, though very small, was very choice, consisting of the writings of Milton, Locke, and other great minds. Before he attained majority he had an opportunity of attending a school of improved character. There lived in the neighborhood of Pleasant Valley a Mr. C., who, though a farmer, had a good English education. He drafted deeds, wills, and articles of agreement, gave counsel, and settled controversies, and during the winter taught a select school in his own house. Of this opportunity Otway availed himself, and thus received instruction in grammar and geography. He soon after, in company with a brother, made a trip to Cincinnati, traveling on foot through the woods. Whether he had any other object than improvement, I am not advised, but he soon returned with his appetite for travel unabated. But how should it be gratified? To accumulate money by agricultural pursuits, at that time, was impossible; the clearings were small, the mode of farming laborious; merchandise was very high, and produce very low; while coffee was twenty-five cents a pound, tea a dollar and fifty, coarse muslin twenty-five cents a yard, indigo fifty cents an ounce, and camphor worth its weight in silver; butter and maple-sugar were six cents a pound, corn fifteen cents a bushel, and wheat twenty-five cents. Ginseng and beeswax were the only articles that would bear transportation to the east.

Young Curry, therefore, determined to learn a trade. This could be done without much expense, and would enable him to travel where he pleased, and earn a living in any location. Accordingly, in 1823, he went to Lebanon and learned the art of carpentry; four or five months afterward he went to Cincinnati, and continued there, working at his trade, for nearly a year. We next hear of him at the city of Detroit, where he spent a summer, busily plying his hammer and driving his plane, all the while reserving time for study, pondering the pages of science and poetry; sometimes by the light of shavings, at the lone hours of night, or the more propitious period that precedes the dawn. Returning to Ohio, he passed some time at work in the village of Marion.

Moved by romantic impulses, he, in company with a Henry Wilson, made a skiff, and launching it at Millville—a small village on the Scioto—when the waters were swelled with rains, descended that stream to its mouth, surmounting mill-dams, rocks, and all other obstructions. He then descended the Ohio to Cincinnati. Here he determined to visit the rice fields and orange groves of the South. Procuring a passage on a flat-boat, for himself and a chest of tools, he proceeded down the Ohio and Mississippi, and spent a year at Port Gibson before he returned.

About this time he summoned courage to offer anonymously some verses to the newspapers, among which were his sweet poems "My Mother," and "Kingdom Come." It is probable that he had written poetry long before, but we are not able to trace the

progress of his mind from the first rude attempts at versification up to his best original composition. How many pages were consigned to the flames after having been corrected, recited, committed to memory, and conned during the sleepless nights when nothing distracted his mind but the rustling of the forest leaves, or the music of the katydid! Could we get the genesis of even one living poetical creation, how much upheaving and downthrowing; how much fiery and watery agitation; how many depositions in darkness, should we see, before even a stand-point was gained; and then, how long after this before light comes, and the spirit moves on the face of the waters!

Mr. Curry's first published poetry was so full of fine sentiment and pleasing imagery, and was withal so melodious in versification, that it attracted attention and won admiration at once. On his return to Cincinnati, he contributed more freely to the press, over the signature of "Abdallah." It was at this time that he formed the acquaintance of Wm. D. Gallagher, who was induced to seek for him by reading his stanzas, "The Minstrel's Home." This acquaintance was improved by time, and unbroken by jealousy, envy, or serious misunderstanding. On leaving Cincinnati, Mr. Curry returned to Union county, where, in December, 1828, he was married to Mary Noteman, a lady well worthy of him, and who became a prudent and devoted wife.

In 1829 he again visited the South, and spent four or five months at Baton Rouge, contributing, meanwhile, poetical productions both to the *Cincinnati Mirror* and the *Cincinnati Chronicle*. Upon his return, he settled in Union county, and engaged anew in agricultural pursuits, which he prosecuted with industry till 1839. While on his farm he courted the muses as opportunity offered, and issued some of his best verses from his rural home.

He first appeared in public life in 1836, when he was elected a member of the House of Representatives, in the State Legislature of Ohio. In this capacity he won the respect of his colleagues, and the confidence and approbation of his constituents, who re-elected him in 1837. In 1838 he became united with Mr. Gallagher in the editorship of the *Hesperian*, at Columbus—a monthly literary journal of high order, which, not being adequately sustained, was discontinued at the end of the third volume. In 1839 he removed to Marysville, and commenced the study of the law. In 1842 he was again returned to the Legislature; during that term of service he purchased the *Greene County Torch Light*, a weekly paper published at Xenia, whither he removed in the spring of 1843. He conducted his paper—the style of which he changed to *Xenia Torch Light*—in a very creditable manner, for two successive years, when he sold it, and removing to Marysville, thenceforward devoted himself to his profession.

Although he entered the law late in life, and practiced it scarcely ten years, yet, as we are assured by one of his ablest competitors, he had no superior as a sound lawyer, within the range of his practice, and bade fair, if his life had been spared a few years longer, to become an eminent legal mind.

In 1850 he was elected a member of the second Ohio Constitutional Convention, and with manly firmness and dignity he resisted some of the principles of the instrument which that able body elaborated.

In 1853 he purchased the *Scioto Gazette*—a daily published in Chillicothe—which he edited with characteristic ability for about a year, when, his wife's health failing, he sold out, and returning to Marysville, resumed his legal practice.

In January, 1854, Mr. Curry was President of the Ohio Editorial Convention at Cincinnati, and by the urbanity and dignity of his deportment enhanced largely the respect entertained for him by many Ohio editors, who had long known his poetry, but had never before met him personally.

In 1842, when in attendance as a member of the Legislature, he suffered an attack of bilious pneumonia, which had such an effect upon his mind, that on recovering he made a profession of faith in that Gospel which had guided his steps and comforted his heart, by uniting with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in whose fellowship he continued till he died.

Mr. Curry had an open countenance, impaired, however, by strabismus, a broad and lofty brow, a noble form, tall and well proportioned, which might have borne with ease the armor of a knight of the middle ages. His spirit was that of southern chivalry mingled with the Puritan. He was a man of fine taste. This he exhibited in his dress, his language, his reading, in fine, in every thing. Though he never wore any thing gaudy or extravagant, he had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen; satisfied with garments neat, good, and clean, he was unhappy if they were soiled, badly fitted, or of unsuitable material. Under such circumstances, he felt depreciated, and could not be enticed into company. In selecting cloth for his own use, he has been known to examine the same piece ten times before he could make up his mind concerning it.

When I first visited him he dwelt in a humble cottage, but it bore, both outside and inside, the marks of neatness and delicacy; flowers bordered the walks, and vines climbed the trellis; modest carpets covered the floors, and choice books, with elegant bindings, spread the table. Later in life, he occupied a house more spacious, but it bore the indications of neatness, free from ostentation. Upon his porch a magnificent weeping willow threw its shade and beautifully symbolized the owner's mind.

His words, whether written or spoken, were few and well chosen. This is the more remarkable, considering that his early education was so limited. He would allow no thought of his to go abroad in an unsuitable garment, however protracted might be the process of fitting it. When he wrote for the press his first drafts were scanned, laid aside, examined again, altered, and re-written, sometimes often, before they were published. Every word was scrutinized. Hence, his poems bear criticism, and will be best appreciated by those who most closely examine them. Of his opinions he was as careful as of his words. Cautious and skeptical to a fault, he never expressed or formed an opinion without revolving the matter in his mind, long and carefully, and reviewing it in all its bearings.

Mr. Curry's reading was remarkably tasteful and impressive. Of this Mr. Gallagher uses the following terms: "Mr. Curry's voice and manner of reading gave to his poems a peculiar charm. And when this was heightened, as it often was, at that period, by the quiet of night, the rustling of leaves, the fitful echoes of far-off sounds,

the witchery of murmuring winds and waters, and other accompaniments of a moonlight ramble, prolonged into the morning hours, the fascination was irresistible. On one of these occasions, as we sat overlooking the expanse of the beautiful Ohio, the midnight moon and an autumnal haze enveloping the whole scene in robes of softened radiance, and peculiar dreaminess, the whole of some provincial romance was recited with a power whose weird influence rests upon my memory yet."

Mr. Curry's name is without a spot. In early life he labored with his hands, in later years with his mind; always rendering either moral or material benefit for all that he received. When called to office, it was by unsolicited suffrages, and when placed in power, he was no tool of party. No speeches for sinister ends, no motion for factious purposes, no empty declamations, or busy demonstrations, or crafty schemes disgraced his political career. Guided by a sense of duty to his country, he walked heedless alike of private threats and popular clamor. At the bar he was the shield of innocence, the terror of guilt, and the moderator of justice. Though liable, like other men, to be deceived by his client and influenced by his passions, he would not enforce what he deemed an unjust claim or prosecute a just one in an unjust mode. As an editor, he manifested the same integrity, though sorely tried. Once determined on his course, he stopped at no obstacles, heeded no persecution, and declined no conflict. He was, however, too modest, unambitious, and averse to public life for a leader.

He was a man of great social and domestic virtue. As a neighbor, he was considerate, peaceful, obliging, and hospitable; looking with patience upon the weakness, and with silence upon the wrongs of others, he cherished no malignity, fomented no disputes, flattered no patron, and pierced no victim. Though not insensible to ingratitude, meanness, and injury, he was too respectful of himself and too charitable toward others to indulge in any utterances that would give pain, unless they were necessary to a prudent maintenance of right. He was as far from being a cynic as a parasite.

He was not polite, in the ordinary sense of the word. He looked austere, and was generally regarded by the stranger as proud, distant, and affected. A great mistake. General society, indeed, he shrank from; the thoughtless multitude he studiously avoided; the busy marts of commerce, with their deafening din and overreaching plots, he eyed with coldness and disdain; the cabals and intrigues of politics he shunned with mingled pity and indignation; the whole sinful world he was wont to regard as unjust, harsh, and hollow-hearted; to the prattler, he was shy; to the sensualist, studiously repellant; to the skeptic, painfully reserved. There was something, at times, even terrible in his distance; but to those whom he admitted to his acquaintance he was gentle as the south wind—his heart glowed with love and yearned for friendship. So subtle was his imagination, so profound his philosophy, so mystical his expressions, so strong, so pure, so unwasting his affections that few could appreciate him. He knew this, and hence before the gazers in the outer court of his spirit he lifted not the vail; but with an intelligent, confiding, imaginative friend, whose spirit was in harmony with his own, he was communicative, fervent, at times even vehement, occasionally witty, sometimes humorous, but always genial, always reverent.

In his home he found a paradise. Thither his steps tended when the toils of the day were over; there, among his little ones, he talked as a child, he thought as a child, he played as a child; there, too, he rejoiced with the wife of his youth, and found in her smiles a recompense for his labors and a refuge from his cares. He was a man of fervent and unostentatious piety, and he delighted in simplicity of worship.

He had a fine imagination, which was not, perhaps, always properly restrained. In youth he indulged in castle-building, delighted in tales and romances, and dwelt much in fairy-land; so much so that he was deemed, by those who did not know him well, to be moody in his temper and dreamy in his views. Mr. Gallagher, speaking of him in early life, says: "The peculiar characteristics of Mr. Curry, since freely developed, were then distinctly lined. He cultivated music with literature, and performed well upon the flute. The strains of his instrument were touchingly sweet, as were those of his pen. Both lacked vigor of expression, and were dreamy in the extreme. His flute drew its airs from a feudal and castled age, when melancholy minstrels wooed romantic maidens by stealth, and chivalrous knights dared death and dishonor for the favor of high-born dames. His pen found a feast, also, in his imaginative soul, and from that drew pensive airs which melted his own heart to tears, and touched the hearts of others. But of the music of the battle-field, or that of the stage, or of the fashionable saloon, his flute rarely discoursed; so of the conflict of opinion, the struggles of the muses, the aspirations of the soul after a higher and nobler freedom here upon earth, the clamor, and clash, and upheaving, and down-throwing that are of the elements of progress, his pen took no note."

His writings seem wanting in some of the fruits of imagination. They exhibit no wit or humor—not, however, because of incapacity, but because they were unsuitable to his themes. He was of too serious and reverent a spirit to mingle grotesque images and unexpected associations with subjects of religious faith. He had but little oratorical genius. He could not arouse and amuse a popular assembly. His prose is remarkably free from tropes and metaphors. Even his poetry lacks too much the charm of figurative language. He never presents us with the terrible, rarely with the grand, never with the sublime. It must be admitted, therefore, that his imagination was not of the highest order; still it was superior, and being active in his youth, it directed his reading, selected his comparisons, shaped his course in life, and contributed greatly to his sorrows and his joys. He dwelt much in the inner world, which he made more beautiful and enchanting than the outer. Here were fountains that never failed, grass that concealed no snakes, forests traversed by no savage foe, angels whom he could see face to face. This weakened his attention to the real world, and rendered him averse to its struggles, frivolities, and pursuits, and even reluctant to enter upon the duties of life and the enterprises of science and virtue.

Rebecca S. Nichols, herself a child of song, and a friend of Mr. Curry, thus beautifully describes his soul-life:

Within, the holy fire of poesy burned clear and bright, refining the material man, and lifting the more ethereal element of our twofold nature up to the realms of love, and faith, and peace, where

the indwelling soul preludes the feast of immortal joys. No petty ambitions, no goading desires for name and fame among the great of earth, ever soiled the bosom of our friend. To move quietly in his accustomed round of prescribed duties—to enjoy the communion of chosen and congenial minds—to yield himself up to the manifold enchantments of inspiring nature—to utter in verse, smooth and musical as his favorite streams, the live thoughts of the passing moments, made up the sum of his daily happiness; and if a shade of sadness, as of some secret and acknowledged sorrow, bordered the placid beauty of existence, it only added tenderness to the hearts of those who knew and loved him, and made them more eager to minister to his simple and unadulterated pleasures.

Mr. Curry's sorrow was softened by sublime faith. He traced the departed good in all the charms of "saints made perfect," into the heavenly world. He believed, with Milton, that

"Millions of spirits walk the earth unseen,
Both when we wake and when we sleep,"

and that those who loved us in life bear their love into heaven, and often come down from their blissful seats to be our "ministering spirits on earth." It is a beautiful faith, which we would not disturb.

He felt the light of an endless morning, and dwelt in the vicinity of heaven. He was like one in a cavern, speaking up the shaft to loved ones listening in the light above. With all his imagination he was a man of safe and sober judgment. His life shows that he could unite the practical with the poetical. As an agriculturist, a mechanic, a legislator, an editor, and a lawyer, he was respectable; as a critic and a poet, he was more. When we consider that, although he entered upon life without property, education, or the interest of leading friends, and never enjoyed a lucrative office or made a fortunate speculation, yet sustained and educated his family respectably, and responded to the calls of charity and religion, we must concede that his mind was well balanced.

There is nothing eccentric in his character, nothing wonderful in his deeds or sufferings; he moved in obedience to the ordinary laws of the human mind, and experienced the common lot of good men. His life began in melody, progressed in conflict, but closed in peace; we know nothing in it that might not be written in an epic. His writings also are pure; they contain nothing which might not safely be read by all men. They may not present us with any thing sublime, neither do they with any thing absurd or trifling; their chief fault, perhaps, is their want of variety. Most of them were the productions of his youth, written in the intervals of daily toil.*

Mr. Curry's chief characteristic was his taste. His mind was in harmony with nature; he had a relish for all beauty. To him it was not in vain that God painted the landscape green, cast the channels of the streams in graceful curves, lighted up the arch of night, and turned the gates of the day on golden hinges amid the anthems of a grateful world. No thirst for wealth, no conflict for honor, no lust of meaner pleasures destroyed his sensibility to the harmonies and proportions of the universe. From a child he was fond of nature and solitude; as he grew up poets were his companions; with them he sympathized; with them he sat, side by side, in the enchanted

*Several of his poems which have met most favor, were first published as extracts, from "The Maniac Minstrel—a Tale of Palestine." An elaborate poem, nearly completed, was lost a short time before Mr. Curry's death.

land of song; to see, to enjoy what the idle, the worldly, and the profane cannot; this was not merely his pastime, but his living. A luxurious melancholy chastened his spirit and mellowed the light which it reflected.

There is an intimate connection between beauty and goodness—the latter is to the former what the soul is to the body; the beauty that beams upon us from the face of nature is but the expression of Divine goodness—the smile by which God would attract us to his arms. If so, he who is truly enamored of beauty must aspire after God, and as goodness is necessary to bring us into communion with him, he must pant after that. Nothing but depravity can prevent this natural result.

The love of beauty is usually associated with the capacity to reproduce it; that is taste, this is art. Mr. Curry's art was not proportionate to his taste; it manifested itself in the sweet music of his flute and the sweeter strains of his verse; the former is lost in the empty air, the latter will float down the river of time. His poetry will not be relished by the mass; it has no pæans of battle, no provocatives of mirth, no mockery of misery, no strokes of malice. It is the song of a religious soul; faith is the bond which links its stanzas, a faith that brings heaven near to earth and man into fellowship with angels. Like wine it will be pronounced better as it grows older, not because *it* will improve, but because the world's *taste* will. What he uttered we may suppose was little compared with what he bore away with him into heaven, where he will take up the harp that he laid down too early on earth.

The crowning art of our poet was his life. That he had the infirmities of man we do not deny; that he sinned and wept; that he wandered and grieved; that oftentimes when he would do good evil was present with him; that he saw, in retrospecting his life, many lost opportunities of usefulness; many wounds in kind hearts long stilled in death that he would gladly heal; many cold ears into which he would fain pour the prayer of forgiveness; many acts over which he would fain weep tears of blood, and many emotions toward the Giver of all good, under the pressure of which he would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven without a mediator. But in this world of sin, amid this incessant conflict with error, how few have passed so pure a life or breathed so modest, so gentle a spirit! Herein is art! the best man is the highest artist. It is inspiring to see goodness, meekness, long-suffering, even amid occasional petulances and wrongs, beaming from the face of man, just as it is to see Divine wisdom, and power, and goodness, though amid storms and earthquakes, shadowed from the face of the universe. It were grand to stand in some venerable temple, all unimpaired by time, reflecting the light from its diaphanous walls, and presenting on all sides the memorials of ancient faith; but grander, far, to survey the divine temple of a good life, hung round with trophies won from earth and hell, hallowed all over with the blood of Christ, and vocal with songs echoed from the upper world.

Mr. Curry taught the lesson of dying well no less than of living well. May we not hope that he closed his eyes on earth in full view of heaven and its angels! On the seventeenth of February, 1855, he was laid in a humble grave, which, perhaps, may be sought for after the monuments raised to our heroes shall have been forgotten.

THE MINSTREL'S HOME.

THE image of a happier home,
 Whence far my feet have strayed,
 Still flits around me, as I roam,
 Like joy's departed shade ;
 Though childhood's light of joy has set,
 Its home is dear to memory yet !

Here—where the lapse of time has swept
 The forest's waving pride,
 And many a summer light hath slept
 Upon the green hill's side,
 I'll rest, while twilight's pinions spread
 Their shadows o'er my grassy bed.

Yon stars—enthroned so high—so bright,
 Like gems on heaven's fair brow,
 Through all the majesty of night
 Are smiling on me now :
 The promptings of poetic dreams
 Are floating on their pale, pure beams.

The muses of the starry spheres
 High o'er me wend along,
 With visions of my infant years
 Blending their choral song—
 Strewn with fancy's choicest flowers,
 The pathway of the tranced hours.

They sing of constellations high,
 The weary minstrel's home ;
 Of days of sorrow hastening by,
 And bright ones yet to come—
 Far in the sky, like ocean isles,
 Where sunny light forever smiles.

They sing of happy circles, bright,
 Where bards of old have gone ;
 Where rounding ages of delight,
 Undimmed, are shining on,—
 And now, in silence, sleeps again
 The breathing of their mystic strain.

Leave me—O ! leave me not alone,
 While I am sleeping here ;

Still let that soft and silvery tone
 Sound in my dreaming ear ;
 I would not lose that strain divine,
 To call earth's thousand kingdoms mine !

It is the sunbeam of the mind,
 Whose bliss can ne'er be won,
 Till the reviving soul shall find
 Life's long, dark journey done,—
 Then peerless splendor shall array
 The morning of that sinless day.

TO MY MOTHER.

My mother ! though in darkness now
 The slumber of the grave is pass'd,
 Its gloom will soon be o'er, and thou
 Wilt break away at last,
 And dwell where neither grief nor pain
 Can ever reach thy heart again.

Sleep on—the cold and heavy hand
 Of death has stilled thy gentle breast,
 No rude sound of this stormy land
 Shall mar thy peaceful rest :
 Undying guardians round thee close,
 To count the years of thy repose.

A day of the far years will break
 On every sea and every shore,
 In whose bright morning thou shalt wake
 And rise, to sleep no more—
 No more to moulder in the gloom
 And coldness of the dreary tomb.

I saw thy fleeting life decay,
 Even as a frail and withering flower,
 And vainly strove to while away
 Its swiftly closing hour :
 It came, with many a thronging thought
 Of anguish ne'er again forgot.

In life's proud dreams I have no part—
 No share in its resounding glee;
 The musings of my weary heart
 Are in the grave with thee:
 There have been bitter tears of mine
 Above that lowly bed of thine.

It seems to my fond memory now
 As it had been but yesterday,
 When I was but a child, and thou
 Didst cheer me in my play;
 And in the evenings, still and lone,
 Didst lull me with thy music-tone.

And when the twilight hours begun,
 And shining constellations came,
 Thou bad'st me know each nightly sun,
 And con its ancient name;
 For thou hast learned their lore and light
 With watchings in the tranquil night.

And then when leaning on thy knee,
 I saw them in their grandeur rise,
 It was a joy, in sooth, to me:
 But now the starry skies
 Seem holier grown, and doubly fair,
 Since thou art with the angels there.

The stream of life with hurrying flow
 Its course may bear me swiftly thro';
 I grieve not, for I soon shall go,
 And by thy side renew
 The love which here for thee I bore,
 And never leave thy presence more.

THE BLOSSOMS OF LIFE.

LIFE is like a sweeping river,
 Ceaseless in its seaward flow—
 On whose waves quick sunbeams quiver,
 On whose banks sweet blossoms grow—
 Blossoms quick to grow and perish;
 Swift to bloom and swift to fall;
 Those we earliest learn to cherish
 Soonest pass beyond recall.

Shall we lose them all forever?
 Leave them on this earthly strand?
 Shall their joyous radiance never
 Reach us in the spirit land?

Soon the tide of life upflowing
 Buoyantly from time's dim shore,
 Where supernal flowers are growing,
 Shall meander evermore.

There the hopes that long have told us
 Of the climes beyond the tomb,
 While superber skies enfold us,
 Shall renew their starry bloom.

And the bloom that here in sadness
 Faded from the flowers of love,
 Shall with its immortal gladness
 Crown us in the world above.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

'T is autumn. Many, and many a fleet-
 ing age
 Hath faded since the primal morn of Time;
 And silently the slowly journeying years,
 All redolent of countless seasons, pass.

The spring-time wakes in beauty, and is
 fraught
 With power to thrill the leaping pulse of
 joy,
 And urge the footsteps of ideal hope
 With flowery lightness on. In peerless day
 Resplendent summer garlandeth the world;
 And contemplation through her sky serene
 Ascends unwearied, emulous to lead,
 To marshal, and to proudly panoply
 The votaries of ambition as they rise.
 These with their gilded pageants disappear,
 And vestal Truth leads on the silent hours
 Of autumn's lonely reign. The weary
 gales
 Creep o'er the waters, and the sun-brown
 plains,

Oft whispering as they pass a long fare-
well

To the frail emblems of the waning year,
The drooping foliage, and the dying leaves.
This is the time for care; to break the
spell

Of ever-fading fancy; to contrast
The evanescent beams of earthly bliss
With the long, dread array of deepening
ill.

The ills of life are twofold: those which
fall

With lead-like weight upon the mortal clay,
Are transient in their kind; for the frail
dust

Ere long shall blend with the innumerable
sands,

And atoms of the boundless universe,
Absorbed in the unfelt, unconscious rest
Of lifeless, soulless matter, without change,
Save when the far-off period shall arrive
Of shadowy nothingness.

The deadlier ills

That tinge existence with unbroken gloom,
Are lost to melioration, for they hold
The ever-during spirit in their grasp,
And in their kind a withering permanence.
To linger in unrest—to be endowed
With high aspiring, endless, limitless!
On thought's unshackled pinions to outride
The air-borne eagles of the Apennines;
To pierce the surging depths of endless
space;

To revel in the stalwart fervidness
Of its careering storms! to sweep sublime
Through the far regions of immensity,
Then fall astounded from the dreaming
height,
And wake in wildering durance: these
are things
That well may dim the sleepless eyes of
care.

And thou, too, Friendship, pilgrim-child of
heaven!

The balm that brings the spirit sweet relief

From the keen stings of sorrow and de-
spair,

'Tis thine to give; yet the deep quietude
Of the bereaving tomb hath shrouded oft
The morning-prime of beings formed for
thee.

THE ETERNAL RIVER.

BEYOND the silence, beyond the gloom
Of the vale of death and the dreary tomb,
Beyond the sorrow, beyond the sin
Of earthly ages, its waves begin.

Along the slope of its margin bright,
The groves rise up in a land of light,
And the shining flowers of the crystal rills
Come leaping down from the jasper hills.
And all the millions who take their birth,
In the dark old climes of the ancient earth,
When the strife and grief and pain of the
past

Are all forgotten, will glide at last,
Ay, crowned with glory and gladness, glide
Along the sweep of that radiant tide;
While all before them and all around
Shall the ceaseless song of the seraph
sound:

Amidst the murmuring fountains
Of everlasting life,
Thy spirit, like a bounding bark,
With song and gladness rife,
Goes gliding to the palmy shore
That lies in sunny light before.

Glide on, glide on, rejoicing—
The glories of that strand
Are tinted by the golden morn
Of an immortal land,
Whose lingering hope and pearly ray
Shall never fade nor fleet away.

The silvery tide will bear thee
Amid the sound and bloom
Of many a green and blessed isle,
Whose shining banks illumine

Each wandering bark and pathway dim
Along the passing billow's brim.

And soon the winds shall waft thee
Among the groves that lave
The emerald of their bending boughs,
In life's eternal wave,
And round thee shall the music rise
Of happier worlds and calmer skies.

KINGDOM COME.*

I DO not believe the sad story
Of ages of sleep in the tomb;
I shall pass far away to the glory
And grandeur of Kingdom Come.
The paleness of death, and its stillness,
May rest on my brow for awhile;
And my spirit may lose in its chillness
The splendor of hope's happy smile;
But the gloom of the grave will be tran-
sient.
And light as the slumbers of worth;
And then I shall blend with the ancient
And beautiful forms of the earth.
Through the climes of the sky, and the
bowers
Of bliss, evermore I shall roam,
Wearing crowns of the stars and the flowers
That glitter in Kingdom Come.
The friends who have parted, before me,
From life's gloomy passion and pain,
When the shadow of death passes o'er me,
Will smile on me fondly again.

Their voices were lost in the soundless
Retreats of their endless home,
But soon we shall meet in the boundless
Effulgence of Kingdom Come.

THE ARMIES OF THE EVE.

NOT in the golden morning,
Shall faded forms return;
For languidly and dimly then
The lights of memory burn:
Nor when the noon unfoldeth
Its sunny light and smile,
For these unto their bright repose
The wandering spirits wile:
But when the stars are wending
Their radiant way on high,
And gentle winds are whispering back
The music of the sky;
Oh, then those starry millions
Their streaming banners weave,
To marshal on their wildering way
The Armies of the Eve;
The dim and shadowy armies
Of our unquiet dreams,
Whose footsteps brush the feathery fern,
And print the sleeping streams.
We meet them in the calmness
Of high and holier climes;
We greet them with the blessed names
Of old and happier times;

*We are authentically informed that "Kingdom Come" was written while the author, yet a young man, was on a visit to the South. He was working as a journeyman carpenter. A fellow-workman had become enamored of a Southern beauty, and sought her hand in marriage. He had a rival. The lass was partial to the carpenter; but her father was not decided in his preference of the suitors. He was a great lover of poetry, and he told the rivals that whichever wrote the best poem should have the girl. The carpenter was not a poet. He appealed to his fellow-work-

man, Mr. Curry, and borrowed "Kingdom Come." When the father read the poems, he was more seriously puzzled than before. Both were so good he could not decide between them. The carpenter thought there was something familiar in his rival's lines, and so he told Mr. Curry, who urged him to obtain a copy. By stratagem he succeeded; and Mr. Curry detected in the rival poem a plagiarism from Mrs. Hemans. The theft was exposed; and of course the carpenter won the girl. After the knot was tied, he told the joke.—*Genius of the West*, July, 1855.

And, marching in the star-light
 Above the sleeping dust,
 They freshen all the fountain-springs
 Of our undying trust.

Around our every pathway
 In beauteous ranks they roam,
 To guide us to the dreamy rest
 Of our Eternal Home.

THE BETTER LAND.

ROUND me is the silent night—
 Starry heavens are in my sight—
 In the gloom of earth I stand,
 Longing for the Better Land.

Names of many an olden year
 Linger in my listening ear—
 Names of those that now, I ween,
 In the Better Land are seen.

There shall many pilgrims meet—
 There shall many mourners greet
 Lost ones, parted long before,
 Angels of the Better Shore.

There no sound of grieving word
 Shall be ever, ever heard—
 Sounds of joy and love alone
 In the Better Land are known.

Voyager on the tide of time,
 Toiling for the Better Clime,
 Thither I am speeding fast,
 Where the toils of time are past.

Calmly leaving far behind
 Earth's dark memories, let me find
 Loving smile and greeting hand,
 Joyful in the Better Land.

Savior! let the falling tear
 Soon forever disappear:
 Guide me, weary and oppress'd,
 Safely to the Land of Rest.

THE GOINGS FORTH OF GOD.

GOD walketh on the earth. The purl-
 ing rills
 And mightier streams before him glance
 away,
 Rejoicing in his presence. On the plains,
 And spangled fields, and in the mazy vales,
 The living throngs of earth before Him fall
 With thankful hymns, receiving from his
 hand
 Immortal life and gladness. Clothed upon
 With burning crowns the mountain-heralds
 stand,
 Proclaiming to the blossoming wilderness
 The brightness of his coming, and the power
 Of Him who ever liveth, all in all!

God walketh on the ocean. Brilliantly
 The glassy waters mirror back His smiles.
 The surging billows and the gamboling
 storms
 Come crouching to His feet. The hoary
 deep
 And the green, gorgeous islands offer up
 The tribute of their treasures—pearls, and
 shells,
 And crown-like drapery of the dashing
 foam.
 And solemnly the tessellated halls,
 And coral domes of mansions in the depths,
 And gardens of the golden-sanded sea,
 Blend, with the anthems of the chiming
 waves,
 Their alleluias unto Him who rules
 The invisible armies of eternity.

God journeyeth in the sky. From sun
 to sun,
 From star to star, the living lightnings flash;
 And pealing thunders through all space
 proclaim
 The goings forth of Him whose potent arm
 Perpetuates existence, or destroys.
 From depths unknown, unsearchable, pro-
 found,

Forth rush the wandering comets; girt
 with flames
 They blend, in order true, with marshaling
 hosts
 Of starry worshippers. The unhallowed
 orbs
 Of earth-born fire, that cleave the hazy air,
 Blanched by the flood of uncreated light,
 Fly with the fleeting winds and misty clouds
 Back to their homes, and deep in darkness
 lie.

God journeyeth in the heavens. Reful-
 gent stars,
 And glittering crowns of prostrate Sera-
 phim
 Emboss his burning path. Around him fall
 Dread powers, dominions, hosts, and kingly
 thrones.
 Angels of God—adoring millions—join
 With spirits pure, redeemed from distant
 worlds,
 In choral songs of praise: "Thee we
 adore,
 For Thou art mighty. Everlasting spheres
 Of light and glory in thy presence wait.
 Time, space, life, light, dominion, majesty,
 Truth, wisdom—all are thine, Jehovah!
 Thou
 First, last, supreme, eternal Potentate!"

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

'Tis sweet to think, when struggling
 The goal of life to win,
 That just beyond the shores of time
 The better days begin.

When through the nameless ages
 I cast my longing eyes,
 Before me, like a boundless sea,
 The Great Hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom
 Perpetual summer smiles,
 And gathers, like a golden robe,
 Around the emerald isles.

There in the blue long distance,
 By lulling breezes fanned,
 I seem to see the flowering groves
 Of old Beulah's land.

And far beyond the islands
 That gem the wave serene,
 The image of the cloudless shore
 Of holy Heaven is seen.

Unto the Great Hereafter—
 Aforetime dim and dark—
 I freely now and gladly, give
 Of life the wandering bark.

And in the far-off haven,
 When shadowy seas are passed,
 By angel hands its quivering sails
 Shall all be furled at last!

LINES OF THE LIFE TO COME.

Our spirit seeks a far-off clime,
 All beautiful and pure,
 Where living light and sinless time,
 Forevermore endure.

We spend our long and weary hours
 In dreaming of that shore,
 Where all those perished hopes of ours
 Have swiftly gone before.

And do you yearn and strive in vain
 To rend the enshrouding pall,
 That round us, in this life of pain,
 Lies like a dungeon wall?

Yes! for it clogs our halting thought,
 And dims our feeble light;—
 How hardly is our spirit taught
 To shape its upward flight.

We strive with earthly imagings
To reach and understand
The wondrous and the fearful things
Of an Eternal Land.

We talk of amaranthine bowers,
And living groves of palm,
Of starry crowns, and fadeless flowers,
And skies forever calm.

We talk of wings and raiment white,
And pillared thrones of gold,
And cities built of jewels bright,
Far in the heavens, of old.

Are these things worse than fancy's play?
Are they, in very deed,
The free soul's guerdon, far away,
Its everlasting meed?

Or shall the spirit, in its flight
Beyond the stars sublime,
See nothing but the radiance white
Of never-ending time?

Shall things material change again,
And wholly be forgot?
And round us only God remain,
A universe of thought?

We know not well—we cannot know,
Our reason's glimmering light
Can nothing but the darkness show
Of our surrounding night.

But soon the doubt, and toil, and strife,
Of earth shall all be done,
And knowledge of our endless life
Be in a moment won.

CHASIDINE.

WALKED she for a few brief years
In a land of toil and tears,
With a patient hope preparing
For the holiest spheres.

Never with the pure one strove
Spirit of a sinful love,
For her soul was filled with dreamings
Of its home above.

Joyed she heavenly seed to sow,
In the midst of tears and woe,
Growing oft, as oft the flowers
In the rains do grow.

Stood she near the nightly gloom
Of the slumber of the tomb,
Planting hopes that shall not wither
Till the morning come.

Sung she with melodious tongue,
Heaving human hearts among,
Happy songs, like those in Eden,
By the sinless sung.

But she might not always sing,
Where of time the travailing wing
Wears away and renders soundless
Each silvery string.

Fainter grew the lingering lay,
As the gliding years gave way,
Till the pale and fragile singer
Could no longer stay.

Nevermore the grief to share
Which the mortal millions bear,
She has entered where the weary
Cease from toil and care.

Gathered to the viewless coast—
Numbered with the shining host,
Vain is every earthly sorrow
For the early lost.

Words of long and loving cheer
Left she for my sad soul here.
I shall in the bright world coming,
By her side appear.

When the dimless noon shall shine
On immortal eyes of mine,
I shall see her in her beauty,
In the light divine.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "LORE OF THE
PAST."*

EARTH has no voice of solemn-sounding
chime
But wakes some memory of the brows that
wore
The crowning impress of immortal thought,
And eloquent lips, whose thrilling tones
were caught
By listening nations; caught from age to
age,
And joyfully on many a during page
Engraven all: through every change un-
quelled
Their spirit strove, unceasingly impelled
By the quick impulse of unsleeping zeal
To grasp the hoary infinite,—to unseal
The hidden mysteries of eternal space;
The footsteps of Omnipotence to trace
Through untold periods, back
Along that shadowy and eternal track,
Where first the grand and solemn music
rang
Of worlds that from the womb of primal
chaos sprang.

—
The wondrous laws that force
The winging winds along their viewless
course;
That prompt the furrows of the teeming
field
The treasures of the waving corn to yield;
And, when the summer sunshine inter-
weaves
Its golden hues among the forest leaves,
Suspend the fruitage and the bloomy gems
In quivering brightness on the pensile
stems;
That strew with glittering ore the caves
profound,

*A poem delivered before the Union Literary Society of
Hanover College, Indiana, at its Fifth Anniversary, Sep-
tember, 1837—published by the Society—dedicated by the
author to William D. Gallagher, "as a memento of early
and enduring friendship."

And jeweled mansions of the under ground,
And quickening breath to myriad tribes
bestow,

Whose life and motion in the regions grow,
Whereon the waves of time like eddying
waters flow:

All, all are mingled in that changeful lore,
Whose fame is deathless, but whose hope
is o'er:—

Fond hope, to purify the toiling mind
And work the lasting weal of human kind,
Forgetful of the ills and wrongs that wind
And clog the spirit in its upward flight—
Forgetful that the unassisted might
Of science never yet on earthly ground
The priceless meed of happiness hath found.

—
In other days there came
A Herald to the sons of men, whose name
Was sung by seraphs with their harps of
gold

In the high heavens of old.
He gave to life a balm for all its ills—
He soothed the mourner with his voice
divine;

And there was gladness in the fountain
rills,

And peerless beauty on the rocky hills
Of palmy Palestine.

He taught the struggling toiler for the prize
Of undecaying happiness, above

The groveling strife of passion to arise,
And with the angel-ministry of love,
And the bland light of virtue to adorn
The pathway of the traveler to that bourn
Where Science, radiant as the early dawn,
Reposes with her starred and heavenly
plumage on.

Through every land and sea,
Even as the unregarded breezes flee,
That precept of immortal truth was borne
Amidst the pride and scorn

And turmoil of a world that would not learn:
A world whose every clime Ambition stern

And fierce Intolerance, with alternate sway,
Do desolate away.

—
The loud and sullen peal
Of hoarse artillery, and the frequent clang
Of echoing trump and keenly-glancing steel
Came o'er the hill, where freedom's pilgrims sang
Their hymn of gladness in the olden time,
And to their forest clime
Proclaimed the onset of the invading horde;
And instant from the hills and valleys poured
Fast hurrying ranks of freedom's chivalry,
Unto the dread melee,
Where flashing sword and serried bayonet
Along stern lines in clashing conflict met.
And many a streamlet shore,
And many a curdling wave and smoking plain
Grew darkly crimson, while the sprinkling gore
Came down like summer rain,
And the harsh din of stormy battle clove
The overarching concave, in whose light
The blinded minions of ambition strove
To whelm in gloomiest night
The last bright star of hope, whose glimmering ray
Gave promise to the world of freedom's rising day.

And far-off climes beheld,
In the dark days of toil, that hope forlorn
Awhile with fierce intolerance overborne.
Then, marshaled and resistlessly impelled
By the strong hand of heaven, their bright array,
Like the on-rushing tempest, swept away
Oppression's minions to their doom of shame,
While hymns of victory gave
The broad expanses of the world, and gave
Unto bright glory's scroll its brightest name,
And to the firmament a new-born star of fame.

How calm, how holy is the undreaming sleep
Of freedom's martyrs when their homes are won;
And hallowed are the gory graves that keep
The cerements of the patriot dust which down
In living hope is laid,
Beneath the unfolded splendor and the shade
Of star-lit banners and bright eagle-wings,
Whose brilliant woof upsprings,
Where late the lightning of the battle played;
While far aloft the sulphurous mists that rise
Seem clinging in the clouds like flowers of sacrifice.

Then turn thee to the past—
Sublime, immortal, vast!
Lorn garner of the wrecks that evermore
Forth from the windings of the shadowy shore
Of present life are cast.
Among its fanes and phantom temples walk
Till all its frowning heroes round thee stalk,
Till fitfully its dream-like melodies
Come chiming like the sound of whispering seas,
And its unfading memories, deeply fraught
With all life's lessons, meet thy spirit's thought.
There win that wisdom which alone is true;
Which lives forever in the chastening view
Of sinless virtue and of infinite love—
Erst dimly symbolled by the elysian dove.
So shall a holier life-spring, in thy heart
Like murmuring waters, wake; and thou shalt go
Forth to perform thy brief and changeeful part
In this wide world of woe.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

MILLIONS of ages gone,
 Didst thou survive, in thy enthroned place,
 Amidst the assemblies of the starry race,
 Still shining on—and on.

And even in earthly time
 Thy parting beams their olden radiance
 wore,
 And greeted, from the dim cerulean shore,
 The old Chaldean clime.

Sages and poets, strong
 To rise and walk the waveless firmament,
 Gladly to thee their richest offerings sent,
 Of eloquence and song.

But thy far flowing light,
 By time's mysterious shadows overcast,
 Strangely and dimly faded at the last,
 Into a nameless night.

Along the expanse serene,
 Of clust'ry arch and constellated zone,
 With orbéd sands of tremulous gold o'er-
 strown,
 No more canst thou be seen.

Say whither wand'rest thou?
 Do unseen heavens thy distant path illumine?
 Or press the shades of everlasting gloom
 Darkly upon thee now?

Around thee, far away,
 The hazy ranks of multitudinous spheres,
 Perchance, are gathering to prolong the
 years
 Of thy unwilling stay.

Sadly our thoughts rehearse
 The story of thy wild and wondrous flight
 Thro' the deep deserts of the ancient night
 And far-off universe.

We call—we call thee back,
 And suns of many a constellation bright,
 Shall weave the waves of their illumining light
 O'er thy returning track.

ADJURATION.

I ADJURE thee—I adjure thee,
 By the memory of the past,
 Think not thou of rest or respite
 From the burden on thee cast.
 Quietude of dreamless slumber,
 Hope of cloudless years, to thee
 Banned and banished and forbidden,
 Shall but names ideal be.

Gone is that bright eve forever
 In the which we lingered long,
 Walking green suburban gardens,
 Severed from the city's throng—
 When beneath our footsteps bended
 Flowerets of the early year,
 And the sunset's falling crimson
 Faintly touched the young leaves near.

Then amidst the lonely music
 Of the gales that round us stirred,
 Unforgotten words were spoken,
 Now unsyllabled, unheard.
 And we felt that we thereafter
 To a heavier life should wake—
 Wake on many a sad to-morrow
 Which might better never break.

Think'st thou ever—when the sunshine
 Mocks thee with its setting glow—
 Thinkest thou of that sad sunset,
 Which a morning could not know?
 Aye—thou canst not but remember:
 And in silence thou wilt grieve
 At the never-fading memory
 Of that unreturning eve.

As the lingering seasons pass thee
 As the dim days rise and set,
 Ever shall they pass and leave thee
 Striving vainly to forget.
 In thy thought strong fate forever
 Shall compel a place for me—
 In thy soul's most secret presence
 Still unbidden will I be.

TO A MIDNIGHT PHANTOM.

PALE, melancholy one,
 Why art thou lingering here,
 Memorial of dark ages gone,
 Herald of darkness near?
 Thou stand'st immortal, undefiled—
 Even thou, the unknown, the strange, the
 wild,
 Spell-word of mortal fear.

Thou art a shadowy form,
 A dream-like thing of air;
 My very sighs thy robes deform,
 So frail, so passing fair;
 Thy crown is of the fabled gems,
 The bright ephemeral diadems
 That unseen spirits wear.

Thou hast revealed to me
 The lore of phantom song,
 With thy wild, fearful melody,
 Chiming the whole night long
 Forebodings of untimely doom,
 Of sorrowing years and dying gloom,
 And unrequited wrong.

Through all the dreary night,
 Thine icy hands, that now
 Send to the brain their maddening blight,
 Have pressed upon my brow—
 My frenzied thoughts all wildly blend
 With spell-wrought shapes that round me
 wend,
 Or down in mockery bow.

Away, pale form, away—
 The break of morn is nigh,
 And far and dim, beyond the day,
 The eternal night-glooms lie:
 Art thou a dweller in the dread
 Assembly of the mouldering dead,
 Or in the worlds on high?

Art thou of the blue waves,
 Or of yon starry clime—

An inmate of the ocean graves,
 Or of the heavens sublime?
 Is thy mysterious place of rest
 The eternal mansions of the blest,
 Or the dim shores of time?

Hast thou forever won
 A high and glorious name,
 And proudly grasped and girdled on
 The panoply of fame?
 Or wanderest thou on weary wing,
 A lonely and a nameless thing,
 Unchangingly the same?

Thou answerest not. The sealed
 And hidden things that lie
 Beyond the grave, are unrevealed,
 Unseen by mortal eye.
 Thy dreamy home is all unknown,
 For spirits freed by death alone
 May win the viewless sky.

 THE CLOSING YEAR.*

THE year has reached its evening time,
 And well its closing gloom
 May warn us of the lonely night
 That gathers round the tomb.

But many a distant year and age
 May slowly come and go,
 Before the sleepers of the grave
 Another spring-time know.

And yet, beyond the gloomy vale,
 Where death's dark river flows,
 On sunniest shores our faith is fixed—
 Our deathless hopes repose.

We trust that when the night of time
 Shall into morning break,
 We shall, from long and heavy sleep,
 With song and gladness wake.

*Now first published.

AAVEN.*

AAVEN of the uncounted years—
 Aaven of the sleepless eye—
 Wanderer of the uncounted years—
 Outcast of the earth and sky—
 Worn of life and weary grown,
 Turned him to the shore unknown.

Rose before him, stern and stark,
 One with adamantine wand—
 Warder of the portal dark—
 Portal of the unknown land:
 And the warder, weird and grim,
 Barred the portal, dusk and dim.

"Wanded warder, list to me!
 'Tis a weary thing to roam
 O'er the earth and o'er the sea,
 Tarrying till the Master come.
 From the earth and from the sea,
 Turn my wandering steps to thee.

"Lead me through the sunless land,
 And the sable cities vast,
 Where the silent myriads stand—
 Myriads of the ages past.
 Swift along the shadowy coast,
 Speed me—speed me to the lost!"

"Never," said the warder grim,
 "Till the gathering night of time
 Shalt thou pass the portal dim—
 Portal of the sunless clime.
 Ever, in thy ceaseless quest,
 Wander, restless, after rest.

"But before thy long and drear
 Pilgrimage of earth and main,
 Wouldst thou have the lost appear
 To thy longing eyes again?
 Reverently approach, and stand
 Close beside my waving wand.

"And—the swift wand, following fast—
 Full before thy watching eye,
 All the myriads of the past,
 Age by age shall pass thee by.
 Hither from the land of gloom,
 Lo! the countless sleepers come."

As the meteoric glow
 Cleaves the curtaining night aslant,
 Wildly gleaming to and fro,
 Waved the wand of adamant—
 And the buried ages came,
 With their hosts of every name.

Swiftly came, and glided on,
 Sceptered hand and laureled brow—
 Glided many a queenly one,
 Nameless in the wide world now.
 Murmured Aaven, in his fear,
 "Never will the lost appear!"

From the long and silent sleep
 Of remotest ages gone—
 Following fast the wand's wild sweep,
 Came the long ranks filing on—
 Passed full many a thronging host—
 Came not still the loved, the lost.

Sudden, on the watcher's sight,
 Broke, amidst the phantom throng,
 Beauteous form of maiden bright,
 Gliding pensively along:
 And the wondering warder's hand
 Stilled the adamantine wand.

Wildly, as the vision came,
 Aaven from the warder sprang;
 And the sound of Miriam's name
 Through the world of shadows rang.
 Aaven, to his sad heart there,
 Clasped alone the lifeless air.

Fell the adamantine wand—
 Reeled the portal, dusk and dim—
 Faded far the Unknown Land,
 And the wanded warder grim:—
 Miriam fled from earthly shore,
 And from Aaven, evermore.

*Written in compliance to a wish expressed by Rebecca S. Nichols, that Mr. Curry would render into verse the story of Agrippa, the Magician, and the Wandering Jew. Published by her after his death.

JOHN B. DILLON.

JOHN BROWN DILLON is a native of Brooke county, Virginia. While he was an infant his father removed to Belmont county, Ohio. There John had the opportunities of education which a country school, at winter sessions afforded, until he had learned what reading, writing, and arithmetic are. But he was only nine years of age when his father died. He was then compelled to earn his own livelihood, and he returned to the county of his nativity, in Virginia, and apprenticed himself to a printer at Charleston. At seventeen years of age, with no fortune but his compositor's rule and a good knowledge of its use, he went to Cincinnati, seeking work.

While an apprentice he had cultivated a natural taste for poetry, and had occasionally contributed verses to the newspapers for which he set type. In 1826 he contributed a poem to the *Cincinnati Gazette*, which immediately gave him a prominent position as a poet, among the young men who then wooed the Muse in the Queen City. It was "The Burial of the Beautiful."

In 1827 Mr. Dillon contributed occasionally to *Flint's Western Review*, and he wrote "The Orphan's Lament" for *The Western Souvenir* in 1829. In December, 1831, he formed a partnership with William D. Gallagher for the composition of a New Year's Lay for the carrier of the *Cincinnati Mirror*. The lines on "The Funeral of the Year" are from that Lay.

In 1834 Mr. Dillon went from Cincinnati to Logansport, Indiana. There, while editing a newspaper, and often "working at case," he continued studies which he had begun in Cincinnati; was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of law. He had, however, more love for literature than for law, though he did often exercise his poetic abilities. Local history deeply interested him, and after a few preliminary studies he determined to write "A History of Indiana." In 1842 he published a small volume of "Historical Notes." In 1845 he was elected State Librarian of Indiana, an office which he held with credit to himself and profit to the State for several terms. He has since been actively identified with popular education in Indiana, has been a useful officer of one or more of the benevolent institutions, and for a number of years was the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture.

Meantime his historical studies were carefully pursued, and in 1859 the result of them was given to the world, by Bingham and Doughty, publishers, Indianapolis, in an octavo volume of 636 pages, which is called "A History of Indiana," but which comprehends a history of the discovery, settlement, and civil and military affairs of the North-West Territory, as well as a general view of the progress of public affairs in the State of Indiana, from 1816 to 1856.

Mr. Dillon is now the Secretary of the Indiana Historical Society. To the duties of that post he gives attention with commendable zeal, which cannot fail to make the Library of the Society valuable to every student of Western History.

THE PROPHET'S DREAM.

WHERE fell the palm-tree's clustering
shade,

The aged and weary prophet lay,
And o'er his fevered temples played

The freshness of the primal day.
He slept—and on his spirit fell

A vision of the flight of time—
He saw upon the future dwell

A dark'ning cloud of sin and crime.

Gone were the spirits that lingered near
The world in its early bloom,

And hope's pure light, that was wont to
cheer,

Grew dim in the gathering gloom;
And love from earth was hurl'd—

And a mandate came,

In a breath of flame,

To scourge a sinful world.

"Let the sword go forth!"—and forth it
went,

And gleamed o'er tower and battlement,
And glanced in the tented field;

And helms were cleft, and shields were
broke,

And breasts were bared to the battle-stroke,
Only in death to yield:

The warriors met—but not to part—

And the sun glared redly on the scene;
And the broken sword, and the trampled
heart,

Might tell where the battle-steed had
been.

Dark and still, by the moon's pale beam,
Lay mouldering heaps of slaughtered
men—

The fountain of a sanguine stream—

Earth drank the blood of her offspring
then.

"Go forth disease!"—and at the word,
The groans of a stricken world were heard,
And the voice of woe rose high—

And myriads yielded up their breath,
As the haggard form of the tyrant death
On the rotting breeze swept by.

And the lovely green that overspread
The world in its guiltless day,

Grew as deeply dark, and sear'd, and
dead,

As the parched earth, where it lay.
With lifeless limbs the livid trees

Stood locked in the arms of death,

Save one, that still to the withering breeze
Could lend its poisonous breath.

Deeply the world, in that drear time,
Felt the deadly curse of sin and crime.

"Famine go forth!"—and at the name,

Rose a feeble shriek, and a fearful laugh,
And a tottering, fleshless monster came,

The lingering stream of life to quaff—
And he stalk'd o'er the earth, and the lan-
guid crowds

Were crush'd to the dust in their mildew'd
shrouds:

Then rose the last of human groans,

As the shriveled skin hung loose on the
bones,

And the stream of life was gone.

And death expired on that awful day,

Where his slaughtered millions round him
lay,

For his fearful task was done.

Old earth was lone—for her offspring lay
Mouldering dark on her bosom of clay—

All tones of life were hushed—

And the brazen tombs of sepulchered men,
That battled the might of time till then,

Atom by atom were crushed—

And desolate round in its orbit whirl'd

The peopleless wreck of a worn-out world.

* * * * *

The dreamer woke, and the glorious day

Broke calmly on his dream—

And the joyous birds from each green spray

Carol'd their morning hymn—

The earth still moved in beauty there,
 With its clustering groves and emerald
 plains,
 And the pure breeze bore the Prophet's
 prayer
 To the throne where the Rock of Ages
 reigns.

BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

WHERE shall the dead, and the beautiful,
 sleep ?
 In the vale where the willow and cypress
 weep ;
 Where the wind of the west breathes its
 softest sigh ;
 Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
 And the pure, clear drops of its rising
 sprays
 Glitter like gems in the bright moon's
 rays—
 Where the sun's warm smile may never
 dispel
 Night's tears o'er the form we loved so
 well—
 In the vale where the sparkling waters
 flow ;
 Where the fairest, earliest violets grow ;
 Where the sky and the earth are softly fair ;
 Bury her there—bury her there !
 Where shall the dead, and the beautiful,
 sleep ?
 Where wild flowers bloom in the valley
 deep ;
 Where the sweet robes of spring may soft-
 ly rest,
 In purity, over the sleeper's breast :
 Where is heard the voice of the sinless
 dove,
 Breathing notes of deep and undying love ;
 Where no column proud in the sun may
 glow,
 To mock the heart that is resting below ;

Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever
 blest ;

Where wandering Perii love to rest ;
 Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
 Bury her there—bury her there !

THE FUNERAL OF THE YEAR.

COME to the funeral of the year !
 Not with spirits worn by sadness—
 Bring no sigh—and shed no tear—
 Chant the song of joy and gladness.
 Let the dead year find the tomb
 That many a year hath found before it,
 Hidden in the past's dark gloom,
 And Lethe's waters flowing o'er it.

And other years will still press on,
 Bearing, upon each lovely morrow,
 A calmer sky—a clearer sun—
 And fewer cups of human sorrow.
 Learning's star shall brightly glow,
 As science hidden truths discloses—
 Purer streams of light shall flow
 Where superstition now reposes.

Still the rose-bud will expand
 O'er the dimpled cheek of beauty,
 And the callous "single band"
 Turn from waywardness to duty—
 Love's frail chain will firmer bind
 Hearts that wear the rosy fetter ;
 And each coming year will find
 Mankind truer, kinder, better.

The demagogue will cease to be,
 As he has been, his own extoller ;
 And Freedom's land be really free,
 With none to wear the "golden collar ;"
 And patriot's names will not be made
 The scoff and jest of tavern brawlers—
 And statesmen's fame will not be weigh'd
 Against the rant of daily scrawlers.

To fame's bright temple men have made
 In latter days some madden'd rushes,
 And wrote names there o'er which, 'tis said,
 The goddess of the temple blushes!
 No matter—dark'ning years will glide
 O'er all which fame can never cherish,
 And whate'er folly raised in pride,
 Like all of folly's works, will perish.

THE ORPHAN'S HARP.

THE harp of the orphan is mute and still,
 And its notes will cheer us never;
 For she who could waken its deepest thrill,
 Lies voiceless and cold, forever!
 She sleeps in the vale, where violets bloom,
 And the wild rose twines above her:—
 No friends to lament o'er her hapless
 doom—
 No kindred to pity, or love her.

Her cheek wore a bloom in her early day,
 Ere the tear of sorrow started,
 Or childhood's bright dreams had faded
 away,
 And left her broken-hearted.
 The kind look of pity, or affection, smiled
 On the desolate orphan never;
 Love's sweet illusion her heart had be-
 guiled—
 Then left it in gloom forever!

The depth of her anguish none could
 know—
 Her emotions never were spoken;
 But the hope of heaven a gleam can throw
 Of joy, o'er the heart that is broken.
 She passed from earth, like the pensive
 light,
 Which slowly fades at even;
 And her spotless spirit hath winged its
 flight,
 To its own bright home in heaven.

Her harp hangs alone:—its music is
 hushed,
 And will waken no more on the morrow;
 For the heart that loved its tones, was
 crushed,
 By its own deep weight of sorrow.
 No sigh is breathed o'er her lonely tomb—
 No eyes are dim with weeping;
 But the violet, and the wild rose bloom
 O'er the grave where the orphan is
 sleeping.

STANZAS.

I KNOW there are pangs, which rend
 the breast,
 When youth and love have vanished,
 When from its glorious place to rest,
 Hope's banished—

But ye should not be sad, where the young
 and the gay
 With the dance and the song, chase dull
 sorrow away;
 Where the cheeks of the old, as they gaze
 on the scene,
 Are lighted with smiles, where grief's fur-
 rows have been.

Ye should chant the song in the festive
 hall,
 Where the tide of joy is flowing;
 Were the young and fair at pleasure's
 call,

Come glowing.

If ye would not live on thro' sunless years,
 The unlov'd lone wreck of time and tears—
 Ye should join the mirth of the fair and
 free,
 In the bowers of love—in the halls of
 glee.

NATHANIEL WRIGHT.

NATHANIEL WRIGHT was born at Hanover, New Hampshire, on the twenty-eighth day of January, 1789. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1811, and emigrated to Cincinnati in 1816. At the November term of the Supreme Court of Ohio, at Steubenville, 1817, he was admitted to the bar. He immediately began the practice of his profession, and was, for many years, distinguished in the Hamilton County Courts. Between 1817 and 1820 he was one of a club of young men of literary proclivities, who contributed articles to the newspapers of Cincinnati "from an old garret." Nathan Guilford, Bellamy Storer, and Benjamin F. Powers were also members of the "Garret Club." "The Mountain Storm" was contributed to the *Western Souvenir* in 1829. Since briefs first began to multiply in his office, Mr. Wright has neglected the muses.

TO A FLY,

WHICH LIT ON MY BOOK DECEMBER ELEVENTH, 1813.

SIT down, old friend, I feel no spite,
Though conscience tells you well I might;
Sit down:—your knees are weak and old,
Your teeth are chattering with the cold;
That leaf shall be your spacious bed,
And not a breath shall harm your head.

* * * * *

Some months ago, my reverend fly,
When summer's sun was in the sky,
Nature alive and you were young,
You laughed, you frolicked, danced and
sung;
Slept the short nights in peace away,
Banquets and ladies all the day;
Yours the first sip from choicest dishes,
Yours the first glass and all your wishes.
Scepters and crowns, and robes of gold,
Your feet have trampled, proud and bold:
Bosom and cheek of human fair
Were oft your carpet or your chair;
The earth was yours with all its grace,
The spacious heavens your dwelling-place.
But, ah! the cold November skies
Made dreadful havoc of the flies;

Thousands on thousands by your side
Curled up their little legs and died:
You, left alone, all pleasure fled,
Remain, an outcast of the dead,
Like some old man of wretched lot,
Whom time has stripp'd and death forgot.

THE MOUNTAIN STORM.

THE friend of ease, in lowland grove,
May lull his cares, and tend his love;
See, but not mark, the languid plain,
A wide, a weary, blank domain;
In long and deep repose may view
Earth's pleasant green, and vault of blue,
Till soft he sinks, with sleep oppress'd,
Beneath th' untroubled sod to rest:—
Give me the scene of uproar wild!
The mountain cliffs in rudeness piled,
The summits bold, amid the sky,
Where the clouds pause, that journey by;
Or, as the storm's hoar torrent spreads,
Gambols the lightning round their heads;
The scene untamed, that fills the breast
With other feelings far than rest,
That tempts the thought to other charms,
Than Flora's lap, or Morpheus' arms,

And nerves the hand to other deed,
Than love's caress or Bacchus' meed.

Man—the poor insect of a day!
Just springs from earth to pass away,
Flits from the scene as light and fast,
As the lake's shadows in the blast:—
But mark yon hills! those cliffs have stood,
Unmoved, since round them dashed the
flood.

How many a race, beneath their crest,
Has toiled its day, and gone to rest!

Skirting th' horizon's verge afar,
And neighbors of the evening star,
In varied form of peak or ridge,
Or woody dell, or naked ledge,
Here with a fleecy crest of cloud,
And there a dusky greenwood shroud;
Approaching here, till field and cot
Distinctly mark the cultured spot,—
Retiring there, and soaring high,
And soft'ning, till they melt in sky,
The mountains spread:—too much like
life,—

In passing all turmoil and strife;
But seen at distance—pomp and pride,
Or joy and peace by parents' side.

Oft, when at eve the welcome rain
Has left its freshness on the plain,
A desert vast the dawn will greet,
Of sleeping cloud beneath your feet,
With here and there, a lonely head
Emerging from the ocean bed;
All else so lost, so still, and fair—
You almost ask if earth be there!
And wish the swallow's wing to try
The magic flood, and bathe in sky.

But grander far the sable cloud,
Fraught with heaven's fire, and thunder
loud;

Its fleecy van of silver sheen,
But all the rear of midnight scene;
The solemn peals that slowly roll,
From north to south athwart the pole;

The bursting bolt, in vengeance hurl'd,
That jars this wide and solid world;
The pensile flash, whose vivid form
Crosses the blackness of the storm,
Descending now, with anger red,
Scathes the dark mountain's distant head,
Or plays its gambols round the sky,
A solemn scene to mortal eye!
The plains beneath with awe are still,
The wild bird screams not from the hill,
Grave is the lambkin in his cote,
And hushed the warbler's cheerful note.

At length the advancing torrents mark
Yon utmost summits, veiled and dark,—
Hill after hill, as now it nears,
Is shaded—dimmed—and disappears;
And mingle now along the plain,
The flash—the peal—and dashing rain.

The cloud has passed. Descending day
Beams forth its brightest, loveliest ray:—
The youthful flocks forget to feed,
Through joy's excess, and race the mead;
The songsters strain their little throats,
To lend their loudest, merriest notes;
And scarce that day does Phœbus part
From saddened eye, or sorrowing heart.

O! what were life's dull, transient hour,
Without its sunshine and its shower!
Its day of gloom, and doubt's dark dream,
And hope's succeeding, bright'ning beam?

Yet gaze once more!—The sun has set,
High though his rays are lingering yet—
How bright, beyond those summits old,
Spreads the broad field of living gold!
How black, upon that glowing vest,
Lie the long hills, that skirt the west!

Ambition, mark!—for glory's light
Even thus delays oblivion's night;—
A twilight splendor, soft and fair,
When death has veiled its fiercer glare;
But short the hour, and sure the lot,
It fades, it sinks, and is forgot.

MOSES BROOKS.

MOSES BROOKS, for many years an active lawyer in Cincinnati, was born near Owego, New York, on the thirty-first day of October, 1789. His early opportunities of education were limited. In 1811, he became a citizen of Cincinnati. He there studied law, and was admitted to the Bar. In 1830, declining health admonished him to abandon his practice, and he has since been a merchant. He was a contributor to the *Western Souvenir*, and has written poems and essays for the *Ladies' Repository*. In 1811, Mr. Brooks was married to the daughter of Samuel Ransom, of Argelied, New York.

AN APOSTROPHE TO A MOUND.

HERE stood a mound, erected by a race
Unknown in history or poet's song,
Swept from the earth, nor even left a trace
Where the broad ruin rolled its tide along.
No hidden chronicle these piles among,
Or hieroglyphic monument survives
To tell their being's date or whence they
sprung—
Whether from Gothic Europe's "northern
hives,"
Or that devoted land where the dread siroc
drives.

Mysterious pile! O say for what designed?
Have flaming altars on thy summit
shone?
Have victims bled, by pious rites consigned,
T' appease the wrath of heaven, and
thus atone
For sinful man to the eternal throne?
Momentous monitor of mortal woe!
Thou dost proclaim a nation lost, un-
known,
Smitten from earth by some tremendous
blow,
Which but a God could give, and but the
Omniscient know.

Hill of the Lord! where once perchance
of yore,

Sincere devotion woke her pious strain;
Mountain of God! did prostrate man adore,
And sing hosannas to Jehovah's name,
While sacrifices fed thine altar's flame?
But when stern War his sanguine banner
spread,
And strewed the earth with many a
warrior slain,
Didst thou become the charnel of the
dead,
Who sought imperial sway, or for fair
Freedom bled?

Yes; here may some intrepid chieftain
lie,
Some Alexander, great as Philip's son,
Whose daring prowess bade the Persian fly
Before the conquering arm of Macedon;
Or, greater still, some former Washing-
ton,
Whom glory warmed and liberty inspired!
Who for this hemisphere perchance had
won
His country's freedom, and, deplored, ex-
pired,
Bathed by a nation's tears, beloved, re-
vered, admired.

HARVEY D. LITTLE.

THERE are lyres toned with the depth of the ocean-voice, and the energy of the tempest. Their simplest notes touch the feelings with an irresistible power, and their full breathings come over the bosom, now with an enchantment which causes a universal thrill, and now with a rush and wildness that lash the passions into rage. The voice of such an instrument is preternatural. It penetrates into the inmost recesses of the heart—it swells up into the ample chambers of the soul—and, gathering volume as it goes, strikes upon the chords of feeling with a power that startles, entrances, and awes. Under its dominion are all thoughts, all passions, all capacities: and, thus supreme, it exalts man to the skies, or pinions him to the earth, or “laps him in Elysium,” at will. Such was the tone, and such the compass, of his lyre who sang of “Paradise,” and of his no less who traced the “Pilgrimage” of the wayward “Childe”

There are lyres toned to the gentleness of the zephyr, and the holiness of truth. *Their* empire is the human heart—their ministry is over the affections. Their pure and calm breathings fall upon the chafed spirit with a healing and restoring power; the hot palm and boiling veins of Passion cool at their approach; and the holiest sympathies of our nature, are by them called into being, and rendered active and availing. The voice of *such* an instrument, is the voice of Nature. It is heard in the verse of the Great Psalmist—it speaks at the bed of suffering and fear—it flows from the tremulous lips of the fond mother, as she yields her offspring to the remorseless grave—it arises from what spot soever regenerate humanity hath made its own—and above all, it comes down from the Mount of Olives, in its fullness, and strength, and “exceeding beauty,” and circles the universe. To this voice, were toned the lyres of Heber, and Hemans, and Montgomery; to it, likewise, was toned that of him who is the subject of this paper.

About the year 1830, a number of poetic effusions, signed VELASQUES, met my eye in an obscure paper published in the interior of Ohio.* They struck me as possessing considerable merit, though they attracted no attention whatever from the thousand-and-one papers which *circulate* newspaper scribblers into notoriety. I therefore collected several of them together, and transmitted them to a literary periodical at the East, of wide circulation and no little merit; and I had the pleasure of seeing one or two of them copied and commended in that work, and *then* “go the rounds” of the *Western* press. By this time I had ascertained their author, and commenced a correspondence with him. He was the editor of the paper in which the fugitive pieces had originally appeared, and his name, since widely known and respected, was HARVEY D. LITTLE.

*At St. Clairsville.

Mr. Little was born in Weathersfield, Connecticut, in the year 1803, of honest and respectable, but poor parents. In 1815 or '16, the family emigrated to the West, and pitched their tents in Franklin county, Ohio, then mostly a wilderness. The young poet was compelled to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, but yet found time, or rather *made* it, to advance his very limited education, and improve his mind by various reading. At a proper age, he was called upon to make choice of a trade. The printing business had before struck his fancy, by reason of its intellectual character, and the facilities it afforded a young and active mind to acquire general knowledge, and he readily pitched upon it. He was apprenticed to a printer in Columbus; and by the time he had reached his twenty-first year, had managed, besides faithfully and diligently serving his master, and becoming a proficient in his business, to give himself an excellent English education, and to acquire a very general acquaintance with English literature. Beside the beautiful rivers of the West, and in the depths of her mighty forests, he had studied likewise the Book of Nature, and enrolled himself on the list of her awed and inspired worshippers. Her lessons sank deeply into his heart, and her beauty, and vastness, and sublimity, fired his imagination. Though learning was not his, nor wealth, nor power, nor the encouraging approval of influential friends, MIND was his dower; and the inspired ones of the Old World, here in the solitude and silence of the mighty wildernesses of the New, were his companions and guides. Thus prompted, his young muse gave birth to a number of effusions, while he was yet in his minority, that bespeak the poet, the philanthropist, and the Christian. They are generally of a reflective cast, and though marked by the blemishes common to the productions of budding intellect, are in every sense creditable to juvenile performances. The tinge of melancholy, which was one of the charms of Mr. Little's later writings, is observable in these early manifestations of his poetical capacity. This was no doubt constitutional in part, and in part the result of his habits of life in youth. It has nowhere the appearance of affectation; and to one who knew him, as I did, though but a few years before his death—devoid of art, simple almost to childliness, zealous as a Christian, warm as a friend, faithful and devoted as a husband and a father, ambitious more to win a name for goodness than for greatness, humble and gentle and benevolent—it will touch the heart with painful interest.

Mr. Little was connected with several newspaper establishments, as editor and co-publisher, within a few years after having attained to his majority. He found the business unprofitable, however, in every instance, and at the age of twenty-five or six, having in the mean time been admitted to the bar, and espoused an amiable lady, a daughter of Doctor Horton Howard of Columbus, he abandoned it entirely, with the intention of devoting himself to the practice of his new profession. His first efforts at the bar inspired confidence in his talents and energy, and, for the first time in his life, success appeared on the eve of crowning his efforts. But, alas! how unstable are the determinations of man. Domestic considerations induced Mr. Little to abandon the law for a time, and again take upon himself the editorial charge of a periodical publication. In this he was engaged when, in August of the year 1833, his career was suddenly arrested by the hand of death. He fell a victim to the Asiatic

scourge, which at that time swept over this fair land, desolating many a happy home, and quenching the fires of many an aspiring spirit. He died in the thirty-first year of his age, leaving behind him his wife and one child, having buried two of the three cherubs with which he had been blessed, but a few days previous to his own demise.* But a couple of weeks before, I had felt the warm pressure of his friendly hand, and left him,

“Fresh-lipp’d, and iron-nerved, and high of heart,”

indulging in the brightest anticipations of future usefulness and happiness. He was maturing several literary schemes; and when we parted, spoke with enthusiasm of the time, which he began to think at hand, when he should have leisure to do something for the literature of his country, and the honor of his name. But alas! to

. . . . “the bereaving tomb,
Where end Ambition’s day-dreams all,”

he was hurried, within a fortnight of that time, with only the warning of a few hours. Death found him prepared for the harvest; and a good and noble soul was gathered into the Great Garner, when he fell.

Mr. Little was a type of a class of young men who, though not altogether peculiar to the West, have yet marked this section of the Union more distinctly than any other. Harvard, Yale, West Point, and similar institutions in the Eastern States, have severally been the *Alma Mater* of men who have therein risen to distinction at the bar, in the army, in the pulpit, and in the halls of legislation. In the Western States, however, those places have been, and now are, to an extent which makes it worthy of remark, filled by men who, like Mr. Little, graduated in a printing-office instead of a college, and made their first mark with printer’s ink instead of blood, blue-fluid, or the measured tones of a voice trained to command, to supplicate, to plead in court, or fulminate in senatorial halls.

According to established literary canons, Mr. Little’s poetical genius was not of the higher order. The tones of his harp were like the breathing of the “sweet south-west,” and came upon the heart mildly and soothingly. The melody of his verse was perfect; its imagery rich—its language choice—its figures striking and appropriate. But to it belonged the softness and shadow of twilight, rather than the depth and strength of the full-robed night; the stillness and dewy beauty of early dawn, rather than the brightness and power of meridian day. His poetry was never impassioned or stormy—never ambitious or dazzling; but always gentle, and pensive, and breathing of love, and duty, and religion—the full outpouring of a Christian spirit. Had he been spared, to try his wing at a continuous flight, I not only believe that it would have sustained him, but that he would have produced something, which would not have been an honor to his name alone, but to his country.

* Mr. Little died on the evening of August twenty-second, 1833. The periodical he edited, at the time of his death, was called *The Eclectic and Medical Botanist*. He was a member of the Columbus Typographical Society. On the thirteenth of November, 1833, that Society held a meeting in memory of Mr. Little, at which Rev. Warren Jenkins delivered an address.

PALMYRA.

How art thou fallen, mighty one!
 Queen of the desert's arid brow!
 The evening's shade, the morning's sun,
 Rest only on thy ruins now.
 Thine hour is o'er, thy glory's done,
 A dreary waste thy charms endow!

In thy proud days thou seem'dst a star,
 Amidst a desert's sullen gloom,
 Shedding thy radiance afar
 O'er nature's solitary tomb.
 But time, whose gentlest touch can mar,
 Hath sear'd thy tall palmetto's bloom.

The shouts of joy—the voice of mirth,
 That waked to life thy marble domes:
 Thy crowded marts—thy peopled earth—
 Thy sculptur'd halls, and sacred homes,
 Are silent now. Thy faded worth
 A barren wilderness entombs.

The savage beast hath made his lair,
 Where pomp and power once held
 their sway;
 And silence, with a fearful air,
 Sits darkly brooding o'er decay:
 And marble fanes, divinely fair,
 Have bowed beneath thine evil day.

Round polish'd shafts the ivy twines
 A wreath funereal for thy fate:
 And through thy temples' broken shrines
 The moaning wind sweeps desolate.
 But the mild star of evening shines
 Benignly o'er thy fallen state.

Oh, how thy silence chills the heart
 Of the lone traveler, whose tread
 Is o'er the fragments of thine art,
 Thou wondrous City of the Dead!
 Thy glory cannot yet depart,
 Though all of life hath from thee fled.

AWAY, AWAY, I SCORN THEM ALL.

AWAY, away, I scorn them all,
 The mirthful board, the joyous glee;
 The laughter of the festive hall;
 The long wild shouts of revelry;
 To their vain worshipers they bring
 Seasons of bitter sorrowing.

But, oh, by far the wiser part,
 To visit that secluded spot,
 Where death hath quench'd some faith-
 ful heart,
 And closed, for aye, its varied lot:
 For there, beside the funeral urn,
 Lessons of wisdom we may learn.

The brief but busy scenes of life—
 Its fickle pleasures, and its woes—
 Its mingled happiness and strife—
 Its fearful and its final close,
 Pass through the mind in swift review,
 With all their colorings strictly true.

We see the littleness of man—
 The end of all his pride and power:—
 Scarce has his pilgrimage begun
 E'er death's dark clouds upon him
 lower;
 And rank, and pomp, and greatness, flee
 Like meteor gleams!—and where is he?

Yes, where is he, whose mighty mind
 Could soar beyond the bounds of space,
 And in some heavenly planet find
 The spirit's final resting place?
 Gone! gone, in darkness, down to dust!
 "Ashes to ashes," mingle must.

Well may we learn from life's last scene,
 The fearful lessons of man's fate:
 How frail the barriers between
 The living and the dead's estate.
 The elastic air—the vital breath—
 Is but the link 'twixt life and death.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

I CAME once more, a wearied man,
 To look upon that holy spot,
 Where first my infant life began
 To journey through its changeful lot.
 I came!—A thousand shadows play
 Upon the mirror of my mind—
 The phantoms of a happier day
 In Memory's sacred keeping shrined.

I gaze! and lo! before me rise
 The shades of many a hallowed form:
 They pass before my wilder'd eyes,
 With looks as blooming, young, and
 warm,
 As twice ten years ago they seem'd,
 When last in sportive hour we met:
 But ah! we then had never dream'd
 That youth's bright sun so soon would
 set.

Where are they now?—I find them not
 Where erst their glorious forms were
 found!
 Each favorite haunt, each well known spot,
 Echoes no more the cheerful sound
 Of their glad voices. They are gone,
 O'er hills, and streams, and valleys
 wide;
 Scatter'd like leaves by autumn strown,
 E'en in their freshest bloom and pride.

The placid brook still winds its way
 Through sloping banks bedeck'd with
 flowers:
 The zephyrs through the leaflets play,
 The same as in life's early hours.
 But time and change have strangely cast
 O'er every spot a lonesome air:
 My thoughts are treasur'd with the past—
 My happiest moments center there.

I feel that e'en my childhood's home
 Hath lost its once mysterious charm!
 No voice parental bids me come—
 None greets me with affection warm!

But yet, amid my being's blight,
 One nourish'd thought with fondness
 glows—
 That where mine eyes first hailed the
 light,
 There they, at last, shall darkly close.



ON JUDAH'S HILLS.

ON Judah's hill the towering palm
 Still spreads its branches to the sky,
 The same through years of storm and
 calm,
 As erst it was in days gone by,
 When Israel's king poured forth his psalm
 In strains of sacred melody.

And Lebanon, thy forests green
 Are waving in the lonely wind,
 To mark the solitary scene,
 Where wandering Israel's hopes are
 shrined;
 But the famed Temple's ancient sheen
 The pilgrim seeks, in vain, to find.

And Kedron's brook, and Jordan's tide,
 Roll onward to the sluggish sea:
 But where is Salem's swollen pride,
 Her chariots, and her chivalry,
 Her Tyrian robes in purple dyed,
 Her warlike hosts, who scorned to flee?

Gone! all are gone! In sullen mood
 The cruel Arab wanders there,
 In search of human spoils and blood;
 The victims of his wily snare:
 And where the holy prophets stood
 The wild beasts make their secret lair.

But, oh! Judea, there shall come
 For thee another glorious morn;
 When thy retreats shall be a home
 For thousands pining now forlorn,
 In distant lands;—no more to roam
 The objects of disdain and scorn.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE was born on the eighteenth of December, 1802, in the town of Preston, in the State of Connecticut. Such was his early ripeness of intellect that he was appointed the principal of a public school before he was fifteen years of age. He went to College, and graduated at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, in the year 1823. He then studied the profession of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1827. In 1828, he established the *New England Weekly Review*, at Hartford, Connecticut. Leaving John G. Whittier to conduct the *Review*, in the summer of 1830, Mr. Prentice removed to Kentucky, and wrote the life of Henry Clay.* In November of the same year, he established *The Louisville Journal*, and has been its chief editor ever since. The fame of the *Journal* is not only supereminent in the West, but it is known throughout the Union as an influential and popular gazette. In the broad universality of its scope, it comprehends every thing that a journal, political, literary and commercial, may be expected to possess.

Whatever may be the sacrilege of giving utterance to such an opinion, I cannot forego saying, that in my estimation, George D. Prentice is one of the most perfect masters of blank verse in America, and that his writings in that style contain as much of the genuine element of genius in poetry as those of any of our countrymen. To such as question this decision, I can but refer to his two poems—one upon the "Flight of Years," and his lines upon the "Mammoth Cave." His "Dead Mariner," and other rhymed pieces, evince how exquisite a master he is of versification. He has a fine musical ear, and the harmony of his numbers flows with the most mellifluous measure, while his verse is graced with diction as chaste as it is elegant. Every thing he preserves in the amber of his poesy is selected with unerring taste. What he has written as a poet only makes us wish for more.

King George is said to have asked Dr. Johnson why he had ceased to write. "I think I have written enough," replied the Doctor. "It would have been enough," returned the King, "were it not so well written." The precious fame the poet purchases, is generally at the cost of business success in every other affair of life, and not infrequently at the expense of losing credit for all practicability of mind—reason being generally supposed to exist in inverse ratio to fancy and imagination—prose and prosiness being frequently mistaken as indices of profoundness and philosophy, while poetry has a popular co-relative connection with superficiality and impracticability. But none who see the spirit of this true genius, winging his way along the level face of the earth, as Goethe says,

. . . . "in the glow and smoke,
Where the blind million rush impetuously
To meet the Evil One"—

* Biography of Henry Clay. By George D. Prentice. Hartford: Hanmer and Phelps, 1881. 12mo, pp 304.

in the crowded ways of dusty cities, or hovering about the fog-mantled pool of politics, but feel that the same spirit has the power to soar up to the sun, and

“Bathe his plumage in the thunder’s home!”

In the case of George D. Prentice, we see the phenomenon of the Poet, the Philosopher and the Politician swallowed up by the quaint and laughable Gargantua of the Wit. Falstaff-like, he is not only witty in himself, “but the cause that wit is in other men.” So popular is he as a paragraphist that a volume of his “wit and wisdom” has been widely circulated.*

The many-sided mind that made the masterly editor and politician, has given to Mr. Prentice that universality of genius that can alone constitute the truly great poet—the possession of that common sense which corrects the erratic caprices of genius, and gives its true weight and value to every subject and idea. Such is the kaleidoscopic nature of the brain of George D. Prentice. His pathos is counterbalanced by his humor; his sublimity is matched by his wit; the keen subtlety of his sarcasm finds its counterpoise in that overwelling fountain of sentiment, in whose translucent depths gems of beauty dance forever. No proposition is too broad for his comprehension, no abstraction too evasive, no flower of fancy too delicate, and no microcosm too minute for his inspection. In wit, he catches the joke in the very seed, as it were, before it blossoms into a laugh. He marks a jest *ab ovo*, before its head is fairly out of the shell, and you never fear for your pun or point. Whether you wander off into the fairy realm of Romance with him, and walk the Valhalla galleries of ideal temples and castles, or pensively meditate under green, summer boughs, by a blue and idle brook, he is equally genial.

Mr. Prentice, by private correspondence and by timely notices in his *Journal*, has caused many a blossom of poetry to blow in hearts that otherwise might only have worn a purple crown of thistles. Many will be able to say of him in after-time, what one gifted *protégé* in song of his has so sweetly sung, the lamented “Amelia:”

The bright rose, when faded,
Flings forth o’er its tomb
Its velvet leaves, laded
With silent perfume.
Thus round me will hover,
In grief or in glee,
Till life’s dream be over,
Sweet memories of thee.

Mr. Prentice married a daughter of Joseph Benham, of Cincinnati, one of the brightest ornaments of the Ohio bar. Mrs. Prentice inherited her father’s talent, and is a brilliant and accomplished woman.

Finally, bold, vindictive and scathing politician that Mr. Prentice is in public, modesty, humility and kindness cluster about him in private life; and where the tendrils of his friendship attach themselves, no storm of passion or winter of adversity ever weakens their hold.

*Prenticeana, or Wit and Humor in Paragraphs. Derby & Jackson, New York, 1859. 12mo, pp. 806.

THE DEAD MARINER.

SLEEP on, sleep on! above thy corse
 The winds their Sabbath keep;
 The waves are round thee, and thy breast
 Heaves with the heaving deep.
 O'er thee mild eve her beauty flings,
 And there the white gull lifts her wings;
 And the blue halcyon loves to lave
 Her plumage in the deep, blue wave.

Sleep on; no willow o'er thee bends
 With melancholy air,
 No violet springs, nor dewy rose
 Its soul of love lays bare;
 But there the sea-flower, bright and young,
 Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung;
 And, like a weeping mourner fair,
 The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on, sleep on; the glittering depths
 Of ocean's coral caves
 Are thy bright urn—thy requiem
 The music of its waves;
 The purple gems forever burn
 In fadeless beauty round thy urn;
 And pure and deep as infant love,
 The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on, sleep on; the fearful wrath
 Of mingling cloud and deep
 May leave its wild and stormy track
 Above thy place of sleep;
 But, when the wave has sunk to rest,
 As now, 't will murmur o'er thy breast;
 And the bright victims of the sea
 Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on; thy corse is far away,
 But love bewails thee yet;
 For thee the heart-wrung sigh is breathed,
 And lovely eyes are wet;
 And she, thy young and beauteous bride,
 Her thoughts are hovering by thy side,
 As oft she turns to view, with tears,
 The Eden of departed years.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

NIGHT steals upon the world; the shades
 With silent flight, are sweeping down
 To steep, as day's last glory fades,
 In tints of blue the landscape brown;
 The wave breaks not; deep slumber holds
 The dewy leaves; the night-wind folds
 Her melancholy wing; and sleep
 Is forth upon the pulseless deep.

The willows, mid the silent rocks,
 Are brooding o'er the waters mild,
 Like a fond mother's pendent locks
 Hung sweetly o'er her sleeping child;
 The flowers that fringe the purple stream,
 Are sinking to their evening dream;
 And earth appears a lovely spot,
 Where sorrow's voice awakens not.

But see! such pure, such beautiful,
 And burning scenes awake to birth
 In yon bright depths, they render dull
 The loveliest tents that mantle earth!
 The heavens are rolling blue and fair,
 And the soft night-gems clustering there
 Seem, as on high they breathe and burn,
 Bright blossoms o'er day's shadowy urn.

At this still hour, when starry songs
 Are floating through night's glowing
 noon,
 How sweet to view those radiant throngs
 Glitter around the throne of June!
 To see them in their watch of love,
 Gaze from the holy heavens above,
 And in their robes of brightness roam
 Like angels o'er the eternal dome!

Their light is on the ocean isles,
 'Tis trembling on the mountain stream;
 And the far hills, beneath their smiles,
 Seem creatures of a blessed dream!
 Upon the deep their glory lies,
 As if untreasured from the skies,

And comes soft flashing from its waves,
Like sea-gems from their sparry caves!

* * * * *

Why gaze I thus! 'tis worse than vain!

'Twas here I gazed in years gone by,
Ere life's cold winds had breathed one
stain

On Fancy's rich and mellow sky.
I feel, I feel those early years
Deep thrilling through the fount of tears,
And hurrying brightly, wildly back
O'er Memory's deep and burning track!

'Twas here I gazed! The night-bird still
Pours its sweet song; the starlight beams
Still tinge the flower and forest hill;
And music gushes from the streams;
But I am changed! I feel no more
The sinless joys that charmed before;
And the dear years, so far departed,
Come but to "mock the broken-hearted!"

THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

GONE! gone forever!—like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being—and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.

The gay Spring,
With its young charms, has gone—gone
with its leaves—

Its atmosphere of roses—its white clouds
Slumbering like seraphs in the air—its birds
Telling their loves in music—and its streams
Leaping and shouting from the up-piled
rocks

To make earth echo with the joy of waves.
And Summer, with its dews and showers,
has gone—

Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud
Like Spirits of the Storm—its peaceful
lakes

Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their
dreams

Were of the opening flowers and budding
trees

And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
Resting upon the mountain-tops, as crowns
Upon the heads of giants. Autumn too
Has gone, with all its deeper glories—gone
With its green hills like altars of the world
Lifting their rich fruit-offerings to their
God—

Its cool winds straying mid the forest aisles
To wake their thousand wind-harps—its
serene

And holy sunsets hanging o'er the West
Like banners from the battlements of
Heaven—

And its still evenings, when the moonlit
sea

Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
Of the great Universe. Ay—these are now
But sounds and visions of the past—their
deep,

Wild beauty has departed from the Earth,
And they are gathered to the embrace of
Death,

Their solemn herald to Eternity.

Nor have they gone alone. High human
hearts

Of Passion have gone with them. The
fresh dust

Is chill on many a breast, that burned
erewhile

With fires that seemed immortal. Joys,
that leaped

Like angels from the heart, and wandered
free

In life's young morn to look upon the flowers,
The poetry of nature, and to list

The woven sounds of breeze, and bird, and
stream,

Upon the night-air, have been stricken down
In silence to the dust. Exultant Hope,
That roved forever on the buoyant winds
Like the bright, starry bird of Paradise,

And chanted to the ever-listening heart
 In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
 Or soared into the open sky, until
 Night's burning gems seemed jeweled on
 her brow,
 Has shut her drooping wing, and made her
 home
 Within the voiceless sepulcher. And Love,
 That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine, and
 gazed
 On his heart's idol as on some sweet star,
 Whose purity and distance make it dear,
 And dreamed of ecstasies, until his soul
 Seemed but a lyre, that wakened in the
 glance
 Of the beloved one—he too has gone
 To his eternal resting-place. And where
 Is stern Ambition—he who madly grasped
 At Glory's fleeting phantom—he who
 sought
 His fame upon the battle-field, and longed
 To make his throne a pyramid of bones
 Amid the sea of blood? He too has gone!
 His stormy voice is mute—his mighty
 arm
 Is nerveless on its clod—his very name
 Is but a meteor of the night of years
 Whose gleams flashed out a moment o'er
 the Earth,
 And faded into nothingness. The dream
 Of high devotion—beauty's bright array—
 And life's deep idol memories—all have
 passed
 Like the cloud-shadows on a starlight
 stream,
 Or a soft strain of music, when the winds
 Are slumbering on the billow.

Yet, why muse
 Upon the past with sorrow? Though the
 year
 Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
 Of old Eternity, and borne along
 Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
 Of glory and of beauty—yet, why mourn
 That such is destiny? Another year

Succeedeth to the past—in their bright
 round
 The seasons come and go—the same blue
 arch,
 That hath hung o'er us, will hang o'er us
 yet—
 The same pure stars that we have lov'd to
 watch,
 Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour
 Like lilies on the tomb of Day—and still
 Man will remain, to dream as he hath
 dreamed,
 And mark the earth with passion. Love
 will spring
 From the lone tomb of old Affections—
 Hope
 And Joy and great Ambition, will rise up
 As they have risen—and their deeds will be
 Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
 Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
 Of coming years, beneath whose mighty
 waves
 Life's great events are heaving into birth,
 Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
 Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless
 depths
 And struggling to be free.

Weep not, that Time
 Is passing on—it will ere long reveal
 A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
 Along the vales and mountains of the earth
 There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
 Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
 Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
 When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous
 wing,
 Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing
 winds,
 And hurries onward with his night of clouds
 Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the
 voice
 Of infant Freedom—and her stirring call
 Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
 From every hill-top of her western home—
 And lo—it breaks across old Ocean's flood—

And "Freedom! Freedom!" is the answering shout
 Of nations starting from the spell of years.
 The day-spring!—see—'tis brightening in
 the heavens!
 The watchmen of the night have caught
 the sign—
 From tower to tower the signal-fires flash
 free—
 And the deep watch-word, like the rush of
 seas
 That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
 Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years
 of hope
 And life are on the wing!—Yon glorious bow
 Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,
 Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high
 Arch,
 A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
 Tells, that the many storms of human life
 Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
 Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
 Reflect the undimmed brightness of the
 Heavens.

THE STARS.

Those burning stars! what are they? I
 have dreamed
 That they were blossoms on the tree of life,
 Or glory flung back from the outspread
 wings
 Of God's Archangels; or that yon blue
 skies,
 With all their gorgeous blazonry of gems,
 Were a bright banner waving o'er the earth
 From the far wall of heaven! And I have
 sat
 And drank their gushing glory, till I felt
 Their flash electric trembling with the deep
 And strong vibration down the living wire
 Of chainless passion; and my every pulse

Was beating high, as if a spring were
 there
 To buoy me up, where I might ever
 roam
 Mid the unfathomed vastness of the sky,
 And dwell with those bright stars, and see
 their light
 Poured down upon the earth like dew
 From the bright urns of Naiads!
 Beautiful stars!
 What are ye? There is in my heart of
 hearts
 A fount that heaves beneath you, like the
 deep
 Beneath the glories of the midnight moon!
 And list—your Eden-tones are floating now
 Around me like an element—so slow,
 So mildly beautiful, I almost deem
 That ye are there, the living harps of God,
 O'er which the incense-winds of Eden
 stray,
 And wake such tones of mystic minstrelsy
 As well might wander down to this dim
 world
 To fashion dreams of heaven! Peal on—
 peal on—
 Nature's high anthem! for my life has
 caught
 A portion of your purity and power,
 And seems but as a sweet and glorious tone
 Of wild star-music!
 Blessed, blessed things!
 Ye are in heaven, and I on earth. My
 soul,
 Even with a whirlwind's rush, can wander
 off
 To your immortal realms, but it must fall,
 Like your own ancient Pleiad, from its
 height,
 To dim its new-caught glories in the dust!
 This earth is very beautiful. I love
 Its wilderness of flowers, its bright clouds,
 The majesty of mountains, and the dread
 Magnificence of ocean—for they come
 Like visions on my heart; but when I
 look

On your unfading loveliness, I feel
 Like a lost infant gazing on its home,
 And weep to die, and come where ye repose
 Upon yon boundless heaven, like parted
 souls
 On an eternity of blessedness.

SABBATH EVENING.

How calmly sinks the parting sun !
 Yet twilight lingers still;
 And beautiful as dreams of heaven
 It slumbers on the hill;
 Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things,
 Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
 And, rendering back the hues above,
 Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks, the forest-trees
 In shadowy groups recline,
 Like saints at evening bowed in prayer
 Around their holy shrine;
 And through their leaves the night-winds
 blow,

So calm and still, their music low
 Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
 Soft echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,
 Retiring from the sky,
 So calmly move, so softly glow,
 They seem to Fancy's eye
 Bright creatures of a better sphere,
 Come down at noon to worship here,
 And from their sacrifice of love,
 Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
 The night-arch floating high,
 The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
 The bright streams leaping by,
 Are living with religion—deep
 On earth and sea its glories sleep,

And mingle with the starlight rays,
 Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
 Comes through the silent air
 To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
 A gush of music there !
 And the far depths of ether beam
 So passing fair, we almost dream
 That we can rise, and wander through
 Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
 Each pulse is beating wild;
 And thought is soaring to the shrine
 Of glory undefiled !
 And holy aspirations start,
 Like blessed angels, from the heart,
 And bind—for earth's dark ties are
 riven—
 Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

THE trembling dew-drops fall
 Upon the shutting flowers; like souls at rest
 The stars shine gloriously: and all
 Save me, are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave !
 The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
 Waves o'er thy head; when shall it wave
 Above thy child !

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
 Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow;
 Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust
 Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die :
 To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams:
 By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
 And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears?

Ay, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Oft, from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In Memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale,
Bows, like a mourner, on the dim, blue wave,
I stray to hear the night-winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come, while here I press
My brow upon thy grave; and, in those mild
And thrilling notes of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child;
And o'er thine urn—Religion's holiest
shrine—
Oh, give his spirit, undefiled,
To blend with thine.

TO MARY.

It is my love's last lay!—and soon
Its echoes will have died,
And thou wilt list its low, wild tones
No more, pale victim-bride!

I would not, lovely one, that thou
Shouldst wrong the heart that deems thee
now

Its glory and its pride;
I would not thou shouldst dim with tears
The vision of its better years.

And yet I love thee! Memory's voice
Comes o'er me, like the tone
Of blossoms, when their dewy leaves
In autumn's night-winds moan.
I love thee still! That look of thine
Deep in my spirit has its shrine,
And beautiful and lone;
And there it glows—that holy form—
The rainbow of life's evening storm.

And, dear one, when I gaze on thee,
So pallid, sweet, and frail,
And muse upon thy cheek, I well
Can read its mournful tale;
I know the dew of memory oft
Are falling, beautiful and soft,
Upon love's blossoms pale;
I know that tears thou fain wouldst hide
Are on thy lids, sweet victim-bride.

I, too, have wept. Yon moon's pale light
Has round my pillow strayed,
While I was mourning o'er the dreams
That blossomed but to fade.
The memory of each holy eve,
To which our burning spirits cleave,
Seems like some star's sweet shade,
That once shone bright and pure on high,
But now has parted from the sky.

Immortal visions of the heart!
Again, again farewell!
I will not listen to the tones
That in wild music swell
From the dim past. Those tones now fade
And leave me nothing but the shade,
The cypress, and the knell!
Adieu—adieu! My task is done;
And now, God bless thee, gentle one!

MAMMOTH CAVE.

ALL day, as day is reckoned on the
earth,
I've wandered in these dim and awful
aisles,
Shut from the blue and breezy dome of
heaven,
While thoughts, wild, drear, and shadowy,
have swept
Across my awe-struck soul, like specters
o'er
The wizard's magic glass, or thunder-
clouds
O'er the blue waters of the deep. And
now
I'll sit me down upon yon broken rock
To muse upon the strange and solemn
things
Of this mysterious realm.

All day my steps

Have been amid the beautiful, the wild,
The gloomy, the terrific. Crystal founts
Almost invisible in their serene
And pure transparency—high, pillar'd
domes
With stars and flowers all fretted like the
halls
Of Oriental monarchs—rivers dark
And drear and voiceless as oblivion's
stream,
That flows through Death's dim vale of si-
lence—gulfs
All fathomless, down which the loosened
rock
Plunges until its far-off echoes come
Fainter and fainter like the dying roll
Of thunders in the distance—Stygian pools
Whose agitated waves give back a sound
Hollow and dismal; like the sullen roar
In the volcano's depths—these, these have
left
Their spell upon me, and their memories
Have passed into my spirit, and are now
Blent with my being till they seem a part
Of my own immortality.

God's hand,

At the creation, hollowed out this vast
Domain of darkness, where no herb nor
flower
E'er sprang amid the sands, nor dews nor
rains,
Nor blessed sunbeams fell with freshening
power,
Nor gentle breeze its Eden message told
Amid the dreadful gloom. Six thousand
years
Swept o'er the earth ere human footprints
marked
This subterranean desert. Centuries
Like shadows came and passed, and not a
sound
Was in this realm, save when at intervals,
In the long lapse of ages, some huge mass
Of overhanging rock fell thundering down,
Its echoes sounding through these corridors
A moment, and then dying in a hush
Of silence, such as brooded o'er the earth
When earth was chaos. The great Mas-
todon,
The dreaded monster of the elder world,
Passed o'er this mighty cavern, and his
tread
Bent the old forest oaks like fragile reeds
And made earth tremble; armies in their
pride
Perchance have met above it in the shock
Of war with shout and groan, and clarion
blast,
And the hoarse echoes of the thunder
gun;
The storm, the whirlwind, and the hurri-
cane
Have roared above it, and the bursting
cloud
Sent down its red and crashing thunder-
bolt;
Earthquakes have trampled o'er it in their
wrath,
Rocking earth's surface as the storm-wind
rocks
The old Atlantic; yet no sound of these

E'er came down to the everlasting depths
Of these dark solitudes.

How oft we gaze
With awe or admiration on the new
And unfamiliar, but pass coldly by
The lovelier and the mightier! Wonder-
ful

Is this lone world of darkness and of gloom,
But far more wonderful yon outer world
Lit by the glorious sun. These arches
swell

Sublime in lone and dim magnificence.
But how sublimer God's blue canopy
Beleaguered with his burning cherubim
Keeping their watch eternal! Beautiful
Are all the thousand snow-white gems that
lie

In these mysterious chambers, gleaming out
Amid the melancholy gloom, and wild
These rocky hills and cliffs, and gulfs, but
far

More beautiful and wild the things that
greet

The wanderer in our world of light—the
stars

Floating on high like islands of the blest—
The autumn sunsets glowing like the gate
Of far-off Paradise; the gorgeous clouds
On which the glories of the earth and sky
Meet and commingle; earth's unnumbered
flowers

All turning up their gentle eyes to heaven;
The birds, with bright wings glancing in
the sun,

Filling the air with rainbow miniatures;
The green old forests surging in the gale;
The everlasting mountains, on whose peaks
The setting sun burns like an altar-flame;
And ocean, like a pure heart rendering back
Heaven's perfect image, or in his wild wrath
Heaving and tossing like the stormy breast
Of a chained giant in his agony.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.*

'Tis Morn:—the sea breeze seems to bring
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew,
And perfumes rise from every grove,
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear,—
But I am sad—thou art not here!

'Tis Noon:—a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over wood and stream,
And many a broad magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower,
Is gleaming like a lovely star,—
But I am sad—thou art afar!

'Tis Eve:—on earth the sunset skies
Are painting their own Eden dyes;
The stars come down and trembling glow,
Like blossoms on the waves below,
And like an unseen sprite, the breeze
Seems lingering 'midst these orange-trees,
Breathing its music round the spot,—
But I am sad—I see thee not!

'Tis Midnight:—with a soothing spell
The far-off tones of ocean swell—
Soft as a mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child;
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking-bird,
In many a wild and wondrous lay,—
But I am sad—thou art away!

I sink in dreams:—low, sweet, and clear,
Thy own dear voice is in my ear:—
Around my cheek thy tresses twine—
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine—
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed—
Thy head is pillowed on my breast;
Oh, I have all my heart holds dear,
And I am happy—thou art here!

* Written at Biloxi.

TO A POETESS.

I too would kneel before thy shrine,
 Young minstrel of the Eden-lyre,
 For oh! to me each word of thine
 Seems radiant with a soul of fire.

I love to watch thy fancy's wing
 Upon the breath of beauty rise,
 And, bathed in glory's sunbeams spring
 To hail the poet's paradise.

My heart is bowed, in silence bowed,
 Before thy spirit's burning gleams,
 As on my view in glory crowd
 The visions of thy sun-bright dreams.

Full oft, as passion wakes thy lyre,
 I listen to its music sweet,
 Till every thought is touched with fire,
 And heart and pulse in wildness beat.

All nature seems more beautiful,
 As pictured in thy song—her bowers
 With gentler sounds the spirit lull,
 And winds go lightlier o'er the flowers.

The spirit of the evening fills
 The shutting rose with softer dew,
 A brighter dream is on the hills,
 And on the waves a deeper blue.

With lovelier hue at twilight hour,
 The banner of the sunset gleams,
 And gentle birds and gentle flowers
 Sink softer to their blessed dreams.

The rainbow o'er the evening sky
 With brighter, loftier arch is thrown,
 And the lone sea-shell's mournful sigh
 Is swelling in a wilder tone.

The music-voice of childhood flows
 More ringingly upon the air,

And with a heavenlier fervor glows
 The eloquence of praise and prayer.

The lost ones that we loved so well,
 Come back to our deserted bowers ;
 Upon the breeze their voices swell,
 And their dear hands are clasped in ours.

Thy genius wanders wild and free
 'Mid all things beautiful and bless'd,
 For the young heart is like the sea,
 That wears heaven's picture on its breast.

And as thy muse her soul of fire
 In high and glorious song is breathing,
 Thy hand around thy country's lyre
 A deathless coronal is wreathing.

A WISH.

IN Southern seas, there is an isle,
 Where earth and sky forever smile ;
 Where storms cast not their somber hue
 Upon the welkin's holy blue ;
 Where clouds of blessed incense rise
 From myriad flowers of myriad dyes,
 And strange bright birds glance through
 the bowers,
 Like mingled stars or mingled flowers.

Oh, dear one, would it were our lot
 To dwell upon that lovely spot,
 To stray through woods with blossoms
 starred,
 Bright as the dreams of seer or bard,
 To hear each other's whispered words
 'Mid the wild notes of tropic birds,
 And deem our lives in those bright bowers
 One glorious dream of love and flowers.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

WILLIAM DAVIS GALLAGHER was born in Philadelphia, August, 1808. His father was an Irishman, who emigrated from his native country because he had been a participant in the rebellion, on account of which Robert Emmett was a martyr. His mother was a daughter of one of the band of "Jersey Blues," distinguished in the War for American Independence. In 1816, Mrs. Gallagher, then a widow, removed, with four sons, of whom William was the third, from Philadelphia to Cincinnati. He was put on a farm, where he worked three years, attending a district school three months each winter. He was comparatively an industrious pupil, but was known as a boy who loved to hold communion with trees, rocks, flowers, and brooks, better than to con lessons or recite tasks in the school-room. In 1821, William was apprenticed to a printer in Cincinnati. He was distinguished among his companions as a student of literature, and in 1824, while yet an apprentice, published for several months a small literary paper, the contents of which were chiefly from his pen. He became then a constant contributor to several journals, writing essays and poems over various pseudonyms. In 1827, Mr. Gallagher and Otway Curry—as "Roderick" and "Abdallah"—maintained a friendly rivalry in the columns of the *Cincinnati Chronicle* and *Cincinnati Sentinel*, which was the occasion of much inquiry and many false charges of authorship.

Mr. Gallagher was not known as a writer till 1828, when, during a journey through Kentucky and Mississippi, he wrote a series of popular letters, which were published in the *Cincinnati Saturday Evening Chronicle*. Two years later he became the editor of the *Backwoodsman*, published at Xenia, Ohio, a vigorous advocate of Henry Clay as a candidate for President of the United States. Literature was, however, more congenial than politics; and when, in 1831, John H. Wood, at that time a bookseller in Cincinnati, projected a literary periodical, and invited Mr. Gallagher to take the editorial charge of it, the invitation was promptly accepted. As soon as the necessary arrangements were completed, the *Cincinnati Mirror*, the fourth literary paper published west of the Alleghany Mountains, made its appearance. It was in its externals superior to any previous periodical of that city. It was a small quarto of eight pages, printed semi-monthly on fine paper with beautiful type. In all its departments the most scrupulous order and propriety were observed. The *Mirror* acquired a high reputation, and its circulation in the Mississippi Valley was, for the period in which it flourished, very extensive. At the beginning of the third year, Mr. Gallagher was joined in the enterprise by Thos. H. Shreve, and the proprietorship as well as the editorship of the paper passed into the hands of these friends.

The first number of the *Mirror*, enlarged and changed to a weekly, was issued by "Shreve & Gallagher," in November, 1833. The new proprietors, young and full of hope, went to work industriously to build up a lofty reputation for their paper. It is true that the "patronage" given to the *Mirror* at first, was wholly inadequate to its support; but the editors trusted that a quick-coming future would amply remunerate them for their outlay of money and labor. Each week brought considerable accessions to their list of subscribers. Midnight often found the publishers busily engaged, getting off their paper to its subscribers, who were enjoying comfortable slumbers, and not dreaming of paying the printer. But they labored in hope, and thus buoyed up they continued to work manfully with both heads and hands, firm in the faith that money and reputation would come. At the expiration of the first year they found themselves largely out of pocket; but with subscription lists on which were the names of persons in various States of the Confederacy, they entered on the second year with flattering prospects. In April, 1835, the *Chronicle*, edited at that time by James H. Perkins, was purchased by him and merged into the *Mirror*, which was thenceforth published by T. H. Shreve & Co., and edited by Gallagher, Shreve and Perkins. It was continued by them until the close of the year, when, from ill health and other considerations, they saw fit to accept an offer for the concern, and sold it to James B. Marshall, who changed the name of the paper to *The Buckeye*. Mr. M. edited and published it for three months, and then disposed of it to Flash, Ryder & Co., who kept a bookstore on Third street, which was then a place of resort for the literati of the Queen City. The new proprietors secured the services of Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shreve as editors, and changed the name of the paper back to that of the *Cincinnati Mirror*. It was not long before, owing to some disagreement between the editors and proprietors, touching the conduct of the paper, the former vacated their places. They were succeeded by J. Reese Fry, who conducted the *Mirror* for a few months, when it was abandoned.

In June, 1836, Mr. Gallagher became the editor of the *Western Literary Journal and Monthly Review*—Smith and Day publishers. It was a handsomely printed magazine of forty-eight pages. The publishers were enterprising—the editor had experience—the chief writers of the West sent him articles, but the fates were against success, and, in 1837, the *Literary Journal* was discontinued.

In the early part of 1835, Mr. Gallagher published "Erato No. I."—a duodecimo pamphlet of thirty-six pages. It was dedicated to Timothy Flint, and bore the imprint of Alexander Flash. The chief poem was entitled "The Penitent, a Metrical Tale." Among the minor poems were "The Wreck of the Hornet" (the first poem from Mr. Gallagher's pen which attracted general public attention), "Eve's Banishment," and "To my Mother." A flattering reception was given "Erato," and in August, 1835, Mr. Gallagher made a second selection from the contents of his literary wallet, and "Erato No. II.," containing sixty pages, was published by Mr. Flash. The principal poem was "The Conqueror, a Vision." Among the poems in "Erato No. II.," which have come down to the present generation, were "August," and "The Mountain Paths." "Erato No. III.," containing sixty pages, though published by Alexander

Flash at Cincinnati, was printed at the *City Gazette* office, Louisville, Kentucky, in May, 1837. In the preface, Mr. Gallagher said:

This volume contains as its leading piece "Cadwallen, a Tale of the Dark and Bloody Ground," and closes the series. With it terminates, likewise, at least for a time, the writer's career as an aspirant for poetic honors. If his trifles are to be remembered a little while, there are already enough of them; if they are to be forgotten at once, too many. Poesy has been solely a matter of love with him, and he conceives that he has done quite enough to determine whether he has "loved wisely."

"May" and "The Mothers of the West" were among the miscellaneous poems of "Erato No. III." It was very favorably received. Its author, by good authority, East as well as West, was well assured that he had "loved wisely;" but literary labors, however industriously pursued, were not remunerative in Ohio in 1837, and Mr. Gallagher adhered to his resolution to abandon poetic labors, "at least for a time." Soon after the publication of "Erato No. III.," he became associated with his brother John M., in the management of the *Ohio State Journal*, a daily Whig paper at Columbus. Though busily occupied in that capacity, and at the same time legislative correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, he engaged, soon after his removal to Columbus, with Otway Curry in the publication of a magazine, entitled *The Hesperian, a Monthly Miscellany of General Literature*. The first number appeared in May, 1838. Three volumes at \$2.50 a volume, running through a period of eighteen months, were published; the second and third volumes Mr. Gallagher conducted alone. The *Hesperian* was valued highly for its critical and historical articles, mainly written by the editor, and for its poetic and novelette departments, which were filled with original contributions from writers who have now national reputations; among whom may be mentioned Otway Curry, Frederick W. Thomas, S. P. Hildreth, George D. Prentice, Laura M. Thurston, Amelia B. Welby, James W. Ward, Julia L. Dumont, Thomas H. Shreve, James H. Perkins, and Daniel Drake. The subscription list was larger than had been secured by any of its predecessors, but not enough to support it; and again Mr. Gallagher was led from the pursuit of literature to the record and discussion of political doctrines and movements. He was invited by Charles Hammond to assist him in the editing of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, the oldest, most successful, and then ablest daily paper in the West. He became an editor of the *Gazette* in the latter part of the year 1839, and continued to give character to its literary departments, and to efficiently assist in its political conduct (with the exception of one year, when he conducted a penny daily paper called *The Message*) till 1850. In 1839, the Western College of Teachers passed a resolution of thanks to Mr. Gallagher for his earnest advocacy, as an editor, of popular education. In 1841, he edited a volume entitled "The Poetical Literature of the West"—containing selections from the writings of all the poets then generally known in the Mississippi Valley. It was a duodecimo of two hundred and sixty-four pages. U. P. James, a gentleman who has done much to encourage Western Literature, was the publisher. Thirty-eight writers were represented—several of whom, though worthy of more respect, are known now as poets chiefly because their metrical compositions

were then rescued from the obscurity of suspended newspapers and magazines, in which their paternity had never been acknowledged. In 1842, Mr. Gallagher was nominated by the Whigs of Hamilton county, Ohio, as a candidate for the Legislature, but declined to run. In 1849, he was the President of the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society, and delivered the Annual Address on the "Progress and Resources of the North-West"—a discourse which is valuable to every student of Western history.

In the year 1850, while one of the editors of the *Daily Cincinnati Gazette*, Mr. Gallagher proceeded to Washington, at the special invitation of Thomas Corwin, and took a confidential position under that gentleman in the Treasury Department. A continuous connection with the Western newspaper and periodical press, of full twenty years in extent, was then severed; and although Mr. Gallagher remained in Washington City less than three years, and then returned to the West, it has not since been resumed, except for a short period in 1854, when he was one of the editors and proprietors of the *Louisville Courier*.

A few months after resuming his residence in the West, Mr. Gallagher moved upon a handsome farm which he had purchased in Kentucky, about sixteen miles from the city of Louisville, on the Louisville and Lexington Railroad; and there, during the last five or six years, his time has been zealously devoted to agricultural and horticultural pursuits—pursuits that were the delight of his early life, and are now the solace and pride of his mature years.

While thus engaged, Mr. Gallagher's pen has not been idle. Several of the highest prizes in agricultural literature, we notice by the official reports, have recently fallen to his share, one of which was awarded for an elaborate essay on the interesting and congenial subject of "Fruit Culture in the Ohio Valley." He has, within the same time, written extensively for agricultural papers, and is now a regularly engaged contributor for two journals of that class. He has also projected several works connected with History, Biography, and Progress in the West, and is collecting materials for "A Social and Statistical View of the Mississippi Valley," from the period of its first settlement to the present day. This will be a large and comprehensive volume, and is designed for publication immediately after the completion of the national census for the year 1860.

During his residence in Washington, Mr. Gallagher's time was too much taken up with the duties of his position for the frequent indulgence of his literary tastes. The poem entitled "Noctes Divinorum," is the only production of that period of which we have any knowledge. It was almost an improvisation, on Pennsylvania Avenue, transferred to paper immediately after witnessing one of those scenes of sin and suffering which are becoming nearly as common in the larger cities of the United States as in the corrupt capitals of Europe.

Since his return to the West, at the close of the year 1852, Mr. Gallagher has published but little in the department of Belles-Lettres proper. Preserving an almost unbroken silence, through a long self-imposed seclusion, his name has died into an

echo, or become a rare sound in the homes where it was once "familiar as a household word." But, though studiously declining all proffers of engagements in the special department of literature mentioned, Mr. Gallagher has not turned his face from the deep fountains and the babbling brooks of Song. He has been dividing such leisure as he could find amid his other pursuits, between a deliberate and severe revision of what he has already written, and the completion of "Miami Woods"—a poem of considerable compass, in which his poetical fame, whatever it may be, will probably culminate. This work of revision and completion, we understand, is now ended: but when we are to look for the "forthcoming volume," which has been partially promised every year for the last five, we have not the faintest idea.

"Miami Woods" was begun in 1839, and finished in 1857. Any thing more than this, except that it measures the heart-beats of the author through the intervening years, and sings

"A solitary sorrow, antheming
A lonely grief,"

has not been made known of it. From the introductory part, an extract was printed in the "Selections from the Poetical Literature of the West." This has been often republished, in different shapes, as one of the most characteristic specimens of the author's writings.

The present may be a proper time and place to correct an error that has crept into most of the "Collections" and "Cyclopedias" that have set forth the achievements of American writers. Mr. Gallagher is represented to have published a collection of his poems in the year 1846. This is a mistake, founded perhaps on one of his unredeemed promises.

As an editor, Mr. Gallagher was distinguished for zeal in the encouragement of local literary talent, and for earnest advocacy of the cause of popular education, and of the temperance and other moral reforms, as well as for vigorous labors designed to preserve the fading records of the early history of the Ohio Valley, and to make known its capacities and the opportunities it afforded immigrants. His earlier poems are memorable for a graphic power, by which the rivers and valleys of the West, the perils of the pioneers and the trials of the early settlers are described; his later ones are pervaded with an earnest humanitarian spirit, which has won for several of them as wide a circulation as the American periodical press can give, and has secured their publication in nearly all the common school readers that have been published during the last ten years.

Mr. Gallagher was married to Miss Adamson of Cincinnati, in 1831, and is the father of nine children, of whom one boy and four girls are living.

The poem, hereafter quoted, entitled "My Fiftieth Year," was contributed in manuscript for this volume. It shows that the spirit and expression of poetry, which won its author warm admirers thirty years ago, matured and richly cultivated, are at his command now.

AUTUMN IN THE WEST.*

THE Autumn time is with us!—Its approach
 Was heralded, not many days ago,
 By hazy skies, that veil'd the brazen sun,
 And sea-like murmurs from the rustling
 corn,
 And low-voiced brooks that wandered drowsily
 By pendent clusters of empurpling grapes,
 Swinging upon the vine. And now, 'tis
 here!
 And what a change hath pass'd upon the
 face
 Of Nature, where the waving forest spreads,
 Then robed in deepest green! All through
 the night
 The subtle frost hath plied its mystic art;
 And in the day the golden sun hath
 wrought
 True wonders; and the winds of morn and
 even
 Have touched with magic breath the chang-
 ing leaves.
 And now, as wanders the dilating eye
 Across the varied landscape, circling far,
 What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what
 pomp
 Of colors, bursts upon the ravish'd sight!
 Here, where the maple rears its yellow
 crest,
 A golden glory; yonder where the oak
 Stands monarch of the forest, and the ash
 Is girt with flame-like parasite, and broad
 The dogwood spreads beneath, a rolling
 flood
 Of deepest crimson; and afar where looms
 The gnarled gum, a cloud of bloodiest red!
 * * * * * *

High o'erhead,
 Seeking the sedgy brinks of still lagoons
 That bask in Southern suns the winter thro',

Sails tireless the unerring water-fowl,
 Screaming among the cloud-racks. Oft
 from where,
 In bushy covert hid, the partridge stands,
 Bursts suddenly the whistle, clear and
 loud,
 Far echoing through the dim wood's fret-
 ted aisles.
 Deep murmurs from the trees, bending
 with brown
 And ripened mast, are interrupted now
 By sounds of dropping nuts; and warily
 The turkey from the thicket comes, and
 swift
 As flies an arrow darts the pheasant
 down,
 To batten on the autumn; and the air,
 At times, is darkened by a sudden rush
 Of myriad wings, as the wild-pigeon leads
 His squadrons to the banquet. Far away,
 Where the pawpaw its mellow fruitage
 yields,
 And thick, dark clusters of the wild grape
 hang,
 The merry laugh of childhood, and the
 shout
 Of truant school-boy, ring upon the air.
 * * * * * *

End of the vernal year!—The flower
 hath closed
 And cast its petals, and the naked stalk
 Stands shriveling in the frost; the feath-
 ered grass
 Is heavy in the head; the painted leaf
 Flies twittering on the wind; and to the
 earth
 Falls the brown nut, with melancholy
 sound.
 Yet the low, moaning autumn wind, that
 sweeps
 The seeded grass and lately-blossoming
 flower,
 Bears the light germs of future life away,
 And sows them by the gliding rivulet,
 And o'er the plain, and on the mountain
 side,

*From "Miami Woods."

To clothe anew the earth, when comes
again

The quickening breath of spring. And
on the place

Where fall the ripened nuts, the frosty
night

Will heap the stricken leaves; and thence
shall spring,

In many an after-age, another growth
Of stately trees, when those around me
now,

Fallen with eld, shall moulder, and enrich
The ground that now sustains their lofty
pride.

Changing, forever changing! So depart
The glories of the old majestic wood;
So pass the pride and garniture of fields,
The growth of ages, and the bloom of
days,

Into the dust of centuries; and so
Are both renewed. The scattered tribes
of men,

The generations of the populous earth,
All have their seasons too. And jocund
youth

Is the green spring-time—manhood's lusty
strength

Is the maturing summer—hoary age
Types well the autumn of the year—and
death

Is the real winter, which forecloses all.
And shall the forests have another Spring,
And shall the fields another garland
wear,

And shall the worm come forth, renewed
in life,

And clothed upon with beauty, and not
man?

No!—in the Book before me now, I read
Another language, and my faith is sure,
That though the chains of death may hold
it long,

This mortal will o'ermaster them, and
break

Away, and put on immortality.

AUGUST.

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!

A tarnish, as of rust,

Dims thy late-brilliant sheen:

And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and
flower—

Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun

Looked on with hot, and fierce, and brassy
face:

And still and lazily run,

Scarce whispering in their pace,

The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long mid-day—

With not so much of sweet air as hath
stirr'd

The down upon the spray,

Where rests the panting bird,

Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
With fitful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air,

And gossamer web-work on the sleeping
trees!

E'en the tall pines, that rear

Their plumes to catch the breeze,

The slightest breeze from the unfreshen-
ing west,

Partake the general languor, and deep rest.

Happy, as man may be,

Stretch'd on his back, in homely bean-vine
bower,

While the voluptuous bee

Robs each surrounding flower,

And prattling childhood clammers o'er his
breast,

The husbandman enjoys his noonday rest.

Against the hazy sky

The thin and fleecy clouds, unmoving, rest.

Beneath them far, yet high

In the dim, distant west,
The vulture, scenting thence its carrion-
fare,
Sails, slowly circling through the sunny air.

Soberly, in the shade,
Repose the patient cow, and toil-worn ox ;
Or in the shoal stream wade,
Sheltered by jutting rocks :
The fleecy flock, fly-scourg'd and restless,
rush
Madly from fence to fence, from bush to
bush.

Tediously pass the hours,
And vegetation wilts, with blistered root—
And droop the thirsting flow'rs,
Where the slant sunbeams shoot :
But of each tall old tree, the lengthening
line,
Slow-creeping eastward, marks the day's
decline.

Faster, along the plain,
Moves now the shade, and on the meadow's
edge :
The kine are forth again,
Birds flitter in the hedge.
Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun.
Welcome, mild eve !—the sultry day is
done.

Pleasantly comest thou,
Dew of the evening, to the crisp'd-up grass ;
And the curl'd corn-blades bow,
As the light breezes pass,
That their parch'd lips may feel thee, and
expand,
Thou sweet reviver of the fevered land.

So, to the thirsting soul,
Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love ;
And the scathed heart, made whole,
Turneth in joy above,
To where the spirit freely may expand,
And rove, untrammell'd, in that "better
land."

MAY.

WOULD that thou couldst last for aye,
Merry, ever-merry May !
Made of sun-gleams, shade and showers,
Bursting buds, and breathing flowers ;
Dripping-lock'd, and rosy-vested,
Violet-slippered, rainbow-crested ;
Girdled with the eglantine,
Festoon'd with the dewy vine :
Merry, ever-merry May,
Would that thou couldst last for aye !

Out beneath thy morning sky !
Dian's bow still hangs on high ;
And in the blue depths afar,
Glimmers, here and there, a solitary star.
Diamonds robe the bending grass,

Glistening early flowers among—
Monad's world, and fairy's glass,
Bathing fount for wandering sprite—

By mysterious fingers hung,
In the lone and quiet night.
Now the freshening breezes pass—
Gathering, as they steal along,
Rich perfume, and matin song—
And quickly to destruction hurl'd
Is fairy's diamond glass, and monad's dew-
drop world.

Lo ! yon cloud, which hung but now
Black upon the mountain's brow,
Threatening the green earth with storm—
See ! it heaves its giant form,
And, ever changing shape and hue,
But still presenting something new,
Moves slowly up, and spreading rolls away
Toward the rich purple streaks that usher
in the day ;

Bright'ning, as it onward goes,
Until its very center glows
With the warm, cheering light, the coming
sun bestows :

As the passing Christian's soul,
Nearing the celestial goal,
Bright and brighter grows, till God il-
lumes the Whole.

Out beneath thy noontide sky !
 On a shady slope I lie,
 Giving fancy ample play :
 And there's not more blest than I,

One of Adam's race to-day.
 Out beneath thy noontide sky !
 Earth, how beautiful !—how clear
 Of cloud or mist the atmosphere !
 What a glory greets the eye !
 What a calm, or quiet stir,
 Steals o'er Nature's worshiper—
 Silent, yet so eloquent,
 That we feel 'tis heaven-sent—
 Waking thoughts that long have slumber'd
 Passion-dimm'd and earth-encumber'd—
 Bearing soul and sense away,
 To revel in the Perfect Day
 That 'waits us, when we shall for aye
 Discard this darksome dust—this prison-
 house of clay !

Out beneath thy evening sky !
 Not a breeze that wanders by
 But hath swept the green earth's bosom—
 Rifing the rich grape-vine blossom,
 Dallying with the simplest flower
 In mossy nook and rosy bower—
 To the perfum'd green-house straying,
 And with rich exotics playing—
 Then, unsated, sweeping over
 Banks of thyme, and fields of clover !
 Out beneath thy evening sky !
 Groups of children caper by,
 Crown'd with flowers, and rush along
 With joyous laugh, and shout, and song.
 Flashing eye, and radiant cheek,
 Spirits all unsunn'd bespeak.
 They are in Life's May-month hours—
 And those wild bursts of joy, what are
 they but Life's flowers ?

Would that thou couldst last for aye,
 Merry, ever-merry May !
 Made of sun-gleams, shade and showers,
 Burning buds, and breathing flowers ;
 Dripping-lock'd, and rosy-vested,
 Violet-slippered, rainbow-crested ;

Girdled with the eglantine,
 Festoon'd with the dewy vine :
 Merry, ever-merry May,
 Would that thou couldst last for aye !

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

THE Mothers of our Forest-Land !
 Stout-hearted dames were they ;
 With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
 And join the border-fray.
 Our rough land had no braver,
 In its days of blood and strife—
 Aye ready for severest toil,
 Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our Forest-Land !
 On old Kan-tuc-kee's soil,
 How shared they, with each dauntless
 band,
 War's tempest and Life's toil !
 They shrank not from the foeman—
 They quailed not in the fight—
 But cheered their husbands through the
 day,
 And soothed them through the night.

The Mothers of our Forest-Land !
 Their bosoms pillowed *men* !
 And proud were they by such to stand,
 In hammock, fort, or glen.
 To load the sure old rifle—
 To run the leaden ball—
 To watch a battling husband's place,
 And fill it should he fall.

The Mothers of our Forest-Land !
 Such were their daily deeds.
 Their monument !—where does it stand ?
 Their epitaph !—who reads ?
 No braver dames had Sparta,
 No nobler matrons Rome—
 Yet who or lauds or honors them,
 E'en in their own green home !

The Mothers of our Forest-Land!

They sleep in unknown graves:

And had they borne and nursed a band

Of ingrates, or of slaves,

They had not been more neglected!

But their graves shall yet be found,

And their monuments dot here and there

"The Dark and Bloody Ground."

SONG OF THE PIONEERS.

A SONG for the early times out West,

And our green old forest home,

Whose pleasant memories freshly yet

Across the bosom come:

A song for the free and gladsome life,

In those early days we led,

With a teeming soil beneath our feet,

And a smiling Heav'n o'erhead!

Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,

And had a joyous flow,

In the days when we were Pioneers,

Fifty years ago!

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,

The captur'd elk, or deer;

The camp, the big, bright fire, and then

The rich and wholesome cheer:—

The sweet, sound sleep, at dead of night,

By our camp-fire, blazing high—

Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,

And the panther springing by.

Oh, merrily pass'd the time, despite

Our wily Indian foe,

In the days when we were Pioneers,

Fifty years ago!

We shunn'd not labor: when 'twas due

We wrought with right good will;

And for the homes we won for them,

Our children bless us still.

We lived not hermit lives, but oft

In social converse met;

And fires of love were kindled then,

That burn on warmly yet.

Oh, pleasantly the stream of life

Pursued its constant flow,

In the days when we were Pioneers,

Fifty years ago!

We felt that we were fellow-men;

We felt we were a band,

Sustain'd here in the wilderness

By Heaven's upholding hand.

And when the solemn Sabbath came,

We gathered in the wood,

And lifted up our hearts in prayer

To God, the only Good.

Our temples then were earth and sky;

None others did we know,

In the days when we were Pioneers,

Fifty years ago!

Our forest life was rough and rude,

And dangers clos'd us round;

But here, amid the green old trees,

Freedom was sought and found.

Oft through our dwellings wint'ry blasts

Would rush with shriek and moan;

We cared not—though they were but frail,

We felt they were our own!

Oh, free and manly lives we led,

Mid verdure, or mid snow,

In the days when we were Pioneers,

Fifty years ago!

But now our course of life is short;

And as, from day to day,

We're walking on with halting step,

And fainting by the way,

Another Land more bright than this,

To our dim sight appears,

And on our way to it we'll soon

Again be pioneers!

Yet while we linger, we may all

A backward glance still throw,

To the days when we were Pioneers,

Fifty years ago!

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

On the page that is Immortal,
 We the brilliant promise see:
 "Ye shall know the Truth, my people,
 And its might shall make you free!"

For the Truth, then, let us battle,
 Whatsoever fate betide!
 Long the boast that we are Freemen,
 We have made, and published wide.

He who has the Truth, and keeps it,
 Keeps what not to him belongs;
 But performs a selfish action,
 That his fellow mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the Truth, and trembles
 At the dangers he must brave,
 Is not fit to be a Freeman:
 He, at best, is but a slave.

He who hears the Truth, and places
 Its high promptings under ban,
 Loud may boast of all that's manly,
 But can never be a Man

Friend, this simple lay who readest,
 Be not thou like either them,—
 But to Truth give utmost freedom,
 And the tide it raises, stem.

Bold in speech, and bold in action,
 Be forever!—Time will test,
 Of the free-souled and the slavish,
 Which fulfills life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble Ancient—
 Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
 Speak!—no matter what betide thee;
 Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the first Apostles—
 Be thou like heroic Paul;
 If a free thought seek expression,
 Speak it boldly! speak it all!

Face thine enemies—accusers;
 Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
 And, if thou hast Truth to utter,
 Speak! and leave the rest to God.

THE LABORER.

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form,
 And likeness of thy God!—who more?
 A soul as dauntless mid the storm
 Of daily life, a heart as warm
 And pure, as breast e'er bore.

What then?—Thou art as true a Man
 As moves the human mass among;
 As much a part of the Great Plan
 That with creation's dawn began,
 As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy?—the high
 In station, or in wealth the chief?
 The great, who coldly pass thee by,
 With proud step and averted eye?
 Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
 What were the proud one's scorn to
 thee?

A feather, which thou mightest cast
 Aside, as idly as the blast
 The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurb'd passions—low desires—
 Absence of noble self-respect—
 Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
 To that high nature which aspires
 Forever, till thus check'd:

These are thine enemies—thy worst:
 They chain thee to thy lowly lot—
 Thy labor and thy life accurst.
 Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
 And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!

The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not: 'tis but dust!

Nor place; uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then—that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!



THE LAND OF LIFE.

I WANDER ever in a land of dreams,
Where flowers perpetual bloom about
my way,
And where faint murmurs of meandering
streams
Open and close the glory of each day:—
Cool, spicy airs upon my temples play;
Wild, ravishing songs of birds enchant my
ears;
Odors and exhalations, where I stray,
Sweeten and beautify the lapsing years;
And through whatever is, what is to be ap-
pears.

Some deem this land of dreams the Land
of Life,—

And, moved by high ambitions, build
them here
Mansions of pride, that fill erewhile with
strife,

And palaces of hope, that disappear
Ere well completed; still, through many
a year,

Vain repetitions of this toil and sweat
Go on, until the heart is lone and sere,
And weary, and oppressed; and even yet
Men plod and plant, and reap earth's fever
and its fret.

And others deem this land the land of
woe,—

And fill it with vague shapes, chimeras
dire,
Sights, sounds, portents, that hither come
and go,
Melting midst ice, and freezing amid
fire—
Each feeling its own hate, and either's
ire—

Seething and bubbling like a storm-tossed
sea—

With wailings ever born, that ne'er ex-
pire—
Primeval ills, from which in vain they
flee—

All horrors man can taste, or touch, or
hear, or see.

But, ne'ertheless, this is the land of dreams:
Unto the Land of Life, through this we
go,

From out the land of darkness, wherefrom
streams

No ray, that thence we might its secret
know:

Unto the Land of Life, through this we
go—

Through this, the land of dreams; and
dimly here

Perceive, while wandering trustful to
and fro,

Things that in full-robed glory there ap-
pear,

Around the Eternal One, throughout the
Eternal Year.

THE SPOTTED FAWN.*

ON Mahketewa's flowery marge
 The Red Chief's wigwam stood,
 When first the white man's rifle rang
 Loud through the echoing wood.
 The tomahawk and scalping-knife
 Together lay at rest;
 For peace was in the forest shades,
 And in the red man's breast.
 Oh, the Spotted Fawn!
 Oh, the Spotted Fawn!
 The light and life of the forest shades
 With the Red Chief's child is gone.

By Mahketewa's flowery marge
 The Spotted Fawn had birth,
 And grew, as fair an Indian girl
 As ever blest the earth.

* THE SPOTTED FAWN was written in 1845, for Duffield, a popular vocalist, and was first sung by him at a concert in Washington Hall, on Third street, Cincinnati. It became immediately a great favorite, and was published, with the music, by Peters & Field. Every body sang, repeated, or talked about the "Spotted Fawn," and every body was shocked, as well as provoked to admiration by its superior aptness of rhythm and alliteration, when the following parody appeared in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*:

"THE SPOTTED FROG.

"ON muddy Mill-Creek's marshy marge,
 When summer's heat was felt,
 Full many a burly bullfrog large
 And tender tadpole dwelt;
 And there, at noonday, might be seen,
 Upon a rotted log,
 The bullfrogs brown, and tadpoles green,
 And there the Spotted Frog!
 Oh, the Spotted Frog!
 Oh, the Spotted Frog!
 The light and life of Mill-Creek's mud
 Was the lovely Spotted Frog!

"By stagnant Mill-Creek's muddy marge,
 The Spotted Frog had birth;
 And grew as fair and fat a frog
 As ever hopped on earth.
 She was the Frog-Chief's only child,
 And sought by many a frog;
 But yet on one alone she smiled,
 From that old rotted log.
 Oh, the Spotted Frog!
 Oh, the Spotted Frog!
 The light and life of Mill-Creek's mud
 Was the lovely Spotted Frog!

She was the Red Chief's only child,
 And sought by many a brave;
 But to the gallant young White Cloud,
 Her plighted troth she gave.
 Oh, the Spotted Fawn!
 Oh, the Spotted Fawn!
 The light and life of the forest shades
 With the Red Chief's child is gone.

From Mahketewa's flowery marge
 Her bridal song arose—
 None dreaming, in that festal night,
 Of near encircling foes;
 But through the forest, stealthily,
 The white men came in wrath;
 And fiery deaths before them sped,
 And blood was in their path.
 Oh, the Spotted Fawn!
 Oh, the Spotted Fawn!

"From muddy Mill-Creek's stagnant marge
 Her bridal song arose;
 None dreaming, as they hopped about,
 Of near encircling foes;
 But cruel boys, in search of sport,
 To Mill-Creek came that day,
 And at the frogs, with sticks and stones,
 Began to blaze away!
 Oh, the Spotted Frog!
 Oh, the Spotted Frog!
 The light and life of Mill-Creek's mud
 Was the lovely Spotted Frog!

"On muddy Mill-Creek's marshy marge,
 Next morn, no frogs were seen;
 But a mortal pile of sticks and stones
 Told where the fray had been!
 And time rolled on, and other frogs
 Assembled round that log;
 But never Mill-Creek's marshes saw
 Again that Spotted Frog!
 Oh, the Spotted Frog!
 Oh, the Spotted Frog!
 The light and life of Mill-Creek's mud
 Was the lovely Spotted Frog!"

The point of the parody is in the fact that "Mill-Creek" (a small stream which empties into the Ohio River just below Cincinnati) is the common name for Mahketewa—a stream highly distinguished in the memory of all Cincinnati boys for "spotted frogs." The parody was published in all the papers, and became the rage. The authorship of it is yet unknown. It was ascribed to Rebecca S. Nichols, Lewis J. Cist, John P. Jenks, Cornelius A. Logan, W. H. Lytle, and others. Discussion in the newspapers about the authorship of the "Spotted Frog" has perpetuated the interest for the "Spotted Fawn" which Mr. Duffield's superior merit as a vocalist first secured for it.

The light and life of the forest shades
With the Red Chief's child is gone.

On Mahketewa's flowery marge,
Next morn, no strife was seen;
But a wail went up, where the young
Fawn's blood

And White Cloud's dyed the green;
And burial, in their own rude way,
The Indians gave them there,

While a low and sweet-ton'd requiem
The brook sang and the air.

Oh, the Spotted Fawn!

Oh, the Spotted Fawn!

The light and life of the forest shades
With the Red Chief's child is gone.

THE ARTISAN.

THE day is past;—the quiet night
Toward its midhour weareth on;
His workshop has been closed for hours—
A good day's labor done.
The toil is hard that brings him bread;
And sometimes he hath scant supply;
When droops awhile his manly head,
And glistens his full eye.

Yet from the trial shrinks he not;
For he has youth, and strength, and
will;

And though his toil is ill repaid,
Bends daily to it still.

He sometimes murmurs,—but his pride
Checks each expression at its birth,—
That blessings to his class denied
Surround the drones of earth.

He passes, morn and noon and night,
The homes of luxury and wealth;
And glances at their gilded ease,
His eye will take by stealth.
And shadows gather on his face,
At times—but instantly depart—
He feels such weakness a disgrace
Both to his head and heart.

His calling sometimes takes him where
Wealth, worth, grace, beauty, all
. unite;

And lovely tones arrest his ear,

And lovely looks his sight;

And much he thinks—and half he sighs—

Yet ere his welcome work is done,

He longs for home, and Mary's eyes,

And for his prattling son.

His labor hath been light to-day;

And wife and child before him sleep;

And he has pass'd the half-spent night

In study close and deep.

The lamp burns dim—the fire is low—

The book is closed wherein he read;

But wildly swells the streams of thought
Its fountain-pages fed.

With eyes fixed calmly on the floor,

But varying and expressive face,

He cons the lesson o'er and o'er—

The history of his race.

And much he finds of word and deed,

Whose virtue is example now;

But more that makes his bosom bleed,

And darkens o'er his brow.

The thirst for wealth—the strife for
power—

The ceaseless struggle for renown—

The daring that hath seized a realm,

Or caught a wavering crown—

The manhood that hath tamely bent

And fall'n beneath tyrannic sway—

The balk'd resistance, that hath lent

Its darkness to the day.

But chiefly this it is that fills

The swelling volume of his mind:

The countless wrongs and cruelties

That have oppress'd his kind.

And viewing them, upon his brain

His own hard struggles darkly throng;

And as he feels their weight again,

It presses like a wrong:

Wrong to himself, and wrong to all
 Who bear the burthens he hath borne :
 "A yoke!" up starting he exclaims,
 "And oh, how meekly worn!"
 But as he reads Life's riddle still,
 He feels, with sudden change of mood,
 The stern, the indomitable will,
 That never was subdued.

The will, not to destroy, but build!
 Not the blind Might of old renown,
 Which took the pillars in its grasp,
 And shook the temple down—
 But that whose patient energy
 Works ever upward, without rest,
 Until the pierced and parted sea
 Rolls from its coral breast.

In the dim fire-light for awhile,
 His tall form moveth to and fro ;
 Then by the couch of those he loves,
 He stops, and bendeth low.
 Oh, holy love! oh, blessed kiss!
 Ye ask not splendor—hide not pow'r—
 But in a humble home like this,
 Ye have your triumph hour!

He sleeps—but even on his dreams
 Obtrudes the purpose of his soul ;
 He wanders where the living streams
 Of knowledge brightly roll ;
 And where men win their own good ways,
 Not yield to doubt or dark despair,
 In dreams his bounding spirit strays—
 In dreams he triumphs there.

With stronger arm, with mightier heart,
 Than he hath felt or known before,
 When comes the morrow's hour of toil,
 He'll leave his humble door.
 No wavering hence he'll know—no rest
 Until the new-seen goal be won ;
 But firm, and calm, and self-possess'd,
 Bear resolutely on.

And this it is that, year by year,
 Through which nor faith nor hope
 grows less,

Pursued, shall crown his high career
 With honor and success.
 This—this it is that marks *the man!*
 Dare thou, then, 'neath-whose studious
 eye
 This lesson lies, rouse up at once,
 And on thyself rely!

Give to thy free soul freest thought ;
 And whatsoe'er it prompts thee do,
 That manfully, year in, year out,
 With all thy might pursue.
 What though thy name may not be heard
 Afar, or shouted through the town,
 Thou'lt win a higher meed of praise,
 A worthier renown.

Press on, then!—earth has need of thee!
 The metal at the forge is red ;
 The ax is rusting by the tree ;
 The grain hangs heavy in the head.
 Heed not who works not—*labor thou!*
 Lay bravely hold, nor pause, nor
 shrink!
 Life's Rubicon is here—and stand
 Not dubious on the brink!

CONSERVATISM.

THE Owl, he fareth well
 In the shadows of the night ;
 And it puzzles him to tell
 Why the Eagle loves the light.

Away he floats—away,
 From the forest dim and old,
 Where he pass'd the guirish day :—
 The Night doth make him bold !

The wave of his downy wing,
 As he courses around about,
 Disturbs no sleeping thing
 That he findeth in his route.

The moon looks o'er the hill,
And the vale grows softly light;
And the cock, with greeting shrill,
Wakes the echoes of the night.

But the moon—he knoweth well
Its old familiar face;
And the cock—it doth but tell,
Poor fool! its resting-place.

And as still as the spirit of Death
On the air his pinions play;
There's not the noise of a breath,
As he grapples with his prey.

Oh, the shadowy night for him!
It bringeth him fare and glee;
And what cares he how dim
For the eagle it may be?

It clothes him from the cold,
It keeps his larders full,
And he loves the darkness old,
To the eagle all so dull.

But the dawn is in the east—
And the shadows disappear;
And at once his timid breast
Feels the presence of a fear.

He resists;—but all in vain!
The clear Light is not for him;
So he hastens back again
To the forest old and dim.

Through his head strange fancies run;
For he cannot comprehend
Why the moon, and then the sun,
Up the heavens should ascend,—

When the old and quiet Night,
With its shadows dark and deep,
And the half-revealing light
Of its stars, he'd ever keep.

And he hooteth loud and long:—
But the eagle greets the Day,
And on pinions bold and strong,
Like a roused thought, sweeps away!

RADICALOS.

In the far and fading ages
Of the younger days of earth,
When man's aspirations quicken'd,
And his passions had their birth—
When first paled his glorious beauty,
And his heart first knew unrest,
As he yielded to the tempter
That inflamed and fill'd his breast—
When the Voice that was in Eden
Echoed through his startled soul,
And he heard rebuking anthems
Through the heavenly arches roll—
When he fell from the high promise
Of his being's blesséd morn,
To a night of doubt and struggle—
Radicalos then was born.

Through the ages long and dreary
That since then have dawn'd on earth,
Man has had but feeble glimpses
Of the glory of his birth:
Catching these, his soul, aspiring
To its morning light again,
Hard has upward toil'd, and often
Fill'd with hope, but still in vain.
Many a blessed song comes stealing
Downward from the Eden aisles,
Whence the light of heavenliest beauty
Still upon the banish'd smiles;
But the harmonies are broken
Of each sounding choral hymn,
And the gloom that veils his spirit
Makes e'en heavenly splendor dim.

Faint revealings, thwarted hopings,
Wearying struggles, day by day:—
So the long and dreary ages
Of his life have worn away.
War, and rapine, and oppression,
Early in his course he found—
Brother against brother striving—
By the few the many bound.
And in patience, and in meekness,
To the galling chain resign'd,

Thus the fettered limbs have rested—
 Thus hath slept the darkened mind.
 But it wakens now!—it flashes
 Like the lightning ere the rain;
 And those limbs grow strong!—when
 ready,
 They can rend the mightiest chain.

Through the slow and stately marches
 Of the centuries sublime,
 Radicals hath been strengthening
 For the noblest work of Time,
 And he comes upon the Present
 Like a god in look and mien,
 With composure high surveying
 All the tumult of the scene:
 Where obey the fettered millions;
 Where command the fettering few;
 Where the chain of wrong is forging,
 With its red links hid from view;
 And he standeth by the peasant,
 And he standeth by the lord,
 And he shouts "Your rights are equal!"
 Till earth startles at the word.

He hath seen the record written,
 From the primal morn of man,
 In the blood of battling nations
 O'er ensanguined plains that ran;
 In the tears of the deluded,
 In the sweat of the oppress'd,
 From Ind's farthest peopled borders
 To the new worlds of the West.
 And he cometh with deliverance!
 And his might shall soon be known,
 Where the wrong'd rise up for justice,
 And the wrongers lie o'erthrown.

Wo! the pride that then shall scorn him:
 He will bring it fitly low!
 Wo! the arm that shall oppose him:
 He will cleave it at a blow!
 Wo! the hosts that shall beset him:
 He will scatter them abroad!
 He will strike them down forever!
 Radicals is of God.

THE BETTER DAY.

WORKERS high, and workers low,
 Weary workers every where,
 For the New Age rounding to
 Like a planet, now prepare!
 * * * * *
 Delver in the deep dark mine,
 Where no rays of sunlight shine;
 Toiler in unwholesome rooms,
 Foul and damp with lingering glooms—
 Worker by the hot highway,
 In the blinding blaze of day—
 Come it cold, or come it hot,
 Be of spirit: falter not;
 Toil is duty, growth, and gain;
 Never wasted—never vain!
 Patient, pent-up man-machine,
 At the loom and shuttle seen,
 Weaving in with nicest art
 Throbbings of thy own poor heart,
 Till the subtle textures seem
 With thy very life to gleam—
 Hard the toil, but work away:
 Yet shall dawn the Better Day!

Stitcher, by the cradle's side,
 Where thy fondest hopes abide,
 Working with a heart of might
 All the day and half the night,
 Often till the east grows red
 With the dawning, for thy bread;
 Though thou art of feeble limb,
 And thine eyes are pained and dim,
 Sending off, with every piece
 Which thy weary hands release,
 Portions of thy life wrought in
 With the garment, white and thin—
 Work and wait; the end is sure;
 Time his offspring will mature:
 Work with will, and work away,
 Doubting not the Better Day!

Workers high, and workers low,
 Weary workers every where,
 For the New Age rounding to
 Like a planet, now prepare!

See! the night is nearly past,
 And the morning dawns at last.
 Far behind, the shadows lie
 Dark upon the western sky;
 While before, the east is gray
 Where the harbinger of day,
 Rounding up the azure cope,
 Flames, the morning-star of Hope!
 Be not hasty; be not rash;
 Though its beams within you flash
 Calm endurance is sublime:
 Falter not, but bide your time.
 —Weary workers, work away;
 God will lead the Better Day!

OUR CHILDREN.

THEY are stricken, darkly stricken;
 Faint and fainter grows each breath;
 And the shadows round them thicken,
 Of the darkness that is Death.
 We are with them—bending o'er them—
 And the Soul in sorrow saith,
 “Would that I had passed before them,
 To the darkness that is Death!”

They are sleeping, coldly sleeping,
 In the graveyard still and lone,
 Where the winds, above them sweeping,
 Make a melancholy moan.
 Thickly round us—darkly o'er us—
 Is the pall of sorrow thrown;
 And our heart-beats make the chorus
 Of that melancholy moan.

They are waking, brightly waking,
 From the slumbers of the tomb,
 And, enrobed in light, forsaking
 Its impenetrable gloom.
 They are rising—they have risen—
 And their spirit-forms illumine,
 In the darkness of Death's prison,
 The impenetrable gloom.

They are passing, upward passing,
 Dearest beings of our love,
 And their spirit-forms are glassing
 In the beautiful Above:
 There we see them—there we hear them—
 Through our dreams they ever move;
 And we long to be a-near them,
 In the beautiful Above.

They are going, gently going,
 In their angel-robcs to stand,
 Where the river of Life is flowing
 In the far-off Silent Land.
 We shall mourn them—we shall miss them,
 From our broken little band;
 But our souls shall still caress them,
 In the far-off Silent Land.

They are singing, sweetly singing,
 Far beyond the veil of Night,
 Where the angel-harps are ringing,
 And the Day is ever bright.
 We can love them—we can greet them—
 From this land of dimmer light,
 Till God takes us hence to meet them
 Where the Day is ever bright.

A HYMN OF THE DAY THAT IS DAWNING.

If the promise of the present
 Be not a hollow cheat,
 If true-hearted men and women
 Prove faithful and discreet,
 If none falter who are hoping
 And contending for the Right,
 Then a time is surely coming,
 As a day-beam from the night—

When the landless shall have foothold
 In fee upon the soil,
 And for his wife and little ones
 Bend to his willing toil:

When the wanderer, no longer
 In sorrow forced to roam,
 Shall see around him spring and bloom
 The blessed things of home :

When the poor and widowed mother
 Shall fit recompense obtain,
 For her days and nights of toiling,
 From the sordid man of gain :

When the brawny limbs of labor,
 And the hard and horny hand,
 For their strivings, for their doings,
 Meet honor shall command :

When suffering hearts, that struggle
 In silence, and endure,
 Shall receive, unsought, the earnest
 Ministrations of the pure :

When the master with his bondsmen
 For a price shall divide the soil,
 And the slave, at last enfranchised,
 Shall go singing to his toil :

When the bloody trade of the soldier
 Shall lose its olden charm,
 And the sickle hand be honored more
 Than the sword and the red right
 arm :

When tolerance and truthfulness
 Shall not be under ban,
 And the fiercest foe and deadliest
 Man knows, shall not be man.

Be firm, and be united,
 Ye who war against the wrong !
 Though neglected, though deserted,
 In your purpose still be strong !
 To the faith and hope that move you
 In the things ye dare and do,
 Though the world rise up against you,
 Be resolute—be true !

DANDELIONS.

My heart leaps like a child's, when first
 I see them on their lowly stem,
 As from still wintry fields they burst,
 Bright as the blue skies over them,
 Sprinkling with gold the meadowy green,
 Where Spring's approach is earliest seen.

They come in changeful April days,
 These children of the cloud and sun,
 When light with shadow softly plays,
 As both along the ridges run,
 Wooing the bee from out his cell,
 With tales of flowery slopes they tell.

Bright horologe of seasons—they
 Proclaim the floral calends here,
 Revealing when in woods away
 Spring flowers, and singing birds appear,
 Through open aisle and mazy bout
 To lure the feet of childhood out.

I love them that so soon they spring
 Where slopes the meadow to the brook ;
 I love them that to earth they bring
 So cheerful and so warm a look ;
 And that again they give to me
 The playmates of my infancy.

O ! days of love, and trust, and truth ;
 (The morning sky is strangely bright !)
 O ! loved companions of my youth :
 (How darkly closes in the night !)
 Again the fields spread free and far ;
 Beyond them, still the woodlands are.

I'm with you now, glad-hearted ones !
 Where'er beneath the April sky
 The flashing rill in music runs,
 Or flowery lawns in sunlight lie—
 Where harvest apples ripe we see,
 And where the summer berries be.

I'm with you where the cardinal bird
 Pipes in the budding groves of spring,

And where the thrasher's song is heard
Till all the summer forests ring;
Where nuts in autumn fall, and where
The wild grape hangs, I'm with you there.

O! days of love, and trust, and truth;
(The flowers were bright upon the lawn!)
O! loved companions of my youth:
(How many, like the flowers, are gone!)
Nor flower nor child goes down in vain:
Ye both shall rise and bloom again.

—

NOCTES DIVINORUM.

THE sky is black: the earth is cold:
The laboring moon gives little light:
Wild gusts in ghostly tones unfold
The secrets of the deep, dread night.
And glimmering round and round me, glide
Weird fancies of the midnight born,
Close-linked with shadowy sprites that ride
The dusky hours of eve and morn.

Gaunt images, that haunt the sight,
Of sin and crime, and want and woe,
Have been my guests for hours to-night,
And still are passing to and fro.
Ah, wellaway! and so they may!
They do not tell the lie of life;
Night oft is truer than the day;
Peace often false far than strife.

A year goes out: a year comes in:
How swiftly and how still they flee!
What mission had the year that's been?
What mission hath the year to be?
Oh, brother man! look wisely back,
Along the far and fading days,
And closely scan the crowded track
On which the light of memory plays.

The friend with whom you took your wine
A year ago—where is he now?

The child you almost thought divine,
Such beauty robed its shining brow—
The wife upon whose pillowing breast
Misleading doubts and carking care
Were ever gently lulled to rest—
Where are they now, my brother, where?

In vain you start, and look around!
In vain the involuntary call!
The graveyard has an added mound
For wife, or child, or friend—or all.
And downward to the dust with them,
How many garnered hopes have gone!
Yet they were those ye thought to stem
The tide of time with, pressing on.

Ah! Hope is such a flattering cheat,
We scarce can choose but him believe!
We see and feel his bold deceit,
Yet trust him still, to still deceive.
Despair is truer far than he!
Though dark and pitiless its form,
It never bids us look, and see
The sunshine, when it brings the storm.

* * * * *

Farewell! old year: yet by your bier
I linger, if I will or no:
For sorrow tends to link as friends
Those who had hardly else been so.
How often back, along the track
Which you and I have wearily traced,
My bleeding heart will sadly start
To view again that desert waste!

Aha! old year, you've brought the tear,
In spite of all I thought or said:
I did not know one still could flow,
So many you have made me shed.
You're stiff and stark: you're gone!" . . .
'Tis dark,
Here where I sit and sigh alone.
But wipe the eye, and check the sigh:
What's he, who hath not sorrow known?

Despair may truer be than Hope;
 But Hope is mightier far than he!
 As rounding up yon starless cope,
 Even now to-morrow's sun I see,
 So Hope brings day before 'tis day,
 And antedates a word, or deed,
 Or thought, that shall be felt for aye,
 And help us in our sorest need.

Ah, Hope is truer than Despair!—
 What says the iron tongue of time,
 From yon old turret high in air,
 Pealing the centuries' march sublime?
 "God gives to man another year,
 With Hope his friend!" Bereavéd one,
 Uncloud the brow, dry up the tear—
 Joy cometh with the morrow's sun!

HARVEST HYMN.

GREAT God!—our heart-felt thanks to
 Thee!

We feel thy presence every where;
 And pray that we may ever be
 Thus objects of thy guardian care.

We sowed!—by Thee our work was seen,
 And blessed; and instantly went forth
 Thy mandate; and in living green
 Soon smiled the fair and fruitful earth.

We toiled!—and Thou didst note our toil;
 And gav'st the sunshine and the rain,
 Till ripened on the teeming soil
 The fragrant grass and golden grain.

And now, we reap!—and oh, our God!
 From this, the earth's unbounded floor,
 We send our Song of Thanks abroad,
 And pray Thee, bless our hoarded store!

"WHEN LAST THE MAPLE BUD WAS SWELLING."

WHEN last the maple bud was swelling,
 When last the crocus bloomed below,
 Thy heart to mine its love was telling,
 Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow;
 Again the maple bud is swelling—
 Again the crocus blooms below—
 In heaven thy heart its love is telling,
 But still our souls keep ebb and flow.

When last the April bloom was flinging
 Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
 In forest-aisles thy voice was ringing,
 Where thou didst with the red-bird sing;
 Again the April bloom is flinging
 Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
 But now in heaven thy voice is ringing,
 Where thou dost with the angels sing.

THE WEST.*

BROAD plains—blue waters—hills and val-
 leys,
 That ring with anthems of the free!
 Brown-pillared groves, with green-arched
 alleys,
 That Freedom's holiest temples be!

These forest-aisles are full of story:—
 Here many a one of old renown
 First sought the meteor-light of glory,
 And mid its transient flash went down.

Historic names forever greet us,
 Where'er our wandering way we thread;
 Familiar forms and faces meet us—
 As living walk with us the dead.

Man's fame, so often evanescent,
 Links here with thoughts and things that
 last;
 And all the bright and teeming Present
 Thrills with the great and glorious Past.

* Written for this volume.

MY FIFTIETH YEAR.

I DO complete this day my fiftieth year:

But were it not that tell-tale gray hath spread

A mantle not of youth upon my head;
And that, forsooth! about my eyes appear
A few small wrinkles; and that, likewise,
here

And there a joint is not as once it was,
Springy and nimble as a deer's, but does
Impede somewhat my motions when I try
The heartier games of early manhood, I
Should count myself upon life's thresh-
old yet:

For in my spirit live its olden fires,
And at my heart still quicken the desires
That moved me ere the fever and the
fret

Of life had somewhat worn my nature down.
Sleeping or waking, oft I still dream
dreams,

And still see visions; and the shadowy
brown

Of evening, as the purpling morning,
teems

With spirit-forms and spirit-tones, that lift
My soul from out the dismal days, that
drift

Me onward, onward, like a very leaf.

I do, or think and feel I do, behold

The chart of Truth before my eyes un-
roll'd:

And it has been and now is my belief,

That only in their sins do men grow old.

Virtues are like perpetual springs, that
keep

Greenness and bloom about them ever-
more:

But vices, like destroying gales that sweep
O'er ocean, and lay waste from shore to
shore.

Faith grows not feeble: Hope is ever young:
And Charity is gifted like a god
With comeliness and ardor. Valor sprung

An Athlete from his birth, and went
abroad

For high emprises, and is Athlete still:

Endurance is another name for will,

Which time o'ercomes not: patience, meek-
ness, love,

That came from and shall yet return above,

Weary not in the ceaseless march of
years.

Nothing man knows or is, but Sin, grows
old;

And she a wrinkled, loathsome hag ap-
pears,

Ere half a life hath half its seasons told.

Beautiful, beautiful Youth! that in the
soul

Liveth forever, where sin liveth not.

How fresh Creation's chart doth still un-
roll

Before our eyes, although the little spot
That knows us now, shall know us soon no
more

Forever! We look backward, and before,

And inward, and we feel there is a life

Impelling us, that need not with this frame
Or flesh grow feeble, but for aye the same

May live on, e'en amid this worldly
strife,

Clothed with the beauty and the freshness
still

It brought with it at first; and that it will
Glide almost imperceptibly away,

Taking no taint of this dissolving clay;

And, joining with the incorruptible

And spiritual body that awaits

Its coming at the starr'd and golden gates
Of Heaven, move on with the celestial train

Whose shining vestments, as along they
stray,

Flash with the splendors of eternal day;

And mingle with its Primal Source again,

Where Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love
and Truth,

Dwell with the Godhead in immortal
youth.

JAMES H. PERKINS.

JAMES HANDASAYD PERKINS, the youngest child of Samuel G. Perkins and Barbara Higginson, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, July thirty-one, 1810. His early life was spent in mercantile pursuits, but stocks and trade were not congenial to his tastes, and as soon as he was at liberty to act for himself, he abandoned them. He felt that devotion to ledgers and exile from study, would convert him into a mere copying machine. He longed for more earnest and congenial intercourse than could be sustained with his companions amidst the excitement of business. Nor did he feel conscious that he possessed the love of money-making which is the prerequisite of worldly success. His eyes gradually opened to the true character of competitive commerce. This filled him first with dismay, then with disgust. For a time he became a complete cynic. The spectacle of hollow conventional customs, the pride of the opulent and the cringing concessions of the needy, with the fawning flattery that vitiates the courtesies of fashionable life, awakened in his heart a feeling of sad contempt. He grew plain and blunt in his speech, careless in his dress, utterly neglectful of etiquette, reserved, almost morose in manner, and solitary in his ways.

In 1832 he determined to come to the West to seek his fortune, and in February of that year arrived in Cincinnati. While making arrangements for the selection of a farm, he became interested in the study of the law, and entered the office of Timothy Walker as a student. In the language of his friend, Wm. H. Channing, "The genial atmosphere of the Queen City presented a delightful contrast to the frigid and artificial tone of Boston society. In the place of fashionable coldness, aristocratic hauteur, purse-pride ostentation, reserve, non-committalism, the tyranny of cliques, and the fear of leaders, he found himself moving among a pleasant company of hospitable, easy, confiding, plain-spoken, cheerful friends, gathered from all parts of the Union, and loosed at once by choice and promiscuous intercourse, from the trammels of bigotry and conventional prejudice. He breathed for once freely, and felt with joy the blood flowing quick and warm throughout his spiritual frame. He caught, too, the buoyant hopefulness that animates a young, vigorous, and growing community, and mingled delightedly with groups of high-hearted, enterprising men, just entering upon new careers, and impelled by the hope of generous service in the literary, professional, or commercial life."

Mr. Perkins was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1834, and early in the following winter was married to Sarah H. Elliott, a lady whose tastes and character were in admirable contrast to his own, thus furnishing a basis for a rare intellectual harmony, which proved an unfailling spring of happiness and improvement during his subsequent life. His commencement in the practice of law revealed a high order of legal talent, and argued the most brilliant personal success. But he remained only a short time in the harness of jurisprudence. He found the practice of law entirely different

from the pure and delightful excitement of the study, and soon abandoned it in utter disgust. His reasons for this step were the bad effects of a sedentary life upon his health, the depressing intellectual influence of the drudgery of the profession, and his repugnance to the common standard of morality prevailing at the bar.

He now applied himself with great energy to the uncertain profession of literature, engaging largely in editorial labors, and frequently contributing to several important periodicals. He wrote poems, tales and essays for the *Western Monthly Magazine*, edited by James Hall, and was, in the early part of the year 1834, the editor of the *Saturday Evening Chronicle*, which, in the winter of 1835, he purchased and united with the *Cincinnati Mirror*, edited and published by Gallagher and Shreve. He was one of the editors of the *Mirror* for about six months. Thomas H. Shreve, who was a fellow-student as well as a fellow-editor at that time, in a sketch of Mr. Perkins, said:

He was in the habit of coming into the office early in the morning, and, without any preliminaries, would proceed to his table, and write as if he had just stepped out a moment before. It was one of his characteristics, I think, to do what he designed doing *at once*, for he was a true economist of time, and acted while persons generally would be getting ready to act.

He would frequently turn round and ask my opinion of some subject on which he happened to be writing. A conversation, perhaps a controversy, would ensue. His object was not so much to ascertain my opinions, as to place his own mind in a condition to act sufficiently. When our talk was ended, he would resume his writing.

I remember well his appearance in the Inquisition.* His speeches in that society were always truly admirable. The logic, the wit, the sunny humor, the raillery, were alike irresistible. The same wide resources of mind that he subsequently displayed in the pulpit were exhibited in the Inquisition debates, and we all felt that when we had him as an opponent we had much to fear. I remember, too, his lectures on "Fishes" and "Insects," before the Mechanics' Institute. They embodied the most graceful and witching blending together of humor and science I ever listened to. I shall never forget his account of the ant-lion, which convulsed every one present. Had Mr. Perkins devoted himself to humorous literature, he would have stood at the head of American writers in that line. Indeed, as a humorist, original and gentle, he could scarcely be excelled. But so well developed were all the faculties of his mind, that, notwithstanding the prominence of his humor when compared with the humor of others, it only balanced his other faculties.

In the summer of 1835, Mr. Perkins engaged with two or three friends in a manufacturing enterprise at Pomeroy, Ohio. Active exercise kept him in health, and for a few months he was contented at Pomeroy, superintending and planning for a large company of workmen; but the enterprise was not remunerative, and, in the autumn of 1837, Mr. Perkins abandoned it and returned to Cincinnati. He projected several books, but the following year completed only a series of critical and historical articles for the *New York Quarterly*, and the *North American Review*.

In January, 1838, he delivered an address before the Ohio Historical Society, at Columbus, on "Subjects of Western History." He immediately afterward projected "The Annals of the West,"† which, as William H. Channing has said, is "a work whose accuracy, completeness, thoroughness of research, clear method, and graceful perspicuity of style show his admirable qualifications for an historian."

* A literary society composed of the writers and students of the city.

† Annals of the West; embracing a concise account of the principal events in the Western States and Territories, from the discovery of the Mississippi Valley to 1845, by James H. Perkins. James Albach, Cincinnati, 1847.

In articles* on "Early French Travelers in the West," "English Discoveries in the Ohio Valley," "Fifty Years of Ohio," "The Pioneers of Kentucky," "The North-Western Territory," and on "The Literature of the West," Mr. Perkins exhibited not only penetrating analysis, sound judgment, and regard for truth, but liberal foresight, and abiding faith.

In 1839 Mr. Perkins became Minister-at-large to the poor of Cincinnati. He gave his best powers of mind and body, with earnest devotion, to the numerous duties that office required, and instituted benevolent enterprises from which the poor of Cincinnati now derive protection and consolation. Peculiar gifts of sympathetic presentiment, and of eloquent speech, together with Christian feeling and purpose, manifested by Mr. Perkins as Minister-at-large, led the Unitarian Society of Cincinnati, in 1841, to invite him to become its pastor. He accepted. He did not, however, forego literary pursuits, and he manifested wise and active interest in public education, visiting schools and delivering lectures, criticising old and suggesting new methods. Especially did he demonstrate the wisdom of better education for girls than either public or private schools then usually afforded.

In 1844 Mr. Perkins was chosen President of the Cincinnati Historical Society, then organized. In 1849, when the Ohio and Cincinnati Historical Societies were united, he became Vice President and Recording Secretary. Although his most intimate friends assured him that he had remarkable gifts as a preacher, though his church was always crowded when he preached, though he had good reason to believe that his sermons were not without practical usefulness, Mr. Perkins was never satisfied with his pastoral relation, and, in 1847, resigned it. His resignation was not accepted. The leading members of the Society conferred with him, and at their request, under changes of organization, which he deemed important, he withdrew his resignation, and remained in the pastoral charge of the Unitarian Church until his death, which took place suddenly on the fourteenth of December, 1849.

I often heard Mr. Perkins preach, in the later years of his ministry, and I can fully indorse what William Greene of Cincinnati has said of him:

Some of his noblest efforts have been upon commonplace occurrences, not twenty-four hours old at the time, when he would astonish us with his amazing powers of statement and analysis, or by the inculcation of some most impressive lesson which they suggested. Nor was any considerable part of his power in any thing that was merely oratorical; for his manner, though always earnest, was always simple. He had no tricks of imposing form, as too many have, to eke out deficiency or inanity of substance.

He felt that every event in the development of humanity, of whatever grade in the scale of merely factitious standards, was, in solemn reality, an essential part of the Providence of God, and as such, of highest moment in the proper estimate of man. Acting, thinking, and speaking under this conviction to others, with the application of his extraordinary intellectual power in enforcing his thoughts, he gave to ordinary experiences a commanding interest. To him was conceded, by judicious minds, that authority which is due only to unpretending and assured wisdom, united with the spirit of disinterested benevolence. Every one felt that his word was true, and his advice considerate and well matured. This distinction gave him a sway over public opinion, which, at the same time that it devolved upon him the weightiest responsibilities for the public good, he did not fail to apply, and with gratifying success, to the most honorable and useful ends.

* Contributed to the *New York Review* and *North American Review*.

For nearly twenty years Mr. Perkins had been subject to a sudden rush of blood to the head, which produced distressing vertigo, at times impairing his sight and producing the deepest despondency; and within five or six years previous to his decease, he had suffered so severely from palpitation of the heart, that in consequence of this accumulation of ills, his reason had occasionally been wandering for short periods. On the day of his death, a paroxysm of this kind was produced by the supposed loss of his two boys, one nine, the other seven years of age, who had gone from their home on Walnut Hills, to Cincinnati. After a most fatiguing and anxious search, that was finally relinquished in despair, Mr. Perkins walked (four miles) to Walnut Hills, and arrived at his house, which his children had reached before him, in a state of intense excitement and complete exhaustion. He was restless and nervous to a degree never before witnessed by his family, and near evening he remarked that he would take a walk to calm his nerves, but would not be gone long. He was never seen again, by either his family or friends. About six o'clock P. M., as was afterward ascertained, he went on board the Jamestown* ferry-boat, with arms folded and eyes downcast. He was not seen to leave the boat, and it is supposed that, when not observed, threw himself overboard and was drowned. This distressing event cast the deepest gloom over the city of his adoption. Notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts were made for the recovery of the remains of the deceased, they were never discovered.

I saw Mr. Perkins, at the corner of Fourth and Sycamore streets, Cincinnati, when he was in quest of his children. The painful, despairing look he gave an omnibus conductor, of whom he inquired in vain for tidings, I can never forget.

Mr. Channing has said truly of Mr. Perkins:

Faultless, or wholly freed from the evils of temperament, training, caprice, indulgence, habit, Mr. Perkins confessedly was not; but progressive, aspiring, humble, honest, centrally disinterested, he undeniably was. The utmost impulse of his will was right. His eye was single. He had chosen the good as his law. His life was to seek the inspiration of Divine Love, and to make his thoughts and acts a fitting medium for its transmission. . . . With unconscious ease, from boyhood upward, he had poured forth verses; but the true poet was to him in so sublime a sense a prophet, that he was never willing to class himself among that chosen band. In a lecture on Polite Literature, in 1840, he asks, "What is it that makes a work poetical? I answer, it is that in it which awakens the sense of the divine—appealing to the heart through some form of sublimity, or beauty—some holy emotion—some association of heavenly affections with common experience. The poetic element is that which lifts us to the spiritual world. It is a divine essence, that makes human speech poetry. The two grand powers of the poet are, first, that of perceiving what awakens a sense of the divine; and second, that of expressing what is poetical in such words and by such style as to give its true impression. These two powers may exist apart. A critic may feel when the sense of the divine is awakened, but he cannot be a poet without the inventive imagination that can give to it a local embodiment and a name. Poetry is not rhyme or verse merely; but it is that chord in the human heart which sends forth harmony when struck by the hand of nature, that essential spirit of beauty which speaks from the soul, in the highest works of sculpture or painting, which gives eloquence to the orator, and is heard as the voice of God." It was in his eloquence as an orator, that his own poetic genius most appeared.

* A village on the Ohio River, three miles above Cincinnati.

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our head
Are hovering, on noiseless wing,
The spirits of the dead.

It is a beautiful belief,
When ended our career,
That it will be our ministry
To watch o'er others here ;

To lend a moral to the flower ;
Breathe wisdom on the wind ;
To hold commune, at night's pure noon,
With the imprison'd mind ;

To bid the mourners cease to mourn,
The trembling be forgiven ;
To bear away, from ills of clay,
The infant to its heaven.

Ah ! when delight was found in life,
And joy in every breath,
I cannot tell how terrible
The mystery of death.

But now the past is bright to me,
And all the future clear ;
For 'tis my faith, that after death
I still shall linger here.

 THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

He had a single child ; and she
Was beautiful to that degree,
That not a boor the country round,
But shook for very awe and fear,
And cast his eyes upon the ground,
Whenever she drew near ;
The soul that stirred her feeble limb
Was such a giant mind to him.
And yet she was the kindest thing,

It seems to me, that ever lived ;
Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
Could keep her from the sick man's side ;
With fearless step she trod the wold—
The mountain torrent she defied—
And if she found that death, indeed,
Had grasped him with his clammy hand,
Then 'twas her joy to bid him speed,
Unerring to that better land.
With lines of light she drew the bowers,
In which the blessed shall repose ;
And told, in music, of the hours,
When from error, and the woes
That cluster round each footstep here,
We shall go up from sphere to sphere—
Where mind of man hath never flown,
Nor foot of seraph ever trod ;
Beyond the ever-living fount—
Beyond the dim, mysterious mount—
Beyond the last archangel's throne,
Into the very presence of our God.
At length we missed her pleasant voice :
It was the spring-tide of the year ;
And when we broke the clotted soil,
And scattered the mysterious grain,
She did not come to share our toil ;
And in the village there were some
That whispered, that she could not come.
Alas ! she never came again.
She died. And when the truth was known,
There came upon our vale a gloom—
Upon our sunny vale, a chill—
As though the shadows of the tomb
Had clothed each neighboring hill.
We could not think that she was dead :
How could she die—that perfect being—
And moulder into powerless dust ?
But it was so ; we dug her grave,
And laid her by her mother's side.
This is the spot. The rank weeds wave
Upon it since the father died.
But still, along the shore, the surge
Chanteth her melancholy dirge ;
And still the glow-worm's funeral light
Above her burns ; and still, you see,
Droopeth the solemn willow tree ;

And the dews weep her, night by night.
 And still at morn our peasants say,
 As darkness melteth into day,
 Unearthly music floats away
 Above this lonely spot:
 And still our village maidens tell,
 How sometimes, at the vesper bell,
 A form—they know not what—
 Comes dimly on the breathless air,
 Betwixt them and the western sky,
 And awes them—'tis so strange, so fair—
 Till mingling with the colors there,
 The scarce-seen features die.
 It may be only fancy's hand
 That paints it; or it may be fear;
 Or it may be the spirit bland
 Of her that slumbers here.
 But, ah! we never more shall see,
 By homely hearth, or woodland tree,
 Another maiden such as she.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

OH! was ye ne'er a school-boy?
 And did you never train,
 And feel that swelling of the heart
 You cannot feel again?
 Didst never meet, far down the street,
 With plumes and banners gay,
 While the kettle, for the kettle-drum
 Played your march, march away?

It seems to me but yesterday,
 Nor scarce so long ago,
 Since we shouldered our muskets
 To charge the fearful foe.
 Our muskets were of cedar wood,
 With ramrod bright and new;
 With bayonet forever set,
 And painted barrel too.

We charged upon a flock of geese,
 And put them all to flight,

Except one sturdy gander
 That thought to show us fight:
 But, ah! we knew a thing or two;
 Our captain wheeled the van—
 We routed him, we scouted him,
 Nor lost a single man.

Our captain was as brave a lad
 As e'er commission bore;
 All brightly shone his good tin sword,
 And a paper cap he wore;
 He led us up the hill-side,
 Against the western wind,
 While the cockerel plume, that decked
 his head,
 Streamed bravely out behind.

We shouldered arms, we carried arms,
 We charged the bayonet;
 And woe unto the mullen stalk
 That in our course we met.
 At two o'clock the roll was called,
 And till the close of day,
 With our brave and pluméd captain
 We fought the mimic fray,—
 When the supper-bell, we knew so well,
 Came stealing up from out the dell,
 For our march, march away.

POVERTY AND KNOWLEDGE.

AH! dearest, we are young and strong,
 With ready heart and ready will
 To tread the world's bright paths along;
 But poverty is stronger still.

Yet, my dear wife, there is a might
 That may bid poverty defiance,—
 The might of knowledge; from this night
 Let us on her put our reliance.

Armed with her scepter, to an hour
 We may condense whole years and ages;
 Bid the departed, by her power,
 Arise, and talk with seers and sages.

Her word, to teach us, may bid stop
 The noonday sun ; yea, she is able
 To make an ocean of a drop,
 Or spread a kingdom on our table.

In her great name we need but call
 Scott, Schiller, Shakspeare, and, behold!
 The suffering Mary smiles on all,
 And Falstaff riots as of old.

Then, wherefore should we leave this hearth,
 Our books, and all our pleasant labors,
 If we can have the whole round earth,
 And still retain our home and neighbors?

Why wish to roam in other lands?
 Or mourn that poverty hath bound us?
 We have our hearts, our heads, our hands,
 Enough to live on,—friends around us,—

And, more than all, have hope and love,
 Ah, dearest, while these last, be sure
 That, if there be a God above,
 We are not, and cannot be poor!

SONG.

Oh ! merry, merry be the day,
 And bright the star of even—
 For 'tis our duty to be gay,
 And tread in holy joy our way ;
 Grief never came from Heaven,
 My love—
 It never came from Heaven.

Then let us not, though woes betide,
 Complain of fortune's spite, love ;
 As rock-encircled trees combine,
 And nearer grow, and closer twine,
 So let our hearts unite,
 My love—
 So let our hearts unite.

And though the circle here be small
 Of heartily approved ones,
 There is a home beyond the skies,
 Where vice shall sink and virtue rise,
 Till all become the loved ones,
 Love—
 Till all become the loved ones.

Then let your eye be laughing still,
 And cloudless be your brow ;
 For in that better world above,
 O ! many myriads shall we love,
 As one another now,
 My love—
 As one another now.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.

STAND back, uncovered stand, for lo !
 The parents who have lost their child
 Bow to the majesty of woe !

He came, a herald from above,—
 Pure from his God, he came to them,
 Teaching new duties, deeper love ;
 And, like the boy of Bethlehem,
 He grew in stature and in grace.
 From the sweet spirit of his face
 They learned a new, more heavenly joy,
 And were the better for their boy.
 But God hath taken whom he gave,
 Recalled the messenger he sent ;
 And now beside the infant's grave
 The spirit of the strong is bent.

But though the tears must flow, the heart
 Ache with a vacant, strange distress,—
 Ye did not from your infant part
 When his clear eye grew meaningless.
 That eye is beaming still, and still
 Upon his Father's errand he,
 Your own dear, bright, unearthly boy,
 Worketh the kind, mysterious will,
 And from this fount of bitter grief
 Will bring a stream of joy ;—
 O, may this be your faith and your relief!

Then will the world be full of him; the sky,
 With all its placid myriads, to your eye
 Will tell of him; the wind will breathe
 his tone;
 And slumbering in the midnight, they
 alone,
 Your father and your child, will hover nigh.
 Believe in him, behold him every where,
 And sin will die within you, earthly care
 Fall to its earth, and heavenward, side by
 side,
 Ye shall go up beyond this realm of storms,
 Quick and more quick, till, welcomed
 there above,
 His voice shall bid you, in the might of
 love,
 Lay down these weeds of earth, and wear
 your native forms.

MY FUTURE.

MISFORTUNE o'er the present day
 May govern with unquestioned sway;
 But in that world which is to be,
 How poor, how powerless is she!
 Though pain and poverty their might,
 With fearful death, should all unite
 To crush me to the earth,
 Still would the elastic spirit rise,
 The suffering and the fear despise,
 And seek beyond the opening skies
 The country of its birth.
 There unto me it may be given,
 Amid the countless hosts of heaven,
 Amid the bright, seraphic band,
 Before my Father's throne to stand,
 Before my Savior's face to bow,—
 A seraph's scepter in my hand,
 A seraph's crown upon my brow.
 Then unto me the power may be,
 With kind and gentle ministry,
 To bid the warring cease,—
 To cause the shades of sorrow flee,
 And bring the mourner peace.

Or in a wider sphere of good,
 Above some universe of strife,
 Dove-like, it may be mine to brood,
 And still the chaos into life.

O, when I dwell on thoughts like these,
 My spirit seems to hear the cry,
 "Come up!"—and, listening to the call,
 Earth's dearest pleasures quickly pall;
 The scales from off my vision fall,
 And I could pray to die.

MARQUETTE.*

I.

SINK to my heart, bright evening skies!
 Ye waves that round me roll,
 With all your golden, crimson dyes,
 Sink deep into my soul!
 And ye, soft-footed stars,—that come
 So silently at even,
 To make this world awhile your home,
 And bring us nearer heaven,—
 Speak to my spirit's listening ear
 With your calm tones of beauty,
 And to my darkened mind make clear
 My errors and my duty.

II.

Speak to my soul of those who went
 Across this stormy lake,
 On deeds of mercy ever bent
 For the poor Indian's sake.
 They looked to all of you, and each
 Leant smiling from above,
 And taught the Jesuit how to teach
 The omnipotence of love.
 You gave the apostolic tone
 To Marquette's guileless soul,
 Whose life and labors shall be known
 Long as these waters roll.

* Composed on Lake Michigan, by the river where Marquette died.

To him the little Indian child,
 Fearless and trustful came,
 Curbed for a time his temper wild,
 And hid his heart of flame.
 With gentle voice, and gentle look,
 Sweet evening star, like thine,
 That heart the missionary took
 From off the war-god's shrine,
 And laid it on the Holy Book,
 Before the Man Divine.
 The blood-stained demons saw with grief
 Far from their magic ring,
 Around their now converted chief,
 The tribe come gathering.
 Marquette's belief was their belief,
 And Jesus was their king.
 Fierce passions' late resistless drift
 Drives now no longer by;
 'Tis rendered powerless by the gift
 Of heaven-fed charity.

III.

Speak to my heart, ye stars, and tell
 How, on yon distant shore,
 The world-worn Jesuit bade farewell
 To those that rowed him o'er;
 Told them to sit and wait him there,
 And break their daily food,
 While he to his accustomed prayer
 Retired within the wood;
 And how they saw the day go round,
 Wondering he came not yet,
 Then sought him anxiously, and found,
 Not the kind, calm Marquette—
 He silently had passed away—
 But on the greensward there,
 Before the crucifix, his clay
 Still kneeling, as in prayer.

IV.

Nor let me as a fable deem,
 Told by some artful knave,
 The legend, that the lonely stream,
 By which they dug his grave,
 When wint'ry torrents from above
 Swept with resistless force,

Knew and revered the man of love,
 And changed its rapid course,
 And left the low, sepulchral mound
 Uninjured by its side,
 And spared the consecrated ground
 Where he had knelt and died.
 Nor ever let my weak mind rail
 At the poor Indian,
 Who, when the fierce north-western gale
 Swept o'er Lake Michigan,
 In the last hour of deepest dread
 Knew of one resource yet,
 And stilled the thunder overhead
 By calling on Marquette!

V.

Sink to my heart, sweet evening skies!
 Ye darkening waves that roll
 Around me,—ye departing dyes,—
 Sink to my inmost soul!
 Teach to my heart of hearts, that fact,
 Unknown, though known so well,
 That in each feeling, act, and thought,
 God works by miracle.
 And ye, soft-footed stars, that come
 So quietly at even,
 Teach me to use this world, my home,
 So as to make it heaven!

TO A CHILD.

My little friend, I love to trace
 Those lines of laughter on thy face,
 Which seems to be the dwelling-place
 Of all that's sweet:
 And bend with pride to thy embrace
 Whene'er we meet.

For though the beauty of the flower,
 Or of the sky at sunset hour,
 Or when the threat'ning tempests lower,
 May be divine,
 Yet unto me but weak their power
 Compared with thine.

And though the ocean waves, which roll
 From the equator to the pole,
 May tell us of a God's control,
 Yet poor they be,
 When measur'd by the living soul
 Which burns in thee.

Of vast, strange cities we are told,
 That were in the dim days of old;
 Of thrones of ivory and gold,
 By jewels hid;
 And temples of gigantic mould,
 And pyramid:

But I would brave a hundred toils
 To watch thy little ways and wiles,
 And bathe my spirit in thy smiles,
 And hear thy call,
 Rather than walk a dozen miles
 To see them all.

For thou, when folly hath beguiled,
 Or selfishness, or sense defiled,
 Thou meetest me, my little child,
 Fresh with my stain—
 But when upon me thou hast smiled,
 I'm pure again.

Oh, then, by thee I could be led
 With joy life's humblest walk to tread:
 The lowliest roof, the hardest bed,
 Were all I'd ask;
 To raise my heart above my head
 Should be my task.

What then to me the diamond stone?
 And what the gem-encircled zone?
 And what the harp's bewitching tone?
 Thine azure eye,
 Thy ruddy cheek, and laugh, alone,
 Would satisfy.

And though all fortune were denied
 I'd struggle still against the tide,
 Nor pray for any wealth beside,
 If I could be
 The parent, governor, and guide
 Of one like thee.

THE VOICE THAT BADE THE DEAD ARISE.

THE voice that bade the dead arise,
 And gave back vision to the blind,
 Is hushed; but when He sought the skies,
 Our Master left his Word behind.

'Twas not to calm the billows' roll,
 'Twas not to bid the hill be riven;
 No! 'twas to lift the fainting soul,
 And lead the erring back to heaven,—

To heave a mountain from the heart,
 To bid those inner springs be stirred.
 Lord, to thy servant here impart
 The quickening wisdom of that Word!

Dwell, Father, in this earthly fane,
 And, when its feeble walls decay,
 Be with us till we meet again
 Amid thy halls of endless day.

HYMN.

ALMIGHTY God! with hearts of flesh
 Into thy presence we have come,
 To breathe our filial vows afresh,
 To make thy house once more our home.

We know that thou art ever nigh;
 We know that thou art with us here,—
 That every action meets thine eye,
 And every secret thought thine ear.

But grant us, God, this truth to feel,
 As well as know; grant us the grace,
 Somewhat as Adam knew thee, still
 To know and see thee, face to face.

Here, while we breathe again our vows,
 Appointing one to minister
 In holy things within this house,
 Grant us to feel that Thou art here.

HUGH PETERS.

HUGH PETERS was born at Hebron, Tolland county, Connecticut, in January, 1807. Having received a liberal education, he studied law, and as soon as he had been admitted to the bar, cast his fortune in Cincinnati. He was received with marked tokens of good-will, into the literary circles which existed in that city in 1829, and became an admired writer for the *Cincinnati Chronicle* and the *Illinois Magazine*.

On the afternoon of Saturday, June eleventh, 1831, his body was found in the Ohio River, near Lawrenceburg, Indiana. He was known to have retired to his room, as usual, on Thursday night. On Friday morning he was missed, but as he had signified an intention to go to Lawrenceburg, no uneasiness was felt until Sunday morning. His room was then visited, and it was apparent to his friends that no ordinary circumstances had called him away. A messenger was immediately sent to Lawrenceburg. He returned with the melancholy information that Mr. Peters was dead and buried. The remains were disinterred and removed to Cincinnati.

At a meeting of the Cincinnati bar, held June third, 1831, at which Charles Hammond presided, resolutions, presented by Benjamin Drake, expressing high admiration for Mr. Peters's character and talents, and deep regret for his early death, were unanimously adopted.

In the *Illinois Magazine* for June, 1831, James Hall published an obituary notice, in which he said :

By his talents, sterling integrity, and amiable deportment, he had won the esteem of all who had the pleasure of knowing him. It is seldom the lot of any young man to begin the world with brighter prospects than those which opened before Mr. Peters : his solid worth, his unblemished character, and inoffensive manners, conciliated for him the confidence of the public, and the affection of a large circle of friends ; and it is believed that he had no enemy.

The successful career of such a man, rising fast into competence and honor, by his own moral worth and honest exertions, should stimulate the ambition, and strengthen the virtue, of the young ; as it affords an honorable proof that there is a broad and a bright path to professional success, which genius and integrity may tread, without the aid of artifice, or the influence of patronage ; while its brevity speaks a lesson which none should disregard.

Mr. Peters's writings were marked with good sense, and correct taste. He gave promise of more than ordinary success in both prose and poetry. In criticism he was skilled, and some of his literary reviews evinced the same quality which Mr. Hall notices in his eulogy. He was conscientious, in a high degree ; and if the precise merits of a work submitted to his examination, were not clearly and honestly set forth in his remarks, the fault was with his judgment, and with nothing else.

His "Native Land," which was contributed to the *Illinois Magazine* in 1831, will compare favorably with the best poems of its character in the language. It reminds one of Byron's "Good Night," but simply through its excellencies ; it irresistibly calls Shelley to mind, but only by reason of the similarity in the truthfulness of the prophetic strains which foretold or fore-indicated the particular kind of death which either should die.

MY NATIVE LAND.

THE boat swings from the pebbled shore,
 And proudly drives her prow;
 The crested waves roll up before:
 Yon dark, gray land, I see no more—
 How sweet it seemeth now!
 Thou dark gray land, my Native Land,
 Thou land of rock and pine,
 I'm speeding from thy golden sand;
 But can I wave a farewell hand
 To such a shore as thine?

I've gazed upon the golden cloud
 Which shades thine emerald sod;
 Thy hills, which Freedom's share hath
 plowed,
 Which nurse a race that have not bowed
 Their knee to aught but God;
 Thy mountain floods, which proudly fling
 Their waters to the fall—
 Thy birds, which cut with rushing wing
 The sky that greets thy coming Spring,
 And thought thy glories small;

But now ye've shrunk to yon blue line
 Between the sky and sea,
 I feel, sweet home, that thou art mine,
 I feel my bosom cling to thine—
 That I am part of thee.
 I see thee blended with the wave,
 As children see the earth
 Close up a sainted mother's grave;
 They weep for her they cannot save,
 And feel her holy worth.

Thou mountain land—thou land of rock,
 I'm proud to call thee free;
 Thy sons are of the pilgrim stock,
 And nerved like those who stood the shock
 At old Thermopylæ.
 The laurel wreaths their fathers won—
 The children wear them still—
 Proud deeds those iron men have done!
 They fought and won at Bennington,
 And bled at Bunker Hill.

There's grandeur in the lightning stroke
 That rives thy mountain ash;
 There's glory in thy giant oak,
 And rainbow beauty in the smoke
 Where crystal waters dash:
 There's music in thy winter blast
 That sweeps the hollow glen;
 Less sturdy sons would shrink aghast
 From piercing winds like those thou hast
 To nurse thine iron men.

And thou hast gems; aye, living pearls;
 And flowers of Eden hue:
 Thy loveliest, are thy bright-eyed girls,
 Of fairy forms and elfin curls,
 And smiles like Hermon's dew:
 They've hearts like those they're born to
 wed,
 Too proud to nurse a slave;
 They'd scorn to share a monarch's bed,
 And sooner lay their angel head
 Deep in their humble grave.

And I have left thee, Home, alone,
 A pilgrim from thy shore;
 The wind goes by with hollow moan,
 I hear it sigh a warning tone,
 "Ye see your home no more."
 I'm cast upon the world's wide sea,
 Torn like an ocean weed;
 I'm cast away, far, far from thee,
 I feel a thing I cannot be,
 A bruised and broken reed.

Farewell, my Native Land, farewell!
 That wave has hid thee now—
 My heart is bowed as with a spell.
 This rending pang!—would I could tell
 What ails my throbbing brow!
 One look upon that fading streak
 Which bounds yon eastern sky;
 One tear to cool my burning cheek;
 And then a word I cannot speak—
 "My Native Land—Good-by."

THE PARTING.

THEIR bark is out upon the sea,
 She leaps across the tide :—
 The flashing waves dash joyously
 Their spray upon her side :
 As if a bird, before the breeze
 She spreads her snowy wings,
 And breaking through the crested seas,
 How beautiful she springs.

The deep blue sky above her path
 Is cloudless, and the air
 That pure and spicy fragrance hath
 Which Ceylon's breezes bear—
 And though she seems a shadowless
 And phantom thing, in sport,
 Her freight I ween is happiness,
 And heaven her far-off port.

Mild, tearful eyes are gazing now
 Upon that fleeting ship,
 And here, perhaps, an ashy brow,
 And there a trembling lip,
 Are tokens of the agony,
 The pangs it costs to sever
 A mother from her first-born child,
 To say—farewell, forever.

And they who sail yon fading bark
 Have turned a yearning eye
 To the far land, which seems a line
 Between the sea and sky.
 And as that land blends with the sea,
 Like clouds in sunset light,
 A soft, low voice breathes on the wind,
 "My native land, good-night."

And they who stand upon the shore,
 And bend them o'er the sea,
 To catch the last, faint shadow of
 The shrouds' dim tracery,—
 I ween if one could hear the sigh,
 Could catch the mother's tone,
 He'd hear it say, "Good-night—good-
 night,
 My beautiful—my own."

That ship is gone—lost to the eye ;
 But still a freshening breeze
 Is o'er her wake, and drives her on
 Through smooth and pleasant seas.
 Right onward, thus, she will dash on,
 Though tempests shake the air,
 For hearts that fear not ocean's wrath
 I ween will aye be there.

* * * * *

That sea is life. That bark is but
 The hopes of wedded love :
 The wind which fills its swelling sails
 I trust is from above.
 And ever may its progress be
 Through summer seas right on,
 Till blended with eternity's
 Broad ocean's horizon.



THE YANKEE PEDDLER.

THERE is, in famous Yankee land,
 A class of men, ycleped tin-peddlers,
 A shrewd, sarcastic band
 Of busy meddlers :
 They scour the country through and
 through,
 Vending their wares, tin pots, tin pans,
 Tin ovens, dippers, wash-bowls, cans,
 Tin whistles, kettles, or to boil or stew ;
 Tin cullenders, tin nutmeg-graters,
 Tin warming platters for your fish and
 taters !

In short,
 If you will look within
 His cart,
 And gaze upon the tin
 Which glitters there,
 So bright and fair,
 There's no danger in defying
 You to go off without buying.

SALMON P. CHASE.

SALMON PORTLAND CHASE was born in the town of Cornish, New Hampshire, on the thirteenth day of January, in the year 1808. At the age of seven years, on the removal of his father to Keene, he was taken to that town and placed at school. At the age of twelve, his father having in the mean time died, he sought the home of his uncle, Philander Chase, then Bishop of Ohio, at Worthington, in this State, and under that excellent and active man pursued his studies for some time. Bishop Chase, having been elected to the Presidency of Cincinnati College, removed to that city for the purpose of entering upon the discharge of the responsible duties thus devolved upon him, taking his nephew with him. Salmon entered the college forthwith, and was soon raised to the Sophomore class. He continued at Cincinnati only about a year, when he returned to the home of his mother in New Hampshire, and in 1824 entered the Junior class of Dartmouth College, where he was graduated two years after.

These several changes were not the most favorable to Mr. Chase's education, but he improved his opportunities well, and graduated with honor. The world was now before him where to choose, and he was to be the artificer of his own fortunes. The winter succeeding, he went to Washington City, and, receiving good encouragement, opened a classical school for boys. This school was prosperous, and he continued it for about three years, pursuing, at the same time, a thorough study of the law, under the direction of the distinguished William Wirt. Having been admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia, and closed his school in 1829, he removed to Cincinnati in the spring of 1830, and took up his permanent residence in that city—engaging in the practice of his profession.

Working in that probation through which many sleep, Mr. Chase soon made himself known as an earnest thinker, a good writer, and a forcible speaker. He was an accepted contributor to the pages of the *North American Review*, an occasional writer for the *Western Monthly Magazine*, and a favorite member of the intellectual associations and social circles of the city. Among his contributions to the former periodical, which was at the time regarded as the model American work in its department, an elaborate article on "Brougham," and a dissertation on "Machinery," are remembered as having been received by the newspaper press and the literary public with great favor. At this time he prepared an edition of the Statutes of Ohio, with copious annotations and a preliminary sketch of the history of the State, in three large octavo volumes. The manner in which this work was performed gave him an immediate reputation among the members of the bar, and secured him almost at once a most desirable position in the active commercial community by which he was surrounded. A valuable practice soon sought him out; in 1834 he became solicitor of the Bank

of the United States in Cincinnati, and not long after that assumed a like position in one of the city banks.

The first important case that brought him distinctly and prominently before the public, outside of commercial practice, occurred in the year 1837. This was a "fugitive slave case," in which Mr. Chase acted as counsel for a colored woman, claimed under the law of 1793. The same year, in an argument before the Supreme Court of Ohio, in defense of James G. Birney, prosecuted under a State law for harboring a negro slave, Mr. Chase so acquitted himself as to add materially to his already honorable reputation, and inspire general confidence in his learning, skill, readiness, and power as a jurist. His status at the bar was now an undoubted one. He took rank with the oldest and ablest practitioners. But the very zeal with which he entered into the cases referred to, and others of a kindred nature—the thoroughness of his preparation, and the ability of his argument—while they fixed his reputation as a lawyer, and rapidly increased the business committed to his charge, at the same time tended to draw him aside from the legitimate and most successful practice of his profession, and start him in a new and untried career.

The extension of the anti-slavery sentiment, and his prominent connection with a class of cases so nearly allied to it, together with the fact that this sentiment was fast receiving vitality in organized forms, gradually drew him into politics. Previous to the year, 1841, though ranking with the young Whigs of Cincinnati, and acting with them, he had never taken any thing like a prominent part in their movements. During this year, his anti-slavery sentiments having been strengthened by observation and reflection, and it appearing certain to him that legitimate aims which he regarded as of paramount importance could hope to be attained only through the instrumentality of party organization, he united in a call for the State Liberty Convention of Ohio, and subsequently for the National Liberty Convention of 1843, in the proceedings of both of which he took a part whose prominence was surpassed by that of no other man.

Mr. Chase's political career was now fully commenced, and has been continued with activity and ability ever since. He was chosen a Senator of the United States from Ohio in the year 1849, and served his full term with much distinction. In 1855 he was elected Governor of Ohio, and in 1857 re-elected—administering affairs with great ability and prudence, and by his wisdom and devotion to the interests of the State, commanding respect at home and abroad. In the beginning of 1860 he was again elected to the Senate of the United States, in which august body he will be entitled to take his seat on the fourth of March, 1861.

Judging Mr. Chase's future by his past, that section of the Union to which he more particularly belongs, will have cause to congratulate itself upon his re-election to the Senate, should it be in the order of events that he is there to take the oath of office. Throughout the Senatorial service which he has already rendered, the most abundant evidence was afforded of his attachment to the great and free North-West, whose interests he watched over with the most jealous care. No narrow feelings of sectionalism, however, control his actions; and when his responsibilities as Senator are renewed, his vision, we are satisfied, will have a broad national scope.

While a student of law, and during the first years of his practice at the bar, history, biography, mechanics, politics and general literature, each received a due share of Mr. Chase's attention. And during the period embraced within the first three or four years after attaining to his majority, few men of his years in the country had better stored minds, or exhibited more striking marks of good mental discipline. Though his education had been several times interrupted, and was at best, more or less, piecemeal in its nature, yet, through a mind comprehensive, discriminating, and sufficiently retentive, he brought to whatever task he undertook the graces of learning and the force of logic, and when he left it, whether complete or incomplete, the evidences were abundant of keenness of insight, extent of view, thoroughness of reflection, and strength of reasoning. The same breadth of premise, exactness of statement, logical sequence, completeness of consideration, and power of conclusion, that have since, in a more remarkable degree, characterized his career as a jurist and a statesman, marked all his better efforts during the period under view. In public discourses, newspaper writings, occasional lectures, and contributions to periodical literature—in each of which departments he did a few things carefully, and not many things “hastily and with a bad pen”—these traits are observable.

During his student-life, Mr. Chase often wooed the muses successfully; and from among the poems written by him at this period, we make some extracts. Later in life, as a recreation, and from early love, he has indulged in similar pastimes; and amid the turbulence of politics, he often now flies for peaceful enjoyment to the quiet of a library stored with the master songs of the world, ancient and modern. Among recent literary recreations, in which we have known him to engage, is the translation of various specimens of the Latin poets into an English form, which present with striking excellence the wit and beauty of the original. Though our plan does not include such performances among the selections for this volume, yet there is no reason why we should not embrace in these preliminary sketches an occasional translation, such as that of the eleventh Epigram of the Sixth Book of Martial, with which we conclude this notice.

“IN MARCUM.”

“No real friendships now-a-days,” you say :
 “Pylades and Orestes, where are they?”
 Alike Pylades and Orestes fared ;
 The bread and thrush of each the other shared ;
 Both drank from the same bottle ; both partook
 The self-same supper from the self-same cook.
 You feast on Lucrines ; me Peloris feeds ;
 In daintiness your taste not mine exceeds.
 Cadmean Tyre clothes you ; coarse Gallia me ;
 How loved by sackcloth can rich purples be ?
 Who wants in me Pylades, Mark ! must prove
 To me Orestes :—who wants love, must love.

NOTE.—*Lucrines* ; the finest oysters were taken from the Lucrine Lake. *Peloris* ; a Sicilian promontory near which shell-fish of inferior quality but large size were taken. *Cadmean Tyre* ; Tyre, named from Cadmus a Phœnician, celebrated for purples. *Gallia* ; whence were brought coarse woollen cloth for servants' wear, by a permissible license, perhaps, called *sackcloth*.

THE SISTERS.*

It was an eve of summer. The bright sun
With all his flood of glory, like a king
With pomp of unfurled banners, had gone
down.

A single cloud, in which all rays that light
The diamond, opal, and the chrysolite,
Met in their mingled brightness, hung above
The place of his departure. Over that
Rose pile on pile of gorgeous clouds, a wall
With tower and battlement, uplifted high,—
Grandly magnificent, as if to mock
The show of glory earth sometimes puts on.
The zephyrs were abroad among the flowers,
Filling the air with fragrance, while around,
From silver rills, and from the breezy trees,
And from earth's thousand founts of har-
mony,

Came gushes of sweet sound. On such an
eve,

I saw, upon the bank of a small stream,
Whose waters glowed with the rich, golden
light,

That, like a mantle wrought by angel hands,
Covered the world with beauty, two, who
seemed

Rather the habitants of some pure star.
Than dwellers of this earth. They were
both young

And lovely, but unlike; as two sweet
flowers

Are sometimes seen, both exquisitely fair,
Though clothed with different hues. The
one went by

With a light, fawn-like step, that scarcely
crushed

The springing flower beneath it. Life had
been

To her a poet's dream, where all things
bright

And beautiful concentrated, like the rays
That, mingling, form the sunbeam; and the
earth

Was lovely still, as in the olden time,
When, at this hour, celestial spirits came
To admire her virgin beauties, and adore
The great Creator, manifested best
By works which he hath wrought. Her
countenance

Was radiant with joy, though shaded oft
By her dark tresses, as the wanton breeze
Played sportively among her locks of jet.
She was not very beautiful; and yet
There was that in her dark, bright, joyous
eyes,

And in the expression of her speaking face,
Where, 'mid the graces, dwelt perpetual
smiles,

As sunshine dwells upon the summer wave,
Changing forever, yet forever bright—

With the sweet frankness of confiding
youth,

And the pure light that evermore pours out
From the mind's fountain—that demanded
more

Than the cold name of beauty, which may
be

The attribute of beings whom no ray
Of intellect illumines, and no charm
Of loveliness invests. The other's step
Was not so buoyant, and her eye had less
Of mirth and gladness in it, and her cheek
Was something paler; but when gentle
airs

Parted the tresses that hung o'er her brow,
It was as when light suddenly breaks forth
From rifted clouds in April. She was one
For whom a life were a small sacrifice,
Aye, to be deemed as nothing! Pensive
grace

Was in her every motion, and her look
Had something sacred in it that declared
How pure the spirit in that form enshrined,
Like light that dwelleth in the diamond
gem.

Thou lovely one! may life still be for thee
A peaceful voyage o'er a summer sea,
By gentle gales attended; and at length,
Purified wholly from the primal taint,

* Inscribed to E. G. W. and C. G. W.

That still attends earth's loveliest, enter
thou

The port of peace eternal!

They passed on—

Such visions never last—and, ray by ray,
From earth and sky and from the spark-
ling wave

The glory all departed. Even so,
I thought—and with the thought a heavy
sigh

Came from my inmost heart—must fade
away

All that the earth of beautiful inherits.
And so must these bright creatures pass
from earth,

Leaving behind, to tell that they have been,
Naught but the memory of their loveliness,
Like fragrance lingering still around the
spot

Where late the rose was blooming.

TO A STAR.

MOURNFUL thy beam, pale star!
Shining afar with solitary light,
Though hosts around thee are,
Decking the bosom of the blue midnight.

I would not be as thou!
Cut off from all communion with my
kind,
Though round me might blaze now
The light and glory in which thou art
shrin'd.

For thou art all alone!
Companionless in thine afar career—
While silently rolls on,
In paths of living light, each radiant
sphere.

Thy goings forth have been,
In thy bright beauty, since that elder
time,

When, undefiled by sin,
Earth too was lovely in her being's prime.

And still thou art the same!
As beautiful and fair as then thou wert;
As if thy virgin flame
Had power Time's wasting influence to
avert.

Shine on awhile, thou star!
Yet shall thy brightness fade in endless
night;

Roll on thy diamond car!
Yet soon thy fiery track will not be
bright.

Then shall a star arise!
A star far lovelier than night's brightest
gem,
To shine in purer skies,—
The fadeless, glorious star of Bethlehem!

THEMES.

LIGHTLY that feather floats upon the wind!
Yet in the eternal balance mightiest deeds
Of mightiest men are lighter!

Yes: Plutus is the god of little souls,
Who, in his dark caves searching, may em-
ploy
Eyes which the sun had blinded!

How oft does seeming worth, that thorn-
less rose,
Shoot out, when by Affection nurtured,
The rough thorns of Ingratitude, and
wound
The gentle hand that tends it.

How shifts the varying scene! The great,
to-day,
Are by the turn of fickle Fortune's wheel
To-morrow mingled with the general mass.

WILLIAM O. BUTLER.

WILLIAM ORLANDO BUTLER, son of Percival Butler, who was an Adjutant General in the American Army in the War of 1812, was born in Jessamine county, Kentucky, in 1793. The profession of law was selected for William by his father, and he was about to devote himself to it, when the war of 1812 broke out. He enlisted as a private soldier in Captain Hart's company of Kentucky volunteers, and on the march to the North-western frontier was elected Corporal. Soon after that election he was appointed Ensign in the Seventeenth Regiment of United States Infantry. He distinguished himself in several skirmishes. At the battle of River Raisin, January twenty-second, 1813, he was among the few wounded who escaped massacre by the Indians. Taken prisoner by the British, he was marched through Canada to Fort Niagara. In a biographical notice of Mr. Butler, Francis P. Blair has given some account of his life as a prisoner of war, from which we quote:

Then his mind wandered back to the last night scene which he surveyed on the bloody shores of Raisin. He gave up the heroic part, and became a school-boy again, and commemorated his sorrows for his lost friends in verse, like some passionate, heart-broken lover. These elegiac strains were never intended for the eye of any but mutual friends, whose sympathies, like his own, poured out tears with their complaints over the dead. We give some of these lines of boyhood to show that the heroic youth had a bosom not less kind than brave. They are introductory to what may be considered a succession of epitaphs on the friends whose bodies the young soldier found on the field:

THE FIELD OF RAISIN.

The battle's o'er! the din is past;
Night's mantle on the field is cast;
The Indian yell is heard no more;
The silence broods o'er Erie's shore.
At this lone hour I go to tread
The field where valor vainly bled—
To raise the wounded warrior's crest,
Or warm with tears his icy breast,
To treasure up his last command,
And bear it to his native land.
It may one pulse of joy impart
To a fond mother's bleeding heart;
Or for a moment it may dry
The tear-drop in the widow's eye.

Vain hope, away! The widow ne'er
Her warrior's dying wish shall hear.
The passing zephyr bears no sigh,
No wounded warrior meets the eye—
Death is his sleep by Erie's wave,
Of Raisin's snow we heap his grave!
How many hopes lie murdered here—
The mother's joy, the father's pride,
The country's boast, the foeman's fear,
In wilder'd havoc, side by side.
Lend me, thou silent queen of night,
Lend me awhile thy waning light,
That I may see each well-loved form,
That sunk beneath the morning storm.

Immediately after an exchange of prisoners had been made, by which Mr. Butler was permitted to return from Canada, he was promoted to a Captaincy. On the twenty-third of December, 1814, he was brevetted Major for conspicuous services in the battles at Pensacola and New Orleans. He was aid-de-camp to General Jackson, from June seventeenth, 1816, to May thirty-first, 1817. He then tendered his resignation, and for the next twenty-five years devoted himself to the practice of the law in Kentucky, residing on a patrimonial estate, near the confluence of the Kentucky and Ohio rivers.

From 1839 to 1843, Mr. Butler was a Representative in Congress. In 1844 he

was the candidate of the Democratic party for the office of Governor of Kentucky, but was defeated by the influence of Henry Clay. When the war with Mexico broke out, he tendered his services to the Government, and was created Major General. He led the daring charge at Monterey, and on the second of March, 1847, was presented a sword by resolution of Congress. In February, 1848, he succeeded General Scott in command of the American forces in Mexico. His military administration in that country was concluded on the twenty-ninth of May, 1848, when he announced the ratification of the treaty of peace. After his return to the United States, he was nominated by the Democratic party as a candidate for the office of Vice President, on a ticket, with Lewis Cass for the Chief Magistracy, which was defeated by the election of Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore.

In early life Mr. Butler wrote several poems of merit, but the only one generally known is the "Boatman's Horn," first published about the year 1835.

THE BOATMAN'S HORN.

O, BOATMAN! wind that horn again,
 For never did the list'ning air
 Upon its lambent bosom bear
 So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain!
 What though thy notes are sad and few,
 By every simple boatman blown,
 Yet is each pulse to nature true,
 And melody in every tone.
 How oft, in boyhood's joyous day,
 Unmindful of the lapsing hours,
 I've loitered on my homeward way
 By wild Ohio's bank of flowers;
 While some lone boatman from the deck
 Poured his soft numbers to that tide,
 As if to charm from storm and wreck
 The boat where all his fortunes ride!
 Delighted Nature drank the sound,
 Enchanted, Echo bore it round
 In whispers soft and softer still,
 From hill to plain and plain to hill,
 Till e'en the thoughtless frolic boy,
 Elate with hope and wild with joy,
 Who gamboled by the river's side,
 And sported with the fretting tide,
 Feels something new pervade his breast,
 Change his light steps, repress his jest,

Bends o'er the flood his eager ear
 To catch the sounds far off, yet dear—
 Drinks the sweet draught, but knows not
 why
 The tear of rapture fills his eye.
 And can he now, to manhood grown,
 Tell why those notes, simple and lone,
 As on the ravished ear they fell,
 Bind every sense in magic spell?
 There is a tide of feeling given
 To all on earth, its fountain heaven,
 Beginning with the dewy flower,
 Just ope'd in Flora's vernal bower—
 Rising creation's orders through,
 With louder murmur, brighter hue—
 That tide is sympathy! its ebb and flow
 Give life its hues, its joy and woe.
 Music, the master-spirit that can move
 Its waves to war, or lull them into love—
 Can cheer the sinking sailor mid the wave,
 And bid the warrior on! nor fear the grave,
 Inspire the fainting pilgrim on his road,
 And elevate his soul to claim his God.
 Then, boatman, wind that horn again!
 Though much of sorrow mark its strain,
 Yet are its notes to sorrow dear;
 What though they wake fond memory's tear!
 Tears are sad memory's sacred feast,
 And rapture oft her chosen guest.

THOMAS H. SHREVE.

PULMONARY disease, which for a period of about three years had afflicted Thomas H. Shreve, terminated in his death on the morning of December twenty-third, 1853. To Mr. Shreve's numerous personal friends, who had long been aware of the severe and dangerous nature of his disease, this intelligence did not come unexpectedly, but to every one of them it was accompanied by a pang such as they do not often experience. Beyond the circle of attached friends, there were in different parts of the Union, but more especially in the north-eastern sections of the Mississippi Valley, thousands who had never seen the deceased, who yet sincerely lamented his loss, for through a period of twenty years they had known him as a journalist of brilliant talent, and rare powers of pleasing and instructing.

Thomas H. Shreve was born in the city of Alexandria, District of Columbia, in the year 1808. In the schools of that place he laid the foundations of a good academical education, upon which he built through many years of close observation and thoughtful study. There, and at Trenton, New Jersey, he was bred to the business of merchandise, which at a later period of his life he pursued for a few years in Louisville, Kentucky. About the year 1830, he removed to Cincinnati, whither his father and sisters had preceded him. In the year 1834, by purchase, he connected himself with the publishing and editorial departments of the *Cincinnati Mirror*—a weekly literary paper, at that time of established character and wide circulation, but which immediately and greatly improved, in all respects, under his joint management.

In the year 1838, the *Mirror* having sometime before passed from the hands of Mr. Shreve and his associates, he removed to Louisville, where he became a member of the extensive dry-goods jobbing house of Joshua L. Bowles & Co., with which he remained connected till the retirement of Mr. Bowles and the close of the concern. Subsequent to this, he was for a couple of years one of the partners in an agricultural warehouse in Louisville.

While connected with the *Cincinnati Mirror*, and while a member of the firm of Bowles & Co., Mr. Shreve produced many papers of rare excellence, in different departments of literature. They were published in the *Cincinnati Mirror*, the *Knickerbocker* of New York, the *Hesperian*, the *Western Monthly Magazine*, and the *Louisville Journal*, and copied into the daily and weekly press throughout the country, establishing his reputation as one of the best of our younger writers, East or West. During the same time he made sundry public addresses, on themes of permanent interest and value, which showed an abundant capacity and intelligence to instruct, as well as to please.

Discriminating judgment had long recognized in him one who had rare powers for the work of journalism, and when he retired from merchandising, he was at once se-

cured by the publishers of the *Louisville Journal* as an assistant in the editorial department of that paper. In this employment he continued till the day of his death—dictating to an amanuensis months after the inroads of disease had so shattered his physical constitution that he could no longer guide the pen that traced his quickly-flowing thoughts. For the rough-and-tumble of political editorship he had but little taste, and he labored in that department of the paper only temporarily during the occasional absence of his able and dextrous senior. He liked as little the drudgery of clipping and paragraphing—to which he was subjected only at times of similar necessity. He was, more especially than any thing else, an essayist, and to the well-weighed thoughts and polished style of the “leaders” which he furnished every week, and sometimes every day, was the *Louisville Journal* indebted for much of the high respect entertained for it among thoughtful and scholarly minds.*

Some of Mr. Shreve's poetical compositions have been widely and justly admired. Unlike most young men, when they engage in metrical writing, he was as joyous in his verse as the lark soaring in the early morn and singing at heaven's gate. As an amateur artist also he had decided and high excellences, and he left portraits, landscapes, and paintings in animal life, which demonstrate his powers in this department of intellectual effort. He had likewise a mathematical and legal mind; and had he given his days and nights as sedulously to either astronomy or law as he gave them to belles-lettres and the social circle, he would have ranked with the best of his cotemporaries. His ambition, however, was almost exclusively literary, and the theater of perhaps his best exploits was the club-room, where he had few equals in the cities of his residence.

No man had stronger attachments to his friends than Thomas H. Shreve, and no man's friends have been more devoted than his to the object of their regard. This was the double result of his truthful and manly nature, which presented him at all

* On the morning after his death, a touching article from the pen of Mr. Prentice appeared in the *Journal*—from the following is an extract:

“Mr. Shreve's abilities were of a high order. As a writer, he was much distinguished before his connection with the *Louisville Journal*, and his pen contributed much valuable matter to this paper. His taste was pure, his humor was rich and exuberant, and he could, when he pleased, write with extraordinary vehemence, eloquence, and pathos. His mind was richly stored with knowledge, and he could always use that knowledge with wonderful facility. The condition of his health was such for the last two or three years that he wrote very little during that time, but he has left behind him some productions which we trust that our generation will not permit to be forgotten.

“To-morrow the lamented Shreve will be laid in his grave amid the tears and sobs and lamentations of relatives and friends, but his memory, unburied in the earth, will remain a cherished and beautiful and holy thing in the souls of hundreds. When such a man passes away, he leaves the earth lone and desolate to those who knew and loved him, but heaven becomes brighter to them than before. A dark and chilling shadow stretches from his tomb, and seems to envelop the heart and the whole world of nature with its cold gloom, but when the eye of the spirit looks upward and pursues him in his radiant and starry flight, the gloom vanishes, and all is eternal beauty and glory.

“We, the surviving editor of the *Journal*, feel that the prime of our life is scarcely yet gone; yet, as we look back upon our long career in this city, we seem to behold, near and far, only the graves of the prized and the lost. All the numerous journeymen and apprentices that were in our employ when we first commenced publishing our paper are dead; our first partner, our second partner, and our third partner are dead, and our first assistant and our last assistant are also dead. When these memories come over us, we feel like one alone at midnight in the midst of a churchyard, with the winds sighing mournfully around him through the broken tombs, and the voices of the ghosts of departed joys sounding dolefully in his ears. Our prayer to God is that such memories may have a chastening and purifying and elevating influence upon us and fit us to discharge, better than we have ever yet done, our duties to earth and to heaven.”

times, and under all circumstances, as one to be relied upon—the same in joy or in sorrow, in weal or in woe, in adversity or prosperity, in life or in death. He scorned a meanness with the same heartiness that he admired a noble act. He made no concessions to wrong, and bestowed applause in no stinted words upon the right. From his earliest life he abhorred all doctrines of expediency in matters of moral import, and was unrelenting in his hostility to all arguments drawn from them. He stood upright before his God, and his fellow-man, and no compromises with falsehood or error were able to push him from his place. What, after diligent inquiry and the exercise of the best powers of his mind, he believed to be right, was right to him, and by it he would stand or fall.

These earnest words in his praise are spoken by one who knew him in young manhood and mature life as no other man living knew him. We were through many years his associate in active business, in editorial employments, in literary pursuits, in the schemes of youth that are but bubbles, and in the hopes of manhood that turn to dust and ashes upon the heart.

In his religious views, Mr. Shreve was a Quaker. This was the education of his childhood, and his matured faculties indorsed it as correct. The sincerity of his heart bore testimony to its truthfulness, and the simplicity of his manners and habits accorded with its precepts and examples. Some of the strongest articles that came from his hand, in his later years, were vindications of William Penn from the aspersions of the historian Macaulay.

Mr. Shreve's keenest regrets, aside from those connected with his separation for all time from his wife, children, and friends, were that he had accomplished so little in his favorite pursuit of literature. Little he had done, indeed, compared with what he had designed and would have achieved had a few more years been permitted him in this life: but should a collection be made of what he has written, as we earnestly hope it may, and a careful selection be taken from it, it will be found that he accomplished much more than has been done by many a one who has rested from his labors and been content.

In 1851, "Drayton, an American Tale," from the pen of Mr. Shreve, was published by Harper and Brothers, New York. It was favorably reviewed in several of the leading magazines and newspapers of the East as well as of the West. Its plot is of more than common interest, and many of its pages contain admirable examples of character painting. The hero is a fair representative of American energy and independence. He passes from the shoemaker's bench to a position of honor and influence in the legal profession, illustrating in his career, study and industry well calculated to elevate and improve young men who are denied the advantages of education and family influence.

About fourteen years before his death, Mr. Shreve married Octavia Bullitt, daughter of the late Benjamin Bullitt, for many years an influential citizen of Louisiana. She survived him, and partners in her bitter bereavement were three daughters—all the children that were born to them.

I HAVE NO WIFE.

I HAVE no wife—and I can go
 Just where I please, and feel as free
 As crazy winds which choose to blow
 Round mountain-tops their melody.
 On those who have Love's race to run,
 Hope, like a seraph, smiles most sweet—
 But they who Hymen's goal have won,
 Sometimes, 'tis said, find Hope a cheat.

I have no wife—young girls are fair—
 But how it is, I cannot tell,
 No sooner are they wed, than their
 Enchantments give them the farewell.
 The girls, oh, bless them! make us yearn
 To risk all odds and take a wife—
 To cling to one, and not to turn
 Ten thousand in the dance of life.

I have no wife :—Who'd have his nose
 Forever tied to one lone flower,
 E'en if that flower should be a rose,
 Plucked with light hand from fairy bower?
 Oh! better far the bright bouquet
 Of flowers of every hue and clime;
 By turns to charm the sense away,
 And fill the heart with dreams sublime.

I have no wife :—I now can change
 From grave to joy, from light to sad
 Unfettered, in my freedom range
 And fret awhile, and, then, be glad.
 I now can heed a Siren's tongue,
 And feel that eyes glance not in vain—
 Make love apace, and, being flung,
 Get up and try my luck again.

I have no wife to pull my hair
 If it should chance entangled be—
 I'm like the lion in his lair,
 Who flings his mane about him free.
 If 'tis my fancy, I can wear
 My boots unblessed by blacking paste,
 Cling to my coat till it's threadbare,
 Without a lecture on bad taste.

I have no wife, and I can dream
 Of girls who're worth their weight in gold;
 Can bask my heart in Love's broad beam,
 And dance to think it's yet unsold.
 Or I can look upon a brow
 Which mind and beauty both enhance,
 Go to the shrine, and make my bow,
 And thank the Fates I have a chance.

I have no wife, and, like a wave,
 Can float away to any land,
 Curl up and kiss, or gently lave
 The sweetest flowers that are at hand.
 A Pilgrim, I can bend before
 The shrine which heart and mind
 approve ;—
 Or, Persian like, I can adore
 Each star that gems the heaven of love.

I have no wife—in heaven, they say,
 Such things as weddings are not known—
 Unyoked the blissful spirits stray
 O'er fields where care no shade has
 thrown.
 Then why not have a heaven below,
 And let fair Hymen hence be sent?
 It would be fine—but as things go,
Unwedded, folks won't be content!



MY FIRST GRAY HAIR.

OLD Age's twilight dawn hath come,
 Its first gray streak is here!
 Gray hair! thou'rt eloquent though dumb,
 And art, although forever mum,
 Pathetic as a tear.

Thou art a solemn joke! In sooth
 Enough to make one pout!
 Thou art not welcome—and in truth,
 Thy hue does not become my youth—
 Therefore I'll pull thee out.

How tight you stick! I'm not in play—
 You melancholy thing!
 I'm young yet—and, full many a day,
 I'll kiss the fresh-cheeked morns of May,
 And woo the blushing Spring.

Go blossom on some grandsire's head—
 Ye waste your fragrance here.
 I'd rather wear a wig that's red,
 With flaming locks, and radiance shed
 Around me, far and near.

I am not married—and gray hair
 Looks bad on bachelors.
 A smooth, unwrinkled brow I wear;
 My teeth are sound—rheumatics rare—
 Therefore gray hairs are bores.

I want to stand upon the shore
 Of matrimony's sea,
 And watch the barks ride proudly o'er,
 Or go to wreck 'mid breakers' roar,
 Ere Hymen launches me.

But if my hair should change to gray,
 I cannot safely stand,
 And view the sea, and think of spray,
 Or flirt among the girls who play,
 On wedded life's white strand.

My neck is quite too tick'lish yet
 To wear the marriage yoke!
 And while my hair is black as jet,
 My heart can smoke Love's calumet,
 And not with grief's be broke.

Not long ago I was a boy—
 I can't be old so soon!
 My heart of maiden aunts is coy,
 And every pulse leaps wild with joy,
 On moonlight nights in June.

No spectacles surmount my nose—
 My blood is never cold—
 I have no gout about my toes—
 And every thing about me shows
 'Tis false—I am not old!

DIRGE OF THE DISAPPOINTED.

'Tis done! and I must stand alone!
 Unechoed is my sigh;
 The star which late upon me shone,
 And hopes I fondly dreamed my own,
 Have fallen from on high.

Ambition's strife, and wildering din,
 Were life to my unrest;
 I bent my energies to win
 The wages of her faith and sin,
 And lost, and am unblest'd.

In truth, I thought the wreath of fame
 Was green for me the while;
 And o'er my soul a vision came,
 Of a stern conflict and a name,
 And woman's priceless smile.

And then, life was a summer sea—
 No cloud above it hung—
 Far o'er its sparkling waters free,
 Blithe strains, that woke my ecstasy,
 From fairy harps were flung.

But shades have muffled up that sky,
 The sea is bright no more;—
 And in the wild wind's sweeping by,
 Methinks I hear a demon's cry,
 That echoes on its shore.

Vain is the boasted force of mind;
 When hope hath ta'en her flight;
 Then memory is most unkind—
 And thought is as the dread whirlwind,
 That works on earth its blight.

Then let the storm rave round my head,
 Its spirits ride the blast:
 For since the dream of youth is fled,
 The wild-flowers of my heart are dead,
 And happiness is past.

I've learned that man may love too well
 The fiction of his heart:

And thought can lure where shadows dwell,
And weave a dark and bitter spell
With an all-blighting art.

'Tis vain to think of what has been,
Or dream of what may be—
To linger o'er a sunny scene,
Which beauty robes in smiling sheen,
When thought is misery.

THE USED UP.

THE jig is up: I have been flung
Sky-high—and worse than that:
The girl whose praises I have sung,
With pen, with pencil, and with tongue,
Said "No"—and I felt flat.

Now, I will neither rave nor rant,
Nor my hard fate deplore:
Why should a fellow look aslant
If one girl says she won't, or can't,
While there's so many more?

I strove my best—it wouldn't do!
I told her she'd regret—
She'd ruin my heart—and chances, too,
As girls don't like those fellows, who
Their walking papers get.

In truth I loved her very well,
And thought that she loved me!
The reason why, I cannot tell,
But, when I wooed this pretty belle—
'Twas a mistake in me.

She's dark of eye—and her sweet smile,
Like some of which I've read,
Is false—for she, with softest guile,
Lured me 'mong rocks, near Love's
bright isle,
And then—she cut me dead.

My vanity was wounded sore—
And that I hate the worst:
You see a haughty look I wore,
And thought she could not but adore,
Of all men, me the first.

Well, thank the fates, once more I'm free;
At every shrine I'll bow;
And if, again, a girl cheat me,
Exceeding sharp I guess she'll be—
I've cut my eye-teeth now.

Oh! like the humblebee, I'll rove,
Just when and where I please—
Inhaling sweets from every grove,
Humming around each flower I love,
And dancing in each breeze.

TO MY STEED.

ONWARD thou dashest, gallant steed,
Away from all the haunts of men!
My heart from care is wholly freed,
And revels in bright dreams again.

Men call thee beast! Away, away,
Thou art to me a chosen friend—
Press on to where the bright rills play,
And vigor to thy sinews lend!

Ha! steed, thou hear'st; and now thy
bound
Is graceful as a billow's sweep;
The eagle's soaring wing hath found
No freedom greater than thy leap.

And now we climb the oak-crowned hill;
The valley smiles like one I've loved;
And breezes bathe my brow, and fill
My heart with kindness, heaven-ap-
proved.

The light clouds in the distance loom,
 Like hopes before youth's tearless eye;
 And blithely in the woodland gloom,
 Each bird lifts up his voice on high.

My mind is growing young again,—
 Flings off the discipline of years,
 Forgets that joy is ever vain—
 A gleam upon a fount of tears.

The fire of other days now glows,
 Diffusing fervor o'er my frame;
 Free as thy mane, the hot blood flows
 And circles round my heart like flame.

My spirit echoes every strain
 That floats upon the merry breeze,
 And riots o'er the spreading plain,
 Or mounts to starry heights with ease.

Onward, my steed, with right good will—
 We've left the world of care behind;
 Hope glances from each playful rill,
 And songs of joy are on the wind.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

THERE is a beauty on Night's queen-like
 brow,
 With her rich jewelry of blazing stars,
 That to the heart which yearns for purer
 scenes
 And holier love than greets it here, appeals
 With a resistless force. Great Nature then
 Asserts her empire o'er the souls of those,
 Her favored children, on whose eager ears
 There falls no wind which hath no melody,
 And to whose eyes each star unfolds a
 world
 Of glory and of bliss. The poet feels
 The inspiration of an hour like this,
 When silence like a garment wraps the
 earth,
 And when the soundless air seems populous

With gentle spirits hovering o'er the haunts
 Which most they loved while prisoned in
 their clay.

The mysteries of the universe then woo
 His mind, and lead it up from height to
 height

Of lofty speculation, to the Throne
 Round which all suns and worlds and sys-
 tems roll.

The Past for him unlocks her affluent
 stores,
 And human crowds long gathered home by
 death

To his dark kingdom, people earth again.
 Palmyra rears her towers above the dust
 And proudly points her glittering spires to
 heaven—

Rome rises up and seems as once she was,
 Her haughty eagles floating o'er her hills
 And flashing back the gaudy light of day
 Into the blue above—and Babylon
 Lifts up her head, and o'er her gardens
 wide

The south wind wantons, while her massive
 gates

Swing on their hinges as the human tide
 Beats up against them. Thus rapt fancy
 oft

Doth build again what, with his iron heel,
 Wild Ruin ground into the very dust,
 Which cloud-like rises on the tempest's
 wings

As it all-conquering sweeps the desert's
 waste.

Such is the talismanic power divine
 Of Genius over death and time and space.
 It reads the dim memorials on the tombs
 Of buried empires—peoples solitudes—
 And sways its scepter o'er the realms of
 night.

In its blest missions to the homes of men
 It turns aside from palaces and pomp,
 And gently stoops to kiss the pearly brow
 Of the boy peasant 'neath the humblest
 roof.

With eye anointed, it hath read the stars,

And traced out on the boundless blue of
 heaven
 The wanderings of worlds. Its voice goes
 forth,
 And o'er the billows of time's wasteful sea
 It rolleth on forever. It hath sung
 Old Ocean's praise, and with his surges'
 roar
 Its song will ever mingle.

TO AN INDIAN MOUND.

WHENCE, and why art thou here, mysteri-
 ous mound?

Are questions which man asks, but asks
 in vain;

For o'er thy destinies a night profound,
 All rayless and all echoless, doth reign.

A thousand years have passed like yester-
 day,

Since win'try snows first on thy bosom
 slept,

And much of mortal grandeur passed away,
 Since thou hast here thy voiceless vigils
 kept.

While standing thus upon thy oak-crowned
 head,

The shadows of dim ages long since gone
 Reel on my mind, like specters of the
 dead,

While dirge-like music haunts the wind's
 low moan.

From out the bosom of the boundless Past
 There rises up no voice of thee to tell:

Eternal silence, like a shadow vast,
 Broods on thy breast, and shrouds thine
 annals well.

Didst thou not antedate the rise of Rome,
 Egyptia's pyramids, and Grecian arts?

Did not the wild deer here for shelter
 come

Before the Tyrrhene sea had ships or
 marts?

Through shadows deep and dark the mind
 must pierce,

Which glaces backward to that ancient
 time:

Nations before it fall in struggles fierce,
 Where human glory fades in human
 crime.

Upon the world's wide stage full many a
 scene

Of grandeur and of gloom, of blood and
 blight,

Hath been enacted since thy forests green
 Sighed in the breeze and smiled in morn-
 ing's light.

Thou didst not hear the woe, nor heed the
 crime,

Which darken'd earth through ages of
 distress;

Unknowing and unknown, thou stood'st
 sublime,

And calmly looked upon the wilderness.

The red man oft hath lain his aching head,
 When weary of the chase, upon thy
 breast;

And as the slumberous hours fast o'er him
 fled,

Has dreamed of hunting-grounds in
 climes most blest.

Perhaps his thoughts ranged through the
 long past time,

Striving to solve the problem of thy
 birth,

Till wearied out with dreams, dim though
 sublime,

His fancy fluttered back to him and
 earth.

The eagle soaring through the upper air,
 Checks his proud flight, and glances on thy
 crest,

As though his destiny were pictured there,
 In the deep solitude that wraps thy
 breast.
 Thy reign must soon be o'er—the human
 tide
 Is surging round thee like a restless sea ;
 And thou must yield thy empire and thy
 pride,
 And like thy builders, soon forgotten be.

YOUTH'S VISION OF THE FUTURE.

BEFORE we hear the mournful chime
 Of sadness falling on the hours,
 Before we feel the winds of Time
 Like frost-breath on the heart's wild
 flowers,—

We stand by Life's mysterious stream,
 Viewing the stars reflected there ;
 And dream not that each vivid gleam
 Can ever be o'ercast by care.

But as its murmurs gently rise,
 The lute's soft magic haunts each tone ;—
 We hear not stricken hearts' sad sighs,
 Or dark-browed Grief's unwelcome
 moan.

Like some weird sybil, Fancy, then,
 The Future's tale breathes on the heart,
 Conjuring up heroic men
 And women acting angels' part.

Fame whispers to the eager ear
 Of mighty triumphs to be won,
 Of laurels which no time shall sear,
 And banners flaunting in the sun.

She points us to the lordly few
 Whose brows no shades oblivious wear,—
 Entranced by them, we do not view
 The ghosts of thousands inurned there.

Life is not formed of flattering dreams,
 But duties which rouse up the soul,
 While, here and there, there shoot star-
 gleams
 To light the laborer to his goal.

THE BLISS OF HOME.

MINE be the joy which gleams around
 The hearth where pure affections dwell—
 Where love enrobed in smiles is found,
 And wraps the spirit with its spell.

I would not seek excitement's whirl,
 Where Pleasure wears her tinsel crown,
 And Passion's billows upward curl,
 'Neath Hatred's darkly gathering frown.

The dearest boon from heaven above,
 Is bliss which brightly hallows home—
 The sunlight of our world of love,
 Unknown to those who reckless roam.

There is a sympathy of heart
 Which consecrates the social shrine,
 Robs grief of gloom, and doth impart
 A joy to gladness all divine.

It glances from the kindling eye,
 Which o'er Affliction sleepless tends—
 It gives deep pathos to the sigh
 Which anguish from the bosom rends.

It plays around the smiling lip,
 When Love bestows the greeting kiss—
 And sparkles in each cup we sip
 Round the domestic board in bliss !

Let others seek in Wealth or Fame,
 A splendid path whereon to tread—
 I'd rather wear a lowlier name,
 With Love's enchantments round it shed.

Fame's but a light to gild the grave,
 And Wealth can never calm the breast—
 But Love, a halcyon on Life's wave,
 Hath power to soothe its strifes to rest.

REFLECTIONS OF AN AGED PIONEER.

THE Eternal Sea

Is surging up before my dreaming mind ;
And on my ear, grown dull to things of
earth,

Its sounds are audible. My spirit soon
Shall brave its billows, like a trusty bark,
And seek the shore where shadows never
fall.

Oh, I have lived too long ! Have I not
seen

The suns of four-score summers set in
gloom ?

Hath not my heart long sepulchered its
hopes,

And desolation swept my humble hearth ?
All that I prized have passed away, like
clouds

Which float a moment on the twilight sky
And fade in night. The brow of her I
loved

Is now resplendent in the light of heaven.
They who flung sunlight on my path in
youth,

Have gone before me to the cloudless clime.
I stand alone, like some dim shaft which
throws

Its shadow on the desert's waste, while
they

Who placed it there are gone—or like the
tree

Spared by the ax upon the mountain's
cliff,

Whose sap is dull, while it still wears the
hue

Of life upon its withered limbs.

Of earth

And all its scenes, my heart is weary now.
'Tis mine no longer to indulge in what
Gave life its bliss, jeweled the day with
joys,

And made my slumbers through the night
as sweet

As infant's dreaming on its mother's breast.

The blood is sluggish in each limb, and I
No longer chase the startled deer, or track
The wily fox, or climb the mountain's side.
My eye is dim, and cannot see the stars
Flash in the stream, or view the gathering
storm,

Or trace the figures of familiar things
In the light tapestry that decks the sky.
My ear is dull, and winds autumnal pass
And wake no answering chime within my
breast :

The songs of birds have lost their whilom
spells,

And water-falls, un murmuring, pass me by.

'Tis time that I were not. The tide of life
Bears not an argosy of hope for me,

And its dull waves surge up against my
heart,

Like billows 'gainst a rock. The forests
wide,

All trackless as proud Hecla's snowy cliffs,
From which, in youth, I drew my inspira-
tion,

Have fallen round me ; and the waving
fields

Bow to the reaper, where I wildly roamed.

Cities now rise where I pursued the deer ;
And dust offends me where, in happier
years,

I breathed in vigor from untainted gales.

Nature hath bowed before all-conquering
Art—

Hath dropped the reign of empire, which
she held

With princely pride, when first I met her
here.

The old familiar things, to which my heart
Clung with deep fondness, each, and all,
are gone ;

And I am like the patriarch who stood
Forgotten at the altar which he built,

While crowds rushed by who knew him
not, and sneered

At his simplicity.

FREDERICK W. THOMAS.

FREDERICK WILLIAM THOMAS is a native of South Carolina. He was born at Charleston, in the year 1811. His father, E. S. Thomas—a nephew of Isaiah Thomas, author of “The History of Printing”—was then the proprietor of the *Charleston City Gazette*. In 1816, Mr. Thomas sold the *Gazette* and removed to Baltimore. Frederick William was there educated. In early life he met with an accident which so seriously injured his left leg that he has ever since been required to use a cane or crutch. In consequence of that misfortune he was never a regular student at school, but he was naturally inclined to reading and thinking, and was judiciously directed and encouraged by his relatives. At the age of seventeen he began the study of law, and when not more than eighteen years old, wrote a political satire in verse, which caused the office of the newspaper, in which it was published, to be demolished by a mob.

In 1829 his father emigrated from Baltimore to Cincinnati, and established, in the latter city, the *Daily Commercial Advertiser*. The following year, Frederick William gave up the law practice which, among kind friends, he had just begun in Baltimore, determined to try his fortune in the far West. Soon after he arrived in Cincinnati, he published, in the *Commercial Advertiser*, a number of stanzas of a poem written while he was descending the Ohio River. In 1832 the entire poem was delivered in the hall of the Young Men’s Lyceum, and was spoken of as a very creditable performance by Charles Hammond, in the *Cincinnati Gazette*. This, with other favorable notices, induced the author to offer it for publication, and it was issued in a neat pamphlet of forty-eight duodecimo pages, by Alexander Flash, in 1833. It was called “The Emigrant,” and was dedicated to Charles Hammond. Extracts from it have found their way into many magazines and newspapers of large circulation, and into popular school books. Mr. Thomas assisted his father in the editorial management of the *Advertiser*, and wrote frequently for other local journals. His very popular song, “’Tis said that Absence conquers Love,” was contributed to the *Cincinnati American* in July, 1831. In 1834, Mr. Thomas engaged with John B. Dillon and L. Sharp in the publication of *The Democratic Intelligencer*, a daily, tri-weekly and weekly journal, which advocated the claims of John McLean as a candidate for the office of President of the United States. The *Intelligencer* had a brief career, and Mr. Thomas, in 1835, assisted his father in the editorial conduct of the *Daily Evening Post*, a journal which succeeded the *Daily Advertiser*. The *Post* was distinguished for encouraging notices of artists and authors, and for earnest advocacy of enterprises calculated to enhance the business interests of the city, but its financial affairs were poorly managed, and it was discontinued in 1839.

About the time he became one of the editors of the *Post*, Mr. Thomas had finished "Clinton Bradshaw," a novel, which was published by Carey, Lea and Blanchard, in Philadelphia, in the autumn of 1835. The next year he wrote "East and West;" and in 1837 "Howard Pinckney." These novels were also published in Philadelphia by the firm which brought out "Clinton Bradshaw," but neither of them was as popular as that work, which was received with marked favor, on account of its admirable delineations of peculiar characters. It was republished at Cincinnati, by Robinson and Jones, in 1848.

Between 1835 and 1840, Mr. Thomas wrote, for the Cincinnati *Mirror*, for the *Weekly Chronicle*, and for the *Hesperian*, numerous poems and sketches. Several of those sketches are included in a volume entitled "John Randolph of Roanoke, and other Public Characters," a duodecimo volume, published in Philadelphia in 1853. In 1840, Mr. Thomas "took the stump" in Ohio for William Henry Harrison, as a candidate for the Presidency, and won friends as a popular orator. Since that time he has lectured extensively with much success on "Eloquence," on "Early struggles of Eminent Men," and other popular topics. In 1841, Thomas Ewing, Secretary of the United States Treasury, appointed Mr. Thomas to select a library for that department of Government, which duty he discharged with credit to himself and the department. He resided in Washington till 1850, when he returned to Cincinnati, and was, for a brief period, a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was afterward Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the Alabama University, but having determined to resume the practice of his legal profession, settled at Cambridge, Maryland, in 1858. In the early part of 1860 he was induced, however, to put on again the editorial harness, and now conducts the literary department of the *Richmond (Virginia) Enquirer*.

Perhaps the secret of the irregular pursuit of the profession chosen in his youth, which our sketch of Mr. Thomas's career exhibits, was given by him in a stanza of the "Emigrant:"

"Soon must I mingle in the wordy war
Where knavery takes, in vice, her sly degrees,
As slip away, not guilty, from the bar,
Counsel or client, as their Honors please,
To breathe, in crowded courts, a pois'nous breath—
To plead for life—to justify a death—
To wrangle, jar, to twist, to twirl, to toil—
This is the lawyer's life—a heart-consuming moil."

A collection of Mr. Thomas's poems has never been made. In 1844, Harper and Brothers, New York, published a volume entitled "The Beechen Tree, a Tale in Rhyme." With the "Emigrant," several well known songs, and a few satirical poems and epigrams, it would constitute an acceptable book, which we hope Mr. Thomas will compile. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, in the "Poets of America," said of Mr. Thomas: "He has a nice discrimination of the peculiarities of character, which give light and shade to the surface of society, and a hearty relish for that peculiar humor which abounds in that portion of our country which undoubtedly embraces most that is

original and striking in manners and unrestrained in conduct. He must rank with the first illustrators of manners in the Valley of the Mississippi."

E. S. Thomas, the father of Frederick William, died in Cincinnati in 1847. He was the author of "Reminiscences of the Last Sixty-Five Years;" a work in two volumes, published in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1840, which contains historical and biographical sketches of permanent interest to the people of the West. Lewis F., a brother of Frederick W., is a poet, of whom notice is hereafter taken in this work. Martha M., a sister, has written acceptably for many magazines, and is the author of "Life's Lesson," a novel published by Harper and Brothers in 1855. The home of the family is now Cincinnati. One of the brothers, Calvin W., is a well known banker.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE EMIGRANT."

THE PIONEER HUNTERS.

HERE once Boone trod—the hardy Pioneer—

The only white man in the wilderness :

Oh! how he loved, alone, to hunt the deer,

Alone at eve, his simple meal to dress ;

No mark upon the tree, nor print, nor track,

To lead him forward, or to guide him back :

He roved the forest, king by main and might,

And looked up to the sky and shaped his course aright.

That mountain, there, that lifts its bald, high head

Above the forest, was, perchance, his throne ;

There has he stood and marked the woods outspread,

Like a great kingdom, that was all his own ;

In hunting-shirt and moccasins arrayed,
With bear-skin cap, and pouch, and need-
ful blade,

How carelessly he lean'd upon his gun!
That scepter of the wild, that had so often
won.

Those western Pioneers an impulse felt,
Which their less hardy sons scarce com-
prehend ;

Alone, in Nature's wildest scenes they
dwelt ;

Where crag, and precipice, and torrent
blend,

And stretched around the wilderness, as
rude

As the red rovers of its solitude,

Who watched their coming with a hate
profound,

And fought with deadly strife for every
inch of ground.

To shun a greater ill sought they the
wild?

No, they left happier lands behind them
far,

And brought the nursing mother and her
child

To share the dangers of the border war.

The log-built cabin from the Indian bar-
red,

Their little boy, perchance, kept watch
and ward,

While father plowed with rifle at his
back,
Or sought the gluttoned foe through many a
devious track.

How cautiously, yet fearlessly, that boy
Would search the forest for the wild
beast's lair,
And lift his rifle with a hurried joy,
If chance he spied the Indian lurking
there :
And should they bear him prisoner from
the fight,
While they are sleeping, in the dead
midnight,
He slips the thongs that bind him to the
tree,
And leaving death with them, bounds home
right happily.

Before the mother, bursting through the
door,
The red man rushes where her infants
rest ;
O God! he hurls them on the cabin floor!
While she, down kneeling, clasps them
to her breast.
How he exults and revels in her woe,
And lifts the weapon, yet delays the
blow ;
Ha! that report! behold! he reels! he
dies!
And quickly to her arms the husband—
father—flies.

In the long winter eve, their cabin fast,
The big logs blazing in the chimney
wide—
They'd hear the Indian howling, or the
blast,
And deem themselves in castellated
pride:
Then would the fearless forester disclose
Most strange adventures with his sylvan
foes,

Of how his arts did over theirs prevail,
And how he followed far upon their bloody
trail.

And it was happiness, they said, to stand,
When summer smiled upon them in the
wood,
And see their little clearing there ex-
pand,
And be the masters of the solitude.
Danger was but excitement; and when
came
The tide of emigration, life grew tame ;
Then would they seek some unknown
wild anew,
And soon, above the trees, the smoke was
curling blue.

THE RED MAN.

How patient was that red man of the
wood!
Not like the white man, garrulous of ill—
Starving! who heard his faintest wish
for food?
Sleeping upon the snow-drift on the hill!
Who heard him chide the blast, or say
'twas cold?
His wounds are freezing! is the anguish
told?
Tell him his child was murdered with
its mother!
He seems like carved out stone that has no
woe to smother.

With front erect, up-looking, dignified—
Behold high Hecla in eternal snows!
Yet while the raging tempest is defied,
Deep in its bosom how the pent flame
glows!
And when it bursts forth in its fiery
wrath!
How melts the ice-hill from its fearful
path,
As on it rolls, unquench'd, and all un-
tamed!—
Thus was it with that chief when his wild
passions flamed.

Nature's own statesman—by experience
taught,
He judged most wisely, and could act as
well;
With quickest glance could read another's
thought,
His own, the while, the keenest could
not tell;
Warrior—with skill to lengthen, or com-
bine,
Lead on or back, the desultory line;
Hunter—he passed the trackless forest
through,
Now on the mountain trod, now launch'd
the light canoe.

To the Great Spirit, would his spirit bow,
With hopes that Nature's impulses im-
part;
Unlike the Christian, who just says his
vow
With heart enough to say it all by heart.
Did we his virtues from his faults dis-
cern,
'Twould teach a lesson that we well
might learn:
An inculcation worthiest of our creed,
To tell the simple truth, and do the prom-
ised deed.

How deeply eloquent was the debate,
Beside the council-fire of those red men!
With language burning as his sense of
hate;
With gesture just; as eye of keenest
ken;
With illustration simple but profound,
Drawn from the sky above him, or the
ground
Beneath his feet; and with unfalt'ring
zeal,
He spoke from a warm heart and made
e'en cold hearts feel.

And this is eloquence. 'Tis the intense,
Impassioned fervor of a mind deep
fraught

With native energy, when soul and
sense
Burst forth, embodied in the burning
thought;
When look, emotion, tone, are all com-
bined—
When the whole man is eloquent with
mind—
A power that comes not to the call or
quest,
But from the gifted soul, and the deep feel-
ing breast.

Poor Logan had it, when he mourned
that none
Were left to mourn for him;—'twas his
who swayed
The Roman Senate by a look or tone;
'Twas the Athenian's, when his foes, dis-
mayed,
Shrunk from the earthquake of his
trumpet call;
'Twas Chatham's, strong as either, or as
all;
'Twas Henry's holiest, when his spirit
woke
Our patriot fathers' zeal to burst the Brit-
ish yoke.

LOVE.

O, Love! what rhymers have not sung of
thee?
And, who, with heart so young as his
who sings,
Knows not thou art self-burdened as the
bee,
Who, loving many flowers, must needs
have wings?
Yes, thou art wing'd, O, Love! like pass-
ing thought,
That now is with us, and now seems as
naught,
Until deep passion stamps thee in the
brain,
Like bees in folded flowers that ne'er un-
fold again.

TO THE OHIO.

Auspicious Time! unroll the scroll of
years—

Behold our pious pilgrim fathers, when
They launch'd their little bark, and
braved all fears,
Those peril-seeking, freedom-loving
men!

Bless thee thou stream! abiding bless-
ings bless

Thy farthest wave—Nile of the wilder-
ness!

And be thy broad lands peopled, far and
wide,

With hearts as free as his who now doth
bless thy tide.

And may new States arise, and stretch
afar,

In glory, to the great Pacific shore—

A galaxy, without a falling star—

Freedom's own Mecca, where the world
adore.

There may Art build—to Knowledge
there be given,

The book of Nature and the light of
Heav'n;

There be the statesman's and the patri-
ot's shrine,

And oh! be happy there, the hearts that
woo the nine.

There is a welcome in this western land
Like the old welcomes, which were said
to give

The friendly heart where'er they gave
the hand;

Within this soil the social virtues live,
Like its own forest trees, unprun'd and
free—

At least there is one welcome here for
me:

A breast that pillowed all my sorrows
past,

And waits my coming now, and lov'd me
first and last.

WOMAN.

How beautiful is woman's life,

When first her suppliant woos and kneels,
And she with young and warm hopes rife,
Believes he deeply feels!

Then day is gladness, and the night

Looks on her with its starry eyes,
As though it gave her all their might
Over men's destinies.

Rapt watchers of the skyey gleam,

Then men are like astronomers,
Who gaze and gladden at the beam
Of that bright eye of hers.

And should a frown obscure its light,

'Tis like a cloud to star-struck men,
Through the long watches of the night:
O! for that beam again!

How heart-struck, that astrologer,

A gazer on the starry zone,
When first he looked in vain for her,
The lovely Pleiad gone.

But men watch not the stars always,

And though the Pleiad may be lost,
Yet still there are a thousand rays
From the surrounding host.

And woman, long before the grave

Closes above her dreamless rest,
May be man's empress and his slave,
And his discarded jest.

Still may that Pleiad shine afar,

But, pleasure-led o'er summer seas,
Who dwells upon a single star
Amid the Pleiades?

Man courts the constellations bright,

That beam upon his bounding bark,
Nor thinks upon the left, lone light,
Till all above is dark.

Then, when he knows nor land nor main,
 And darkly is his frail bark toss'd,
 He courts the separate star in vain,
 And mourns the Pleiad lost.



'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS
 LOVE.

'Tis said that absence conquers love !

But, oh ! believe it not ;
 I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,
 But thou art not forgot.
 Lady, though fate has bid us part,
 Yet still thou art as dear—
 As fixed in this devoted heart
 As when I clasp'd thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
 And smile to hear thy name ;
 And yet, as if I thought aloud,
 They know me still the same ;
 And when the wine-cup passes round,
 I toast some other Fair ;—
 But when I ask my heart the sound,
 Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,
 And try to whisper love,
 Still will my heart to thee return,
 Like the returning dove.
 In vain ! I never can forget,
 And would not be forgot ;
 For I must bear the same regret,
 Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
 Its favorite bower to die,
 So, lady ! I would hear thee speak,
 And yield my parting sigh.
 'Tis said that absence conquers love !
 But, oh ! believe it not ;
 I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,
 But thou art not forgot.

WHEN THOU WERT TRUE.

WHEN thou wert true, when thou wert true,
 My heart did thy impression take,
 As do the depths, when skies are blue,
 Of some wood-girt and quiet lake :
 The image of the moon, which gives
 The calmness in whose light she lives.

But when doubt came, my troubled breast
 Was like that lake when rude winds
 blow ;

Her image then, though still impress'd,
 Beams brokenly, in ebb and flow,
 Until the storm obscures her light,
 And reigns the ebon-visaged night.

Again that changing moon will shine,
 When storms are o'er, within the lake,
 Which, like that wayward heart of thine,
 Can any other image take.
 Mine, graven like memorial stone,
 Is now a memory alone.



THY PORTRAIT.

I've hung thy portrait on my wall,
 And, as I move about my room,
 Still will thy bright eyes on me fall,
 And seem to light the gloom.

Thus is thy gentle spirit's spell
 Upon me wheresoe'er I rove,
 And thus beneath it do I dwell
 With an adoring love.



UNITED hearts have made United States !
 What could a single, separate State have
 done
 Without the arms of her confederates ?
 They stand united, but divided fall—
 'Twas Union that gave Liberty to all.

JOHN H. BRYANT.

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT was born on the twenty-second day of July, 1807, at Cummington, Massachusetts. He applied himself in early life with much diligence to mathematical studies and to the investigation of natural science, manifesting at the same time not only a love for poetical literature, but a promising capacity for the writing of rhymes. His father, a man of decided character, as well as literary culture, took pride in evidences of poetic ability which his sons early exhibited. He taught them the difference between true poetic feeling and the mere rhyming faculty, and they repaid his good care by producing, in boyhood, poems which have been preserved for their excellence. At fourteen years of age (1809) William Cullen published "The Embargo and other Poems," at Boston. "Thanatopsis" was written when he was nineteen years old. John Howard's first published poem appeared in 1826, in the *United States Review*, of which his brother, William Cullen Bryant, was one of the editors. It was entitled "My Native Land," and it elicited much hearty encouragement for the young poet, both in New York city and in Boston—in which cities the *Review* was simultaneously published.

Having been seized with the "Western fever," Mr. Bryant became a "squatter" in Bureau county, Illinois, in 1831. When the public lands of that part of the State came into market, he purchased a large farm, took to himself a wife, and has ever since been a resident of the county in which he was an "early settler."

Mr. Bryant has been honored with many tokens of public confidence by the people among whom he resides. In 1842, he was elected a Representative to the State Legislature, from Bureau county, and, in 1852, was the candidate for Congress of the Freesoil party in the third Congressional District of Illinois. He has held several local offices of trust, and was, in 1858, a second time State Representative from Bureau county.

Mr. Bryant, though an active and successful business man, conducting with energy varied agricultural affairs, as well as taking lively interest in public concerns, has preserved the poetic taste and faculty, and redeemed the promise which his first production gave. In the "Poets and Poetry of America," Rufus Wilmot Griswold said:

His poems . . . have the same general characteristics as those of his brother. He is a lover of nature, and describes minutely and effectively. To him the wind and the stream are ever musical, and the forests and prairies clothed in beauty. His versification is easy and correct, and his writings show him to be a man of taste and kindly feelings, and to have a mind stored with the best learning.

In 1855, Mr. Bryant collected his poems in a duodecimo volume of ninety-three pages, which was published by D. Appleton and Company, New York.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THAT soft, autumnal time
Is gone, that sheds, upon the naked scene,
Charms only known in this our northern
clime—

Bright seasons, far between.

The woodland foliage now
Is gathered by the wild November blast ;
E'en the thick leaves upon the oaken
bough
Are fallen, to the last.

The mighty vines, that round
The forest trunks their slender branches
bind,
Their crimson foliage shaken to the ground,
Swing naked to the wind.

Some living green remains
By the clear brook that shines along the
lawn ;
But the sear grass stands white o'er all the
plains,
And the bright flowers are gone.

But these, these are thy charms—
Mild airs and tempered light upon the lea ;
And the year holds no time within his arms
That doth resemble thee.

The sunny noon is thine,
Soft, golden, noiseless as the dead of night ;
And hues that in the flushed horizon shine
At eve and early light.

The year's last, loveliest smile,
Thou com'st to fill with hope the human
heart,
And strengthen it to bear the storms awhile,
Till winter's frowns depart.

O'er the wide plains, that lie
A desolate scene, the fires of autumn spread,
And on the blue walls of the starry sky,
A strange wild glimmer shed.

Far in a sheltered nook
I've met, in these calm days, a smiling
flower,

A lonely aster, trembling by a brook,
At noon's warm quiet hour :

And something told my mind,
That, should old age to childhood call me
back,

Some sunny days and flowers I still might
find

Along life's weary track.

ON A FOUNTAIN IN A FOREST.

THREE hundred years are scarcely gone,
Since, to the New World's virgin shore,
Crowds of rude men were pressing on
To range its boundless regions o'er.

Some bore the sword in bloody hands,
And sacked its helpless towns for spoil ;
Some searched for gold the river's sands,
Or trenched the mountain's stubborn soil.

And some with higher purpose sought,
Through forests wild and wastes uncouth,
Sought with long toil, yet found it not,—
The fountain of eternal youth !

They said in some green valley, where
The foot of man had never trod,
There gushed a fountain bright and fair,
Up from the ever-verdant sod.

There they who drank should never know
Age, with its weakness, pain, and gloom ;
And from its brink the old should go
With youth's light step and radiant bloom.

Is not this fount, so pure and sweet,
Whose stainless current ripples o'er
The fringe of blossoms at my feet,
The same those pilgrims sought of yore?

How brightly leap, mid glittering sands,
 The living waters from below ;
 Oh, let me dip these lean, brown hands,
 Drink deep, and bathe this wrinkled brow ;

And feel, through every shrunken vein,
 The warm, red stream flows swift and free ;
 Feel, waking in my heart again
 Youth's brightest hopes, youth's wildest
 glee.

'Tis vain, for still the life-blood plays
 With sluggish course through all my
 frame ;
 The mirror of the pool betrays
 My wrinkled visage still the same.

And the sad spirit questions still—
 Must this warm frame—these limbs, that
 yield
 To each light motion of the will—
 Lie with the dull clods of the field ?

Has nature no renewing power
 To drive the frost of age away ?
 Has earth no fount, or herb, or flower,
 Which man may taste and live for aye ?

Alas ! for that unchanging state
 Of youth and strength, in vain we yearn ;
 And only after death's dark gate
 Is reached and passed, can youth return.

THE BLUE-BIRD.

THERE is a lovely little bird, that comes
 When the first wild-flowers open in the glen,
 And sings all summer in the leafy wood.
 First, in the opening spring, his mellow
 voice
 Swells from the shrubbery by our dwelling
 side ;
 But when the robin and the swallow come,
 He hies him from their presence to the depth

Of some old mossy forest, where he sings
 Sweet songs, to cheer us all the summer
 long.

This is the blue-bird, loveliest of our
 clime :

No song that haunts the woodland charms
 like his—

Sweetest, far sweetest, is his voice to me,
 At the soft hour of twilight, when the world
 Has hushed her din of voices, and her sons
 Are gathering to their slumbers from their
 toil,

As all are gathered to the grave at last.
 I sit whole hours upon a moss-grown stone,
 In some sequestered spot, and hear his lay,
 Unmindful of the things that near me pass,
 Till all at once, as the dim shades of night
 Fall thicker on the lessening landscape
 round,

He ceases, and my reverie is broke.

One summer eve, at twilight's quiet hour,
 After a sultry day, spent at my books,
 I slipped forth from my study, to enjoy
 The cool of evening. Leaning on my arm
 Was one I loved, a girl of gentle mould :
 She had sweet eyes, and lips the haunt of
 smiles,

And long dark locks, that hung in native
 curls

Around her snowy bosom. The light wind
 Tossed them aside, to kiss her lily neck,
 Gently, as he were conscious what he
 touched.

Her step was light, light as the breeze that
 fanned

Her blushing cheek ; gay was her heart,
 for youth

And innocence are ever gay ; her form
 Was stately as an angel's, and her brow
 White as the mountain snow ; her voice
 was sweet,

Sweet as the chiding of the brook that plays
 Along its pebbly channel. Ruddy clouds
 Were gathered east and south, high piled
 and seemed

Like ruby temples in a sapphire sky.

The west was bright with daylight still: no moon,
 No stars were seen, save the bright star of love,
 That sailed alone in heaven. 'Twas in this walk,
 We heard the blue-bird in a leafy wood
 Near to the wayside, and we sat us down
 Upon a mossy bank, to list awhile
 To that sweet song. Peaceful before us lay
 Woodlands, and orchards white with vernal bloom,
 And flowering shrubs encircling happy homes,
 And broad green meads with wild-flowers sprinkled o'er:
 The scent of these came on the gentle wind,
 Sweet as the spicy breath of Araby.
 The smoke above the clustering roofs curled blue
 On the still air; the shout of running streams
 Came from a leafy thicket by our side;
 And that lone blue-bird in the wood above,
 Singing his evening hymn, perfected all.
 The hour, the season, sounds, and scenery,
 Mingling like these, and sweetly pleasing all,
 Made the full heart o'erflow. That maiden wept—
 Even at the sweetness of that song she wept.
 How sweet the tears shed by such eyes for joy!

THE BETTER PART.

WHY should we toil for hoarded gain,
 Or waste in strife our nobler powers,
 Or follow Pleasure's glittering train?
 O, let a happier choice be ours.

Death shall unnerve the arm of power,
 Unclasp the firmest grasp on gold,
 And scatter wide in one brief hour
 The treasured heaps of wealth untold.

The hero's glory, and his fame,
 Built up mid crime, and blood, and tears,
 Are but a transient flush of fame
 Amid the eternal night of years.

He whom but yesterday we saw
 Earth's mightiest prince, is gone to-day;
 All systems, creeds, save Truth's great law,
 Are borne along and swept away.

And Fashion's forms and gilded show,
 Shall vanish with the fleeting breath;
 And Pleasure's votaries shall know
 Their folly at the gates of death.

But he who delves for buried thought,
 And seeks with care for hidden truth,
 Shall find in age, unasked, unbought,
 A rich reward for toil in youth.

Aye more,—away beyond life's goal,
 Of earnest toil each weary day
 Shall light the pathway of the soul
 Far on its onward, upward way.

Then who can tell how wide a sphere
 Of thought and deed shall be his lot,
 Who treasured truth and knowledge here,
 And doing good, himself forgot?

THE VALLEY BROOK.

FRESH from the fountains of the wood
 A rivulet of the valley came,
 And glided on for many a rood,
 Flushed with the morning's ruddy flame.

The air was fresh and soft and sweet;
 The slopes in Spring's new verdure lay;
 And wet with dew-drops, at my feet,
 Bloomed the young violets of May.

No sound of busy life was heard,
 Amid those pastures lone and still,
 Save the faint chirp of early bird,
 Or bleat of flocks along the hill.

I traced that rivulet's winding way ;
 New scenes of beauty opened round,
 Where meads of brighter verdure lay,
 And lovelier blossoms tinged the ground.

"Ah! happy valley-stream," I said,
 "Calm glides thy wave amid the flowers,
 Whose fragrance round thy path is shed,
 Through all the joyous summer hours.

"Oh! could my years, like thine, be passed
 In some remote and silent glen,
 Where I might dwell, and sleep, at last,
 Far from the bustling haunts of men."

But what new echoes greet my ear ?
 The village school-boys' merry call ;
 And mid the village hum I hear
 The murmur of the water-fall.

I looked ; the widening vale betrayed
 A pool that shone like burnished steel,
 Where that bright valley-stream was stayed,
 To turn the miller's ponderous wheel.

Ah! why should I, I thought with shame,
 Sigh for a life of solitude,
 When even this stream, without a name,
 Is laboring for the common good ?

No longer let me shun my part,
 Amid the busy scenes of life ;
 But, with a warm and generous heart,
 Press onward in the glorious strife.

THE BLIND RESTORED TO SIGHT.

WHEN the Great Master spoke,
 He touched his withered eyes,
 And at one gleam upon him broke
 The glad earth and the skies.

And he saw the city's walls,
 And king's and prophet's tomb,

And mighty arches and vaulted halls
 And the temple's lofty dome.

He looked on the river's flood
 And the flash of mountain rills,
 And the gentle wave of the palms that stood
 Upon Judea's hills.

He saw, on heights and plains,
 Creatures of every race ;
 But a mighty thrill ran through his veins
 When he met the human face.

And his virgin sight beheld
 The ruddy glow of even,
 And the thousand shining orbs that filled
 The azure depths of heaven.

Though woman's voice before
 Had cheered his gloomy night,
 To see the angel form she wore
 Made deeper the delight.

And his heart, at daylight's close,
 For the bright world where he trod,
 And when the yellow morning rose,
 Gave speechless thanks to God.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

AWAY, away we haste
 Vast plains and mountains o'er,
 To the glorious land of the distant West,
 By the broad Pacific's shore.

Onward, with toilsome pace,
 O'er the desert vast and dim,
 From morn till the sun goes down to his
 place
 At the far horizon's rim.

By the wild Missouri's side—
 By the lonely Platte we go,
 That brings its cold and turbid tide
 From far-off cliffs of snow.

The red deer in the shade
 Shall fall before our aim,
 And at eventide shall our feast be made
 From the flesh of the bison's frame.

And when our feast is done,
 And the twilight sinks away,
 We will talk of the deeds of the days that
 are gone,
 And the friends that are far away.

We heed not the burning sun,
 Nor the plain winds wild and bleak,
 And the driving rain will beat in vain
 On the emigrant's hardened cheek.

Still onward, day by day,
 O'er the vast and desolate plain,
 With resolute hearts we plod our way,
 Till our distant home we gain.

And when at last we stand
 On the wild Nevada's side,
 We'll look afar o'er the lovely land
 And the heaving ocean's tide.

Of the past we'll think no more,
 When our journey's end is won,
 And we'll build our house by the rocky
 shore
 Of the mighty Oregon.

SENATCHWINE'S GRAVE.*

HE sleeps beneath the spreading shade,
 Where woods and wide savannas meet,
 Where sloping hills around have made
 A quiet valley, green and sweet.

* Twelve or fifteen years since, Senatchwine was an eminent chief of the tribe of Pottawatomes, in Illinois, enjoying more influence and a greater reputation for talents than any other. The Indian traders, who knew him well, say that he was a truly great man, an orator, and a warrior. He died at an advanced age, in the year 1830, and was buried by a small stream which bears his name, and which runs through the south-eastern part of Bureau county. His hunting-grounds are in that vicinity. The circumstance alluded to in the line—

A stream that bears his name and flows
 In glimmering gushes from the west,
 Makes a light murmur as it goes
 Beside his lonely place of rest.

And here the silken blue-grass springs,
 Low bending with the morning dew;
 The red-bird in the thicket sings,
 And blossoms nod of various hue.

Oh, spare his rest! oh, level not
 The trees whose boughs above it play,
 Nor break the turf that clothes the
 spot,
 Nor clog the rivulet's winding way.

For he was of unblenching eye,
 Honored in youth, revered in age,
 Of princely port and bearing high,
 And brave, and eloquent, and sage.

Ah! scorn not that a tawny skin
 Wrapped his strong limbs and ample
 breast:

A noble soul was throned within,
 As the pale Saxon e'er possessed.

Beyond the broad Atlantic deep,
 In mausoleums rich and vast,
 Earth's early kings and heroes sleep,
 Waiting the angel's trumpet-blast.

As proud in form and mien was he
 Who sleeps beneath this verdant sod,
 And shadowed forth as gloriously
 The image of the eternal God.

Theirs is the monumental pile,
 With lofty titles graved on stone,

"And here the silken blue-grass springs,"—is familiar to the western people, who have a proverbial saying that the blue-grass springs up wherever an Indian foot has stepped. Though this may not be literally true, yet it is certain that the blue-grass is always found growing where the Indians have encamped, though it might have been only for a few days. This kind of grass makes a soft and rich turf, thick with blades, in which respect it is very different from the common coarse grass of the prairies. [This note was written in 1845.]

The vaulted roof, the fretted aisle—
He sleeps unhonored and alone.

A scene he loved around him lies,
These blooming plains outspreading far,
River, and vale, and boundless skies,
With sun, and cloud, and shining star.

He knew each pathway through the wood,
Each dell unwarmed by sunshine's gleam,
Where the brown pheasant led her brood,
Or wild deer came to drink the stream.

Oft hath he gazed from yonder height,
When pausing mid the chase alone,
On the fair realms beneath his sight,
And proudly called them all his own.

Then leave him still this little nook,
Ye who have grasped his wide domain,
The trees, the flowers, the grass, the brook,
Nor stir his slumbering dust again.

WINTER.

THE day had been a calm and sunny day,
And tinged with amber was the sky at
even;
The fleecy clouds at length had rolled
away,
And lay in furrows on the eastern
heaven;—
The moon arose and shed a glimmering
ray,
And round her orb a misty circle lay.

The hoar-frost glittered on the naked heath,
The roar of distant winds was loud and
deep,
The dry leaves rustled in each passing
breath,
And the gay world was lost in quiet
sleep.

Such was the time when, on the landscape
brown,
Through a December air the snows came
down.

The morning came, the dreary morn at last,
And showed the whitened waste. The
shivering herd
Low'd on the hoary meadow-ground, and
fast
Fell the light flakes upon the earth un-
stirred;
The forest firs with glittering snows o'er-
laid,
Stood like hoar priests in robes of white
arrayed.

UPWARD! ONWARD!

UPWARD, onward is our watchword;
Though the winds blow good or ill,
Though the sky be fair or stormy,
These shall be our watchwords still.

Upward, onward, in the battle
Waged for freedom and the right,
Never resting, never weary,
Till a victory crowns the fight.

Upward, onward, pressing forward
Till each bondman's chains shall fall,
Till the flag that floats above us,
Liberty proclaims to all.

Waking every morn to duty,
Ere its hours shall pass away,
Let some act of love or mercy
Crown the labors of the day.

Lo! a better day is coming,
Brighter prospects ope before;
Spread your banner to the breezes—
Upward, onward, evermore!

ANNA P. DINNIES.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES, whose name deservedly stands in the front rank of our Western female poets, both in point of time and excellence, is a daughter of Judge Shackelford of South Carolina, in which State she was born. No pains were spared in her early training, and she completed her education at a Seminary of high grade in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, under the care of David Ramsey, the historian. At an early age she gave indications of that literary ability which has since been so amply realized.

In 1826 she became engaged in a literary correspondence with John C. Dinnies, of St. Louis, Missouri. This exchange of views on matters of literature and taste ripened into mutual affection, and resulted in a matrimonial engagement, although the parties met for the first time only one week before their marriage. That this romantic marriage, contrary to the usual course of such, has yielded a happy life, no one can question who is acquainted with her poems—they are inspired not only by affection, but unalloyed happiness also. Upon her marriage, Mrs. Dinnies came to the West to reside with her husband in St. Louis, but for some years past her home has been in New Orleans.

Mrs. Dinnies's poetical career has been almost entirely identified with the West. Her earlier poems were made the common property of her adopted home, by being extensively copied in the newspapers throughout the West and South. They were published in the *Illinois Monthly*, over the signature of MOINA, and gained the author a reputation entirely on their own merits. In 1846, she published an illustrated volume entitled "The Floral Year." It contains one hundred poems arranged in twelve groups—twelve bouquets of flowers gathered in the different months of the year. Since the publication of this volume we have had but little from her pen, nor are we informed whether she is now engaged in any literary labors.

Mrs. Dinnies's writings are not marked by that exuberance of fancy and ornament which is often the chief characteristic and charm of her sex, but they are so full of pure home feeling and tenderness that we prize them much more than if they were mere products of the intellect. Her finest poems are those in which she portrays the domestic affections. She never fails in a delicacy of sentiment and feeling, which justly entitles her to a place among the most elegant poets in our country.

In the *Hesperian* for April, 1839, William D. Gallagher, of her poems "Wedded Love" and "The Wife," said:

They gushed warm and glowing from the human heart—a deep which calleth unto the deep of another century as well as to that of its own day—and they are as green and beautiful and touching now, as when they first sparkled in the light—nay, more so, for that which cometh of the True reveals itself fully only in the lapse of time

MY HUSBAND'S FIRST GRAY HAIR.

THOU strange, unbidden guest! from whence
 Thus early hast thou come?
 And wherefore? Rude intruder, hence!
 And seek some fitter home!
 These rich young locks are all too dear,—
 Indeed, thou must not linger here!

Go! take thy sober aspect where
 The youthful cheek is fading,
 Or find some furrow'd brow, which care
 And passion have been shading;
 And add thy sad, malignant trace,
 To mar the aged or anguish'd face!

Thou wilt not go? then answer me,
 And tell what brought thee here!
 Not one of all thy tribe I see
 Beside thyself appear,
 And through these bright and clustering
 curls
 Thou shinest, a tiny thread of pearls.

Thou art a moralist! ah, well!
 And comest from Wisdom's land,
 A few sage axioms just to tell?
 Well! well! I understand:—
 Old Truth has sent thee here to bear
 The maxims which we fain must hear.

And now, as I observe thee nearer,
 Thou'rt pretty—very pretty—quite
 As glossy and as fair—nay, fairer
 Than these, but not so bright;
 And since thou came Truth's messenger,
 Thou shalt remain, and speak of her.

She says thou art a herald, sent
 In kind and friendly warning,
 To mix with locks by Beauty blent,
 (The fair young brow adorning),
 And 'midst their wild luxuriance taught
 To show thyself, and waken thought.

That thought, which to the dreamer preaches
 A lesson stern as true,

That all things pass away, and teaches
 How youth must vanish too!
 And thou wert sent to rouse anew
 This thought, whene'er thou meet'st the
 view.

And comes there not a whispering sound,
 A low, faint, murmuring breath,
 Which, as thou movest, floats around
 Like echoes in their death?
 "Time onward sweeps, youth flies, pre-
 pare"—
 Such is thine errand, First Gray Hair.

WEDDED LOVE.

Come, rouse thee, dearest!—'tis not well
 To let the spirit brood
 Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
 Life's current to a flood.
 As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all,
 Increase the gulf in which they fall,
 Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
 Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;
 And, with their gloomy shades, conceal
 The land-marks Hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse, thee, now—I know thy mind,
 And would its strength awaken;
 Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—
 Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!
 But rouse afresh each energy,
 And be what heaven intended thee;
 Throw from thy thoughts this wearying
 weight,
 And prove thy spirit firmly great:
 I would not see thee bend below
 The angry storms of earthly woe.

Full well I know the generous soul
 Which warms thee into life,
 Each spring which can its powers control,
 Familiar to thy Wife—

For deemest thou she had stooped to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed, with its Promethean flame,
The shrine that sunk her so to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
That fetters now thy powers:
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud that lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished-for goal—a guiding star,
With peaceful ray, would light thee on,
Until its utmost bounds be won:
That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove,
In fond, undying, Wedded Love.

THE WIFE.

I COULD have stemm'd misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear:
I could have smiled on every blow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brook'd,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst look'd
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not be "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;

To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be "alone;"—

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heavenward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break, when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part;
I could not live "alone!"

UNTOLD FEELINGS.

WHERE the wizard-power to show
What may cause the tear to flow—
What may wake the passing sigh,
Pale the cheek, and dim the eye?

There are chords in many a breast
Too sacred to be rudely press'd,
Which thrill to memory's touch alone,
Telling of blissful hours by-gone;
A silly jest, a careless word,
A simple sound, a singing bird,
A falling leaf, the time of year,
May wake the sigh, or start the tear.
Then hallow'd be the hidden feeling,
When the tear is softly stealing;
Let no cold observance tell
Where the limpid offering fell;
To all it is not given to know
The balm of comfort to bestow;
Nor all have power to understand
Emotions swelling o'er command.
Mark not the sigh, then, deep as low,
Mark not the marble cheek and brow,
But let the tear in silence flow
O'er still remember'd joy or woe—
A bless'd relief, in mercy given—
A balmy fount, whose spring is Heaven.

EDMUND FLAGG.

EDMUND FLAGG was born in the town of Wicasset, Maine, on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1815. He graduated at Bowdoin College, in the class of 1835, and immediately thereafter emigrated, with his mother and sister, to Louisville, Kentucky, where he taught the classics for a few months to a class of boys; but having entered into an arrangement to contribute to the columns of the *Louisville Journal*, made a journey, through Illinois and Missouri, and wrote a series of letters, which were, in 1838, published in two volumes by Harper and Brothers, in New York, under the title of "The Far West."

In 1837 and 1838, Mr. Flagg read law at St. Louis, with Hamilton Gamble, afterward Judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri. While reading law, he was, for a short period, editor of the St. Louis *Daily Commercial Bulletin*. In the early part of the year 1839, he was associated with George D. Prentice in the management of the *Louisville News Letter*. On account of ill health, he abandoned the *News Letter*, and commenced the practice of law with Sargent S. Prentiss, at Vicksburg, Mississippi. But in the year 1842 he was again an editor, at Marietta, Ohio. While conducting the *Gazette* in that town, he wrote two novels, "Carrero, or the Prime Minister," and "Francis of Valois"—which were published in New York. Returning to St. Louis in 1844, Mr. Flagg became the editor of the *Evening Gazette*, and was for several years "Reporter of the Courts" of St. Louis county. He wrote at this period several dramas, which were successfully performed at Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and New Orleans.

In 1848, Mr. Flagg was appointed Secretary to Edward A. Hannegan, Minister to Berlin. He spent nearly two years in Europe. On his return to the United States he resumed the practice of law at St. Louis, but in 1850 was selected by President Fillmore as Consul to the port of Venice. In that "City of the Sea" he remained two years and then returned to St. Louis, where he completed a work begun in Europe—"Venice, the City of the Sea"—published in New York in 1853, in two illustrated volumes. It comprises a history of that celebrated capital, from the invasion by Napoleon, in 1797, to its capitulation to Radetzsky, after the siege of 1848-9. In 1854, Mr. Flagg contributed sketches on the West to "The United States Illustrated," a work published by A. Meyer, New York. He is now the chief clerk of a Commercial Bureau in the Department of State at Washington.

Mr. Flagg is entitled to honorable rank among the authors of America, as a prose writer, and though not distinguished as a poet, has climbed high enough on the Parnassian mount to be fairly entitled to respectful consideration among the Poets of the West. His metrical compositions were chiefly written for the *Louisville Journal*, and the *News Letter*, while he was its editor. A prominent place is given him in a handsome volume, entitled "The Native Poets of Maine"—edited by S. Herbert Lancey, and published at Bangor in 1854.

SMILES OFT DECEIVE.

AH, do not say the heart is light,
 And free from every care,
 Because the eye beams calm and bright,
 And only peace is there.
 Around the monumental stone
 The gayest flowers may creep—
 The breast may wither chill and lone,
 Yet smiles the brow may keep.

Unseen—unknown—the electric dart
 Sleeps in the rolling cloud;—
 So sleeps within the stricken heart
 The grief it most would shroud.
 The sunniest smile may often glow
 Where sorrows gloomiest lower;—
 Upon the sky will hang the bow,
 Though all is shade and shower.

Soft summer's leaves are fresh and fair,
 But not so bright are they,
 As when on Autumn's misty air
 The forest-rainbows play.
 Fair on the cheek is beauty's blush,
 Where rose and lily meet;
 And yet consumption's hectic flush,
 Though sad, is far more sweet.

'Tis not—'tis not the clam'rous groan—
 The querulous complaint—
 The gushing tear—the frequent moan
 That speaks the soul's lament.
 Sorrow's a proud—a lonely thing,
 And never stoops to mourn;—
 The Spartan's mantle o'er the sting
 It clasps, and bleeds alone.

There oft is woe which never weeps—
 Tears which are never shed;—
 Deep in the soul their fountain sleeps,
 When hope and joy are fled.
 Yet who would ask the stagnant breast,
 Which chills not—never glows?
 Who would not spurn that waveless rest
 Which neither ebbs nor flows?

Then think not, though the brow is free
 From shade of gloom or care,
 The breast is as a summer sea,
 And happiness dwells there.
 Ah, think not, though the seeming glance
 Upon the cheek may play,
 And on the lip the jest may dance,
 That grief is far away.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

SCIENCE,

With her twin-sister, Art, hath scaled
 th' Empyrean!
 Science, like the dread angel of th' Apoc-
 alypse,
 Hath destined Space and Time to be no
 more!
 From the immortal mind now leaps the
 thought,
 And, yet unspoken, on the lightning's wing
 Girdleth the globe! Away, away flasheth
 The magic line of thought and feeling!
 Over land, o'er sea, o'er mountain, stream,
 and vale,
 Through forest dense, and darkest wilder-
 ness,
 Mid storm and tempest, fleets the electric
 spell;
 Then to its home, through earth's deep en-
 trails, speeds
 Backward in fiery circuit to its rest;
 While earth's green bosom doth itself evolve
 Magnetic flame to light the flashing line!
 No more the viewless couriers of the winds
 Are emblems of the messengers of mind.
 The speed of sound, the speed of light sur-
 passed,
 The speed of thought—mind's magnet-
 ism—
 And th' omnipotent power of Fancy's flight,
 Alone can rival the electric charm!

CHARLES A. JONES.

ONE of the least known of Western writers, to the present generation of readers, is a poet, who, in 1835, gave promise of much activity and distinction in metrical literature. He had then written his name high in the newspapers; published his volume,* and taken his first literary degree. Between the years 1836 and 1839 he wrote frequently for the *Cincinnati Mirror*, and in 1840 contributed several of the poems hereafter quoted for the *Cincinnati Message*, but about that time the inexorable law of bread-and-butter necessity drew him from the flowery slopes of Parnassus to the dry regions of Blackstone and the bar. After he began the practice of law he touched the harp but seldom, and then in secret.

Charles A. Jones is to be honored above the generality of Western writers, because he explored extensively, and made himself well acquainted with Western character, and in the West found the theme of his essay, the incident of his story, and the inspiration of his song. His principal poem is a stirring narrative of the exploits of the bold outlaws, who, in the infancy of the settlement of the West, had their common rendezvous in the celebrated Cave-in-Rock on the Ohio. The subjects of many of his lesser productions are the rivers, the mounds, the Indian heroes, and the pioneers of the Mississippi Valley.

For five or six years previous to his admission to the bar, Mr. Jones wrote a great deal for the newspapers and periodicals of the West. His habits of composition were extremely rapid and careless, however, and he would never undergo the labor of revision. The hasty production of an hour was sent to the press with all its sins upon its head. The consequence of this rapid work, and quick printing, has shown itself, in the almost total oblivion into which nearly all Mr. Jones's productions have sunk, though many of them contain fine thoughts, beautifully and forcibly expressed. It would be easy to gather many flowers in the broad fields of what he wrote, by very hastily running over them. In the *Western Literary Journal* of 1836, is a poem of several hundred lines, probably dashed off in an evening, which affords several worth culling. I content myself with one. The poem is called "Marriage à la Mode," and recounts the forced union of a lovely poor girl to a rich rake, who wastes her bloom, breaks her heart and becomes estranged from her. She hopes to regain his affection; but the poet says:

"Bear back the lightning to its cloud,
Recall the rose-leaf's vanished hue,
And give the dead man in his shroud
The breath of life he lately drew;
Then to the bosom seek to bring
The love that once has taken wing!"

*The Outlaw and other poems, dedicated to Morgan Neville. Josiah Drake, publisher, Cincinnati, 1835. 18mo., 72 pp.

This, from another source, though less striking and original, is worth fathering:

The beautiful grape must be crush'd before
 Can be gathered its glorious wine;
 So the poet's heart must be wrung to its core,
 Ere his song can be divine.
 There are flowers which perfume yield not
 Till their leaves have been rudely press'd;
 So the poet's worth is revealed not
 Till sorrow hath entered his breast.

In the year 1839, a series of satirical lyrics, entitled "*Aristophanæa*," appeared in the *Cincinnati Gazette*, which attracted a great deal of attention. The edge of some of them was very sharp, and in several respects many of them were well done. They were from the pen of Mr. Jones, a fact long and well kept concealed, even from the editor. He wrote another series of poems for the *Gazette*, as "*Dick Tinto*," many of which had merit.

Mr. Jones was a native of Philadelphia. He was born about the year 1815. His parents removed to Cincinnati when he was a child. For several years previous to 1850 he practiced his profession in New Orleans, but returned to Cincinnati in 1851, on account of declining health. He died in Mill Creek township, Hamilton county, July fourth, 1851, upon the old Ludlow Station, of pioneer renown. In the year 1843, Mr. Jones was united in marriage to Charlotte, daughter of James C. Ludlow, of the vicinity of Cincinnati, who survives him with two children, the issue of their marriage.

Cincinnati and its environs had always a peculiar charm for Mr. Jones. In a poem addressed to "*The Queen City*," he gave expression to sentiments which had an abiding influence on his mind—which led him to return from the South to the home of his youth, when warned that engrossing business cares were wearing away his life:

How blest is he whose doom it is
 A wanderer to roam,
 Who even in memory can return
 To such a lovely home.
 Oh, were I in the fairest clime
 That smiles beneath the sky,
 Here would my spirit long to come—
 If not to live, to die.
 As yearns the weary child at night
 To gain its mother's breast;
 So, weary with my wanderings,
 Here would I long to rest.

Mr. Jones devoted much thought and labor, in the later years of his life, to a dramatic poem called "*Ishmael*." It has never been published. When given to the world it will establish his reputation as a poet of high merit. It is quite different, not only in conception and execution, but also in mental scope, from any of his other productions.

THE PIONEERS.

WHERE are the hardy yeomen
 Who battled for this land,
 And trode these hoar old forests,
 A brave and gallant band?
 Oh, know ye where they slumber
 No monument appears,
 For Freedom's pilgrims to draw nigh,
 And hallow with their tears?
 Or were no works of glory
 Done in the olden time?
 And has the West no story
 Of deathless deeds sublime?

Go ask yon shining river,
 And it will tell a tale
 Of deeds of noble daring,
 Will make thy cheek grow pale.
 Go ask yon smiling valley,
 Whose harvest blooms so fair,
 'Twill tell thee a sad story
 Of the brave who slumber there:
 Go ask yon mountain, rearing
 Its forest crest so high;
 Each tree upon its summit
 Has seen a warrior die.

They knew no dread of danger,
 When rose the Indian's yell;
 Right gallantly they struggled,
 Right gallantly they fell;
 From Alleghany's summit,
 To the farthest western shore,
 These brave men's bones are lying
 Where they perished in their gore;
 And not a single monument
 Is seen in all the land,
 In honor of the memory
 Of that heroic band.

Their bones were left to whiten
 The spot where they were slain,
 And were ye now to seek them,
 They would be sought in vain.

The mountain cat has feasted
 Upon them as they lay;
 Long, long ago they mingled
 Again with other clay:
 Their very names are dying,
 Unconsecrate by fame,
 In oblivion they slumber,
 Our glory and our shame.

THE OLD MOUND.*

LONELY and sad it stands:
 The trace of ruthless hands
 Is on its sides and summit, and around
 The dwellings of the white man pile the
 ground;
 And curling in the air,
 The smoke of thrice a thousand hearths is
 there:
 Without, all speaks of life,—within,
 Deaf to the city's echoing din,
 Sleep well the tenants of that silent Mound,
 Their names forgot, their memories unre-
 nown'd.

Upon its top I tread,
 And see around me spread
 Temples and mansions, and the hoary hills,
 Bleak with the labor that the coffer fills,
 But mars their bloom the while,
 And steals from nature's face its joyous
 smile:
 And here and there, below,
 The stream's meandering flow
 Breaks on the view; and westward in the
 sky
 The gorgeous clouds in crimson masses lie.

The hammer's clang rings out,
 Where late the Indian's shout

*In the western part of Cincinnati (demolished years ago by a Vandal curiosity), near what is now the junction of Fifth and Mound streets.

Startled the wild-fowl from its sedgy nest,
And broke the wild deer's and the pan-
ther's rest.

The lordly oaks went down
Before the ax—the cane-brake is a town :
The bark canoe no more
Glides noiseless from the shore ;
And, sole memorial of a nation's doom,
Amid the works of art rises this lonely
tomb.

It too must pass away :
Barbaric hands will lay
Its holy ruins level with the plain,
And rear upon its site some goodly fane.
It seemeth to upbraid
The white man for the ruin he has made.
And soon the spade and mattock must
Invade the sleepers' buried dust,
And bare their bones to sacrilegious eyes,
And send them forth some joke-collector's
prize.

THE DESERTED FORGE.

THE sounds are gone which once were
heard within yon lonely hut,
On rusty hinge the windows hang, the cran-
nied door is shut,
And round about upon the floor lies many
a rusty shoe,
And broken bars, and heaps of coal, the
lowly forges strew.
No more is heard the blacksmith's voice
engaged in merry song,
Which to the passing traveler came, at in-
tervals along ;
As all the day, unceasingly, he plied the
hammer's stroke,
Which, from the low and humble roof, con-
tinued echoes woke.

The merry song, and hammer's click, are
now forever o'er,
His voice is hushed, his arm can wield the
massy sledge no more ;

Neglected now it lies along the heavy oaken
block,

Which, day by day, and night by night,
was shaken by its shock.

No more appeareth, smooth and bright, the
polished anvil's face,

For over all decay is seen, to steal with
mournful pace ;

The cobwebs hang upon the wall, and dust
has gathered there ;

The spiders now will reign alone within
their gloomy lair.

The bellows' sound no more will greet the
ear of passers by,

With noise as of a distant storm, approach-
ing swiftly nigh ;

It long has fallen from its place, its frag-
ments strew the floor,

And now its wreck alone can tell what it
has been before ;

And every breeze that whistles by, ere
sweeping on its way,

With mournful voice proclaims the deeds
Time worketh on his prey ;

And as it passes o'er the wreck around the
cabin spread,

Seems, as it sought, to waken sounds
which have forever fled.

Normore within the ready trough is plunged
the hissing steel,

For it is rotting as it stands—its sides the
tale reveal ;

And round about to every spot no more
the cinders fly,

Which sparkle brightly as they go, and
then forever die ;

But all is lone and dreary there, and with
the hum of life

The forger's now deserted shop will never
more be rife ;

And, one by one, the rafters round will
sink by slow decay,

Until each sign and vestige there shall all
have passed away.

Peace to the honest blacksmith, no cares
 disturb his breast,
 And till the day of doom shall come, light
 be his lonely rest;
 His ashes lie beneath the shade of yonder
 spreading tree,
 And o'er the sod above him wave its
 branches mournfully;
 Hard by his lowly resting-place his vacant
 home is seen,
 But never more for him will be the things
 which once have been;
 And sounds which were to him more sweet
 than music's soothing strain,
 Upon the ear that loved to hear, will never
 fall again.

THE CLOUDS.

THE clouds! the clouds! how beautiful
 They move upon the air,
 With golden wings dyed in the springs
 Of light the planets bear;
 Now onward singly sailing,
 Like eagles, in the breeze,
 Then like a gallant gathering
 Of ships upon the seas.

How glorious are their changes!
 Now in pyramids they rise,
 And, masses piled on masses,
 They tower to the skies:
 Now rising like the glaciers,
 Their summits white as snow,
 While in the sun's bright bluishings
 They beautifully glow.

How terrible! how terrible,
 When, gloomy, thick and dark,
 They form their squadrons o'er the sea,
 Above a gallant bark,
 And hurl their lightning arrows
 Deep in the hissing waves,

While 'mid the mountain-barrows
 The howling tempest raves:

When from their thronged battalions
 The thunders wildly sweep,
 And from the summits of the waves
 The shrieking echoes leap;
 And mounting on the tempest's wings,
 The billows lash the sky,
 As if the fiends of storm and wave
 Their battles waged on high.

How beautiful their changes,
 Like visions in a dream,
 When on their rugged surfaces
 The moon's bright glories gleam;
 When wooed by gentle zephyrs,
 In silver flakes they glide,
 Like flocks of sea-gulls sporting
 Upon the wave in pride.

Now forming into castles,
 With battlements and moats,
 While from the towering turrets
 A crimson banner floats;
 Then as the gentle breeze comes by,
 The fabric melts away,
 And takes the form of legions
 In battle's stern array.

I love those storm-girt wanderers,
 In darkness and in gloom,
 When, curtained o'er the vaulted sky,
 Their thunders shake its dome;
 I love them, when their brightness
 Is borrowed of the sun,
 When, as the day departeth,
 The twilight blush comes on.

But still more do I love them
 For the gentle rains they bring,
 That summon into life and bloom
 The buds and flowers of spring;
 And clothe the vales and mountains
 With robes of living green;
 And bid the sparkling fountains
 Whisper joy to every scene.

TECUMSEH.

WHERE rolls the dark and turbid Thames
 His consecrated wave along,
 Sleeps one, than whose, few are the names
 More worthy of the lyre and song;
 Yet o'er whose spot of lone repose
 No pilgrim eyes are seen to weep;
 And no memorial marble throws
 Its shadow where his ashes sleep.

Stop, stranger! there Tecumseh lies;
 Behold the lowly resting-place
 Of all that of the hero dies;
 The Cæsar—Tully, of his race,
 Whose arm of strength, and fiery tongue,
 Have won him an immortal name,
 And from the mouths of millions wrung
 Reluctant tribute to his fame.

Stop—for 'tis glory claims thy tear!
 True worth belongs to all mankind;
 And he whose ashes slumber here,
 Though man in form was god in mind.
 What matter he was not like thee,
 In race and color; 'tis the soul
 That marks man's true divinity;
 Then let not shame thy tears control.

Art thou a patriot?—so was he!
 His breast was Freedom's holiest shrine;
 And as thou bendest there thy knee,
 His spirit will unite with thine.
 All that a man can give he gave;
 His life: the country of his sires
 From the oppressor's grasp to save:
 In vain—quench'd are his nation's fires.

Art thou a soldier? dost thou not
 O'er deeds chivalric love to muse?
 Here stay thy steps—what better spot
 Couldst thou for contemplation choose?
 The earth beneath is holy ground;
 It holds a thousand valiant braves;
 Tread lightly o'er each little mound,
 For they are no ignoble graves.

Thermopylæ and Marathon,
 Though classic earth, can boast no more
 Of deeds heroic than yon sun
 Once saw upon this lonely shore,
 When in a gallant nation's last
 And deadliest struggle, for its own,
 Tecumseh's fiery spirit passed
 In blood, and sought its Father's throne.

Oh, softly falls the summer dew,
 The tears of heaven, upon his sod,
 For he in life and death was true,
 Both to his country and his God;
 For oh, if God to man has given,
 From his bright home beyond the skies
 One feeling that's akin to heaven,
 'Tis his who for his country dies.

Rest, warrior, rest!—Though not a dirge
 Is thine, beside the wailing blast,
 Time cannot in oblivion merge
 The light thy star of glory cast;
 While heave yon high hills to the sky,
 While rolls yon dark and turbid river,
 Thy name and fame can never die—
 Whom Freedom loves, will live forever.

KNOWLEDGE.

THE excellent in knowledge walk the earth
 Unlike to common men. Their gifted gaze
 Beholds a thousand things invisible
 To common eyes. Familiar spirits wait
 Upon their steps with new and strange re-
 vealings;
 The air is filled with sounds that charm
 the sense;
 The breeze has holier freshness, and the
 sky,
 With its eternity of stars, imparts
 Its wonders to them, till the fleshy link
 That binds to earth is hidden in the thought
 That bears the spirit nearer to its home.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

THERE is little in the mere biography of Mrs. Welby which distinguishes her from the rest of her sex. Her life was passed placidly and quietly in the performance of those duties which belonged to her station. She was born on the third of February, 1819, at St. Michael's, in Maryland, a small village on Miles River, an arm of Chesapeake Bay, whence she was removed when an infant to Baltimore. She resided in or near that city till 1834, when she removed to Louisville, Kentucky. It was at this latter place that her poetic genius first became known to the public, and there she died. It is quite probable that she had written previous to this time, but none of those earlier poems have been preserved. The history of her life does not furnish any clew to her genius. Her education was not thorough, her mind was not disciplined by study, nor was her reading at all extensive; yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, her poetry is perfect in rhythm and harmony, and is never blemished by any fault either of rhetoric or of grammar. In the most impressible part of her earlier life she was surrounded by a great deal that was grand and beautiful in nature, and most of her poetic images refer to those surroundings. Her first publication was in 1837, she being then hardly eighteen years old. It was printed in the *Louisville Journal*, of which paper George D. Prentice was and is the editor. This accomplished gentleman, himself a poet of admirable ability, took great pains to develop her poetic faculty and to procure for her a fair hearing before the public. She had, however, very little need of any adventitious aids to establish her in the highest favor with her readers. From her earliest appearance before the public, the sweetness and naturalness of her melodies caught every ear and warmed every heart. They reached all the better feelings of her readers because they so evidently flowed fresh from her own. Her poetry was the result of a pure *afflatus*, and had never been measured by the frigid rules of art. She sang because it was given her to sing; her melodies were like the voices of the birds—they were the simple outgushing of her own pure nature. She did not reach the higher forms of art, nor did she attempt them. Her song was a simple measure, learned of the trill of the brooklet, of the rustle of the leaves, or of the deep and solemn murmur of the ocean. It is not asserted that Mrs. Welby's poetry is faultless, but there is in it that natural charm of innocence and grace which is known to but few writers. Mr. Poe said of her, in one of his peculiar criticisms, that "she had nearly all the imagination of Maria del Occidente, with more refined taste; and nearly all the passion of Mrs. Norton, with a nicer ear, and, what is surprising, equal art. Very few American poets are at all comparable with her," he adds, "in the true poetic qualities. As for our *poetesses*, few of them approach her." This is high praise, and, though perhaps somewhat overstrained, is not entirely unmerited. Her imagination and refinement of taste were, perhaps, her most promi-

ment qualities, and her nicety of ear was none the less remarkable in view of the fact that it had never been cultivated by the study of any model.

Mrs. Welby's poetry grew more rapidly into public favor, and found admiration and appreciation among a larger number of people than that of any author within our knowledge. Hardly had her fingers touched the lyre ere her strains were caught up by melody-lovers throughout the Union, and sung in every peopled valley and echoed from every sunny hill-side of our vast domain. Her poetry was of a character that could not fail to reach every heart. It was natural, free from all morbidness; full of grace, of delicacy, and of elegance. While it did not reach beyond the comprehension and the sympathy of the humblest individual, while her range of subjects was confined to the "every-dayness of this work-day world," yet her treatment of them was so absolutely poetic, and withal so *naïve* and original, as to excite the admiration of the most cultivated and refined.

The first collected edition of her poems was published at Boston in 1845, and, although a large number of copies were embraced in it, it was readily disposed of within a very few months, and the demand for the work was still unabated. In less than twelve months after the issue of her volume, overtures were made to Mrs. Welby by some of the best publishers in the country for a new edition. The Appletons were the successful competitors for the prize, and in 1846 they published a second edition. Since that time edition after edition has been issued, till already seventeen editions have appeared and found ready sale, and the demand for the volume is by no means exhausted.

Few American writers either of prose or poetry have met with a success equal to this, and very few have found admirers in as many different circles of society as has Amelia Welby. The secret of all this is well explained by Rufus W. Griswold in one of his notices of this lady. He says, "Her fancy is lively, discriminating, and informed by a minute and intelligent observation of nature, and she has introduced into poetry some new and beautiful imagery. No painful experience has tried her heart's full energies; but her feelings are natural and genuine; and we are sure of the presence of a womanly spirit, reverencing the sanctities and immunities of life, and sympathizing with whatever addresses the senses of beauty." Mrs. Welby's brilliant success as an author has led many young ladies in the West to emulate her example; and while here and there is found one who displays talent and capacity, none have as yet compassed any thing like equal popularity, and very few, indeed, have been found equally deserving.

In person Mrs. Welby was rather above than below the middle height. Slender and exceedingly graceful in form, with exquisite taste in dress, and a certain easy, floating sort of movement, she would at once be recognized as a beautiful woman. A slight imperfection in the upper lip, while it prevented her face from being perfect, yet gave a peculiar piquancy to its expression which was far from destroying any of its charm. Her hair was exquisitely beautiful, and was always arranged regardless of the prevailing fashion, with singular elegance and adaptation to her face and figure. Her manners were simple, natural, and impulsive, like those of a child. Her conver-

sation, though sometimes frivolous, was always charming. She loved to give the rein to her fancy, to invent situations and circumstances for herself and her friends, and to talk of them as if they were realities. Her social life was full of innocent gayety and playfulness. She was the idol of her friends, and she repaid their affection with her whole heart. Her character was as beautiful as her manners were simple. Courtied and flattered as she was, she was, perhaps, a little willful, and sometimes even obstinate, but an appeal to her affections always softened and won her. Her willfulness was that of a wayward, petted child, and had a charm even in its most positive exhibitions.

Mrs. Welby's maiden name was Coppuck. She was married in June, 1838, to George Welby, a large merchant of Louisville, and a gentleman entirely worthy to be the husband of the woman and the poetess. She had but one child, a boy, who was born but two months before her death. She died on the third of May, 1852, in her thirty-third year.

Her prose writings consist only of her correspondence. Her letters and notes, however, sometimes assumed the form of compositions or sketches. The following is an illustration of the style of many of them. She had been visited at her residence by a party of gay masqueraders, among whom was a very intimate friend costumed as a Turk, and bearing the euphonious sobriquet of Hamet Ali Ben Khorassen. On the day after this visit, Mrs. Welby received from this pseudo Pashaw a note of farewell written in the redundant style of the Orientals, to which the following is her answer:

Although a stranger to the graceful style of Oriental greeting, Amelia, the daughter of the Christian, would send to Hamet Ali Ben Khorassen, ere he departs from the midst of her people, a few words in token of farewell, and also in acknowledgment of the flowery epistle sent by the gallant Ben Khorassen to the "Bulbul of the Giaour Land," as he is pleased, in the poetical language of his country, to designate the humblest of his admirers! Like the sudden splendor of a dazzling meteor, gleaming before the delighted eye of the startled gazer, was the brief sojourn of the noble Ben Khorassen in the presence of the happy "Bulbul." He came before her uniting in his aspect the majesty of a god of old with the mien of a mortal—graceful in his step, winning in his words, yet "terrible as an army with banners." The song of the "Bulbul" was hushed; the words of greeting died upon her lip. But now that the mightiest of the mighty has withdrawn from her dazzled gaze the glory of his overpowering presence, the trembling "Bulbul" lifts her head once more like a drooping flower oppressed by the too powerful rays of the noontide sun; and in the midst of the gloom that overshadows her, recalls to mind every word and look of the gallant Ben Khorassen, till her thoughts of him arise like stars upon the horizon of her memory, lighting up the gloom of his absence, and glittering upon the waters of the fountain of her heart, whose every murmur is attuned to the music of his memory.

But the bark of Hamet Ali Ben Khorassen floats upon the waters with her white wings spread for the clime of the crescent. Her brilliant pennon streams from the strand, and the words of the "Bulbul" must falter into a farewell. May the favoring gales of paradise, fragrant as the breath of houris, fill the silken sails of Ben Khorassen, and waft him onward to his native groves of citron and of myrtle, waking thoughts in his bosom fresh and fragrant as the flowers that cluster in his clime! Thus prays Amelia, the daughter of the Christian, and the "Bulbul of the Giaour Land!" Farewell!

This exceedingly graceful and tasteful little note is but a single specimen of a sort of composition with which Mrs. Welby delighted to indulge her intimate friends.

Indeed, during the last few years of her life, these notes and letters formed the only means through which her beautiful fancies were conveyed. She had ceased almost entirely to write verses, and a change was coming over her mind. Her genius was seeking some new form of development. Before, however, her friends could see even the foreshadowings of this new form, this accomplished poetess and estimable woman was called away to join her voice with the angelic choir, whose harmonies are the delight and the glory of the celestial world. On a bright May morning, such as her own songs have taught us to love, when the earth was redolent of beauty, and the flowers were sending up to heaven the incense of their perfumes; when all rejoicing nature was pouring out its morning orison to its Creator, the angels sent by her heavenly Father came and bore her spirit to its home in the skies. And so

"She has passed, like a bird, from the minstrel throng,
She has gone to the land where the lovely belong!"

The following lines, written by Amelia on the death of a sister poetess,* will form a fitting conclusion to this sketch, and a fitting tribute to her own memory:

She has passed, like a bird, from the minstrel throng,
She has gone to the land where the lovely belong!
Her place is hush'd by her lover's side,
Yet his heart is full of his fair young bride;
The hopes of his spirit are crushed and bowed
As he thinks of his love in her long white shroud;
For the fragrant sighs of her perfumed breath
Were kissed from her lips by his rival—Death.

Cold is her bosom, her thin white arms
All mutely crossed o'er its icy charms,
As she lies, like a statue of Grecian art,
With a marbled brow and a cold hushed heart;
Her locks are bright, but their gloss is hid;
Her eye is sunken 'neath its waxen lid:
And thus she lies in her narrow hall—
Our fair young minstrel—the loved of all.

Light as a bird's were her springing feet,
Her heart as joyous, her song as sweet;
Yet never again shall that heart be stirred
With its glad wild songs like a singing bird:
Ne'er again shall the strains be sung,
That in sweetness dropped from her silver tongue;
The music is o'er, and Death's cold dart
Hath broken the spell of that free, glad heart.

Often at eve, when the breeze is still,
And the moon floats up by the distant hill,
As I wander alone 'mid the summer bowers,
And wreath my locks with the sweet wild flowers,
I will think of the time when she lingered there,
With her mild blue eyes, and her long fair hair;
I will treasure her name in my bosom-core:
But my heart is sad—I can sing no more.

*Laura M. Thurston.

THE RAINBOW.

I SOMETIMES have thoughts, in my loneliest
 hours,
 That lie on my heart like the dew on the
 flowers,
 Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
 When my heart was as light as a blossom
 in June;
 The green earth was moist with the late
 fallen showers,
 The breeze fluttered down and blew open
 the flowers,
 While a single white cloud to its haven of
 rest
 On the white wing of peace, floated off in
 the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the
 cool breeze,
 That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled
 the seas,
 Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow un-
 rolled
 Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
 'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its
 birth,
 It had stretched to the uttermost ends of
 the earth,
 And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
 With a wing on the earth and a wing on
 the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its
 swell!
 Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it
 fell;
 While its light sparkling waves, stealing
 laughingly o'er,
 When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt
 down on the shore.
 No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of
 prayer,
 Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was
 there,

And bent my young head, in devotion and
 love,
 'Neath the form of the angel, that floated
 above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful
 wings!
 How boundless its circle! how radiant its
 rings!
 If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in
 air;
 If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was
 there;
 Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and
 whole
 As the thoughts of the rainbow, that cir-
 cled my soul.
 Like the wing of the Deity, calmly un-
 furled,
 It bent from the cloud and encircled the
 world.

There are moments, I think, when the
 spirit receives
 Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten
 leaves,
 When the folds of the heart in a moment
 uncloze,
 Like the innermost leaves from the heart
 of a rose.
 And thus, when the rainbow had passed
 from the sky,
 The thoughts it awoke were too deep to
 pass by;
 It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
 All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering
 with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or
 pain
 But shortens the links in life's mystical
 chain;
 I know that my form, like that bow from
 the wave,
 Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in
 the grave;

Yet O! when death's shadows my bosom
encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin
and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit en-
fold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and
gold.

— — —
THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

O THOU, who fling'st so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hills untrod—
Those mountain-pillars of the globe,
Whose peaks sustain thy throne, O God!
All glittering round the sunset skies,
Their trembling folds are lightly furled,
As if to shade from mortal eyes

The glories of yon upper world;
There, while the evening star upholds
In one bright spot their purple folds,
My spirit lifts its silent prayer,
For Thou, the God of love, art there.

The summer flowers, the fair, the sweet,
Upspringing freely from the sod,
In whose soft looks we seem to meet,
At every step, Thy smiles, O God!
The humblest soul their sweetness shares,
They bloom in palace-hall, or cot—
Give me, O Lord! a heart like theirs,
Contented with my lowly lot!
Within their pure, ambrosial bells,
In odors sweet, Thy Spirit dwells;
Their breath may seem to scent the air—
'Tis Thine, O God! for Thou art there.

List! from yon casement low and dim,
What sounds are these, that fill the
breeze?
It is the peasant's evening hymn
Arrests the fisher on the seas—

The old man leans his silver hairs
Upon his light, suspended oar,
Until those soft, delicious airs
Have died, like ripples on the shore.
Why do his eyes in softness roll?
What melts the manhood from his soul?
His heart is filled with peace and prayer,
For Thou, O God! art with him there.

The birds among the summer-blooms,
Pour forth to Thee their strains of love,
When, trembling on uplifted plumes,
They leave the earth and soar above;
We hear their sweet, familiar airs,
Where'er a sunny spot is found;
How lovely is a life like theirs,
Diffusing sweetness all around!
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
Their sweetest anthems softly roll,
Till, melting on the realms of air,
Thy still, small voice seems whispering
there.

The stars, those floating isles of light,
Round which the clouds unfurl their sails,
Pure as a woman's robe of white
That trembles round the form it veils,
They touch the heart as with a spell,
Yet, set the soaring fancy free,
And O, how sweet the tastes they tell!
They tell of peace, of love, and Thee!
Each raging storm that wildly blows,
Each balmy gale that lifts the rose,
Sublimely grand, or softly fair,
They speak of Thee, for Thou art there.

The spirit, oft oppressed with doubt,
May strive to cast Thee from its thought;
But who can shut thy presence out,
Thou mighty Guest that com'st un-
sought?
In spite of all our cold resolves,
Whate'er our thoughts, whate'er we be,
Still, magnet-like, the heart revolves,
And points, all trembling, up to Thee.

We cannot shield a troubled breast
Beneath the confines of the blessed,
Above, below, on earth, in air,
For Thou, the living God, art there.

Yet, far beyond the clouds outspread,

Where soaring fancy oft hath been,
There is a land where Thou hast said

The pure of heart shall enter in ;
In those far realms, so calmly bright,

How many a loved and gentle one
Bathes its soft plumes in living light,

That sparkles from thy radiant Throne!

There souls, once soft and sad as ours,
Look up and sing mid fadeless flowers ;
They dream no more of grief and care,
For Thou, the God of peace, art there.



PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

THE day was declining ; the breeze in its
glee,

Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the
sea,

As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and
still,

Dropped down like a gem from the brow
of the hill ;

One tremulous star, in the glory of June,
Came out with a smile and sat down by
the moon,

As she graced her blue throne with the
pride of a queen,

The smiles of her loveliness gladdening
the scene.

The scene was enchanting ! in distance
away

Rolled the foam-crested waves of the
Chesapeake Bay,

While bathed in the moonlight the village
was seen,

With the church in the distance that stood
on the green ;

The soft-sloping meadows lay brightly un-
rolled,

With their mantles of verdure and blos-
soms of gold,

And the earth in her beauty, forgetting to
grieve,

Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of
eve.

A light-hearted child, I had wandered away
From the spot where my footsteps had
gamboled all day,

And free as a bird's was the song of my
soul,

As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll,
While, lightening my heart as I sported
along,

With bursts of low laughter and snatches
of song,

I struck in the pathway half-worn o'er the
sod

By the feet that went up to the worship of
God.

As I traced its green windings, a murmur
of prayer,

With the hymn of the worshipers, rose on
the air,

And, drawn by the links of its sweetness
along,

I stood unobserved in the midst of the
throng ;

For awhile my young spirit still wandered
about

With the birds, and the winds, that were
singing without ;

But birds, waves, and zephyrs were quickly
forgot

In one angel-like being that brightened the
spot.

In stature majestic, apart from the throng,
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my
song !

His cheek pale with fervor—the blue orbs
above
Lit up with the splendors of youth and of
love;
Yet the heart-glowing raptures that beamed
from those eyes,
Seemed saddened by sorrows, and chas-
tened by sighs,
As if the young heart in its bloom had
grown cold,
With its loves unrequited, its sorrows un-
told.

Such language as his I may never re-
call;
But his theme was salvation—salvation to
all;
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy
hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped
from his tongue;
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence
stole;
Enforced by each gesture it sank to the
soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened
the sod
And brought to each bosom a message from
God.

He spoke of the Saviour—what pictures
he drew!
The scene of his sufferings rose clear on
my view—
The cross—the rude cross where he suf-
fered and died,
The gush of bright crimson that flowed
from his side,
The cup of his sorrows, the wormwood and
gall,
The darkness that mantled the earth as a
pall,
The garland of thorns, and the demon-like
crews,
Who knelt as they scoffed Him—"Hail,
King of the Jews!"

He spake, and it seemed that his statue-
like form
Expanded and glowed as his spirit grew
warm—
His tone so impassioned, so melting his
air,
As touched with compassion, he ended in
prayer,
His hands clasped above him, his blue orbs
upthrown,
Still pleading for sins that were never his
own,
While that mouth, where such sweetness
ineffable clung,
Still spoke, though expression had died on
his tongue.

O God! what emotions the speaker awoke!
A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke;
A man—yet so far from humanity riven!
On earth—yet so closely connected with
heaven!
How oft in my fancy I've pictured him
there,
As he stood in that triumph of passion and
prayer,
With his eyes closed in rapture—their tran-
sient eclipse
Made bright by the smiles that illumined
his lips.

There's a charm in delivery, a magical
art,
That thrills, like a kiss, from the lip to the
heart;
'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-
chosen word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit
are stirred,
The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-start-
ling pause,
The eye's sweet expression, that melts
while it awes,
The lip's soft persuasion, its musical tone—
O such was the charm of that eloquent
one!

The time is long past, yet how clearly defined

That bay-church, and village, float up on my mind;

I see amid azure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler, that sat by her side;

I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,

Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song,

And I tread in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod,

By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The time is long past, yet what visions I see!

The past, the dim past, is the present to me;

I am standing once more mid that heart-stricken throng,

A vision floats up—'tis the theme of my song—

All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,
The light like a halo encircling his hair—

As I catch the same accents of sweetness and love,

He whispers of Jesus—and points us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced!

Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced,

Till memory, the fond one, that sits in the soul,

Took up the frail links, and connected the whole:

As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,

As the scent to the rose, are these memories to me;

Round the chords of my heart they have tremblingly clung,

And the echo it gives is the song I have sung.

THE LITTLE STEP-SON.

I HAVE a little step-son, the loveliest thing alive;

A noble sturdy boy is he, and yet he's only five;

His smooth cheek hath a blooming glow,
his eyes are black as jet,

And his lips are like two rose-buds, all tremulous and wet;

His days pass off in sunshine, in laughter, and in song,

As careless as a summer rill, that sings itself along;

For like a pretty fairy tale, that's all too quickly told,

Is the young life of a little one, that's only five years old.

He's dreaming on his happy couch, before the day grows dark,

He's up with morning's rosy ray, a-singing with the lark;

Where'er the flowers are freshest, where'er the grass is green,

With light locks waving on the wind, his fairy form is seen,

Amid the whistling March winds, amid the April showers;

He warbles with the singing-birds, and blossoms with the flowers.

He cares not for the summer heat, he cares not for the cold,

My sturdy little step-son, that's only five years old.

How touching 'tis to see him clasp his dimpled hands in prayer,

And raise his little rosy face with reverential air!

How simple in his eloquence! how soft his accents fall,

When pleading with the King of kings, to love and bless us all;

And when from prayer he bounds away in innocence and joy,

The blessing of a smiling God goes with
the sinless boy ;
A little lambkin of the flock, within the
Saviour's fold,
Is he my lovely step-son, that's only five
years old.

I have not told you of our home, that in
the summer hours,
Stands in its simple modesty, half hid
among the flowers ;
I have not said a single word about our
mines of wealth—
Our treasures are this little boy, content-
ment, peace and health.
For even a lordly hall to us would be a
voiceless place,
Without the gush of his glad voice, the
gleams of his bright face.
And many a courtly pair, I ween, would
give their gems and gold
For a noble, happy boy like ours, some
four or five years old.

—
TO A SEA-SHELL.

SHELL of the bright sea-waves !
What is it, that we hear in thy sad moan ?
Is this unceasing music all thine own ?
Lute of the ocean-caves !

O does some spirit dwell
In the deep windings of thy chambers dim,
Breathing forever, in its mournful hymn,
Of ocean's anthem swell ?

Wert thou a murmurer long
In crystal palaces beneath the seas,
Ere from the blue sky thou hadst heard
the breeze
Pour its full tide of song ?

Another thing with thee—
Are there not gorgeous cities in the deep,
Buried with flashing gems that brightly
sleep,
Hid by the mighty sea ?

And say, O lone sea-shell !
Are there not costly things and sweet per-
fumes
Scattered in waste o'er that sea-gulf of
tombs ?
Hush thy low moan, and tell.

But yet, and more than all—
Has not each foaming wave in fury tossed
O'er earth's most beautiful, the brave, the
lost,
Like a dark funeral pall ?

'Tis vain—thou answerest not !
Thou hast no voice to whisper of the dead ;
'Tis ours alone, with sighs like odors shed,
To hold them unforget !

Thine is as sad a strain
As if the spirit in thy hidden cell
Pined to be with the many things that
dwell
In the wild, restless main.

And yet there is no sound
Upon the waters, whispered by the waves,
But seemeth like a wail from many graves,
Thrilling the air around.

The earth, O moaning shell !
The earth hath melodies more sweet than
these—

The music-gush of rills, the hum of bees
Heard in each blossom's bell.

Are not these tones of earth,
The rustling forest, with its shivering
leaves,
Sweeter than sounds that e'en in moonlit
eves
Upon the seas have birth ?

Alas! thou still wilt moan—
 Thou'rt like the heart that wastes itself in
 sighs,
 E'en when amid bewildering melodies,
 If parted from its own.

—◆—
 THE OLD MAID.

WHY sits she thus in solitude? her heart
 Seems melting in her eye's delicious
 blue,—
 And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart
 As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
 In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
 Deeper than that her careless girlhood
 wore;
 And her cheek crimsons with the hue that
 tells
 The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.
 It is her thirtieth birthday! with a sigh
 Her soul hath turned from youth's lux-
 uriant bowers,
 And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
 That measured out its links of golden
 hours!
 She feels her inmost soul within her stir
 With thoughts too wild and passionate
 to speak;
 Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
 Translates itself in silence on her cheek.
 Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing
 flowers,
 Once lightly sprang within her beaming
 track;
 Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
 And yet she does not wish to wander
 back!
 No! she but loves in loneliness to think
 On pleasures past, though never more
 to be:
 Hope links her to the future—but the link
 That binds her to the past, is memory!

From her lone path she never turns aside,
 Though passionate worshipers before
 her fall;
 Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
 She seems to soar and beam above them
 all!
 Not that her heart is cold! emotions new
 And fresh as flowers, are with her heart-
 strings knit,
 And sweetly mournful pleasures wander
 through
 Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.
 For she hath lived with heart and soul
 alive
 To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
 Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made
 their hive,
 Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there;
 Yet life is not to her what it hath been,—
 Her soul hath learned to look beyond its
 gloss—
 And now she hovers like a star between
 Her deeds of love—her Saviour on the
 Cross!
 Beneath the cares of earth she does not
 bow,
 Though she hath oftentimes drained its
 bitter cup,
 But ever wanders on with heavenward
 brow,
 And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
 She feels that in a lovelier, happier sphere,
 Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its
 mate,
 And all the joys it found so blissful here
 Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.
 Yet, sometimes o'er her trembling heart-
 strings thrill
 Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er en-
 joyed,—
 And then she dreams of love, and strives
 to fill
 With wild and passionate thoughts, the
 craving void.

And thus she wanders on—half sad, half
blest—

Without a mate for the pure, lonely
heart,
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin
breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!



MAY.

O, THIS is the beautiful month of May,
The season of birds and of flowers;
The young and the lovely are out and away,
Mid the upspringing grass and the blossoms,
at play,
And many a heart will be happy to-day,
In this beautiful region of ours.

Sweet April, the frail, the capriciously
bright,
Hath passed like the lovely away,
Yet we mourn not her absence, for swift
at her flight
Sprang forth her young sister, an angel of
light,
And, fair as a sunbeam that dazzles the
sight,
Is beautiful, beautiful May.

What scenes of delight, what sweet visions
she brings
Of freshness, of gladness, and mirth,
Of fair sunny glades where the buttercup
springs,
Of cool gushing fountains, of rose-tinted
wings,
Of birds, bees, and blossoms, all beautiful
things,
Whose brightness rejoices the earth!

How fair is the landscape! o'er hill-top
and glade,
What swift-varying colors are rolled—

The shadow now sunshine, the sunshine
now shade;

Their light-shifting hues for the green
earth have made
A garment resplendent with dew-gems o'er-
laid—
A light-woven tissue of gold!

O yes! lovely May, the enchantingly fair,
Is here with her beams and her flowers;
Their rainbow-like garments the blossoms
now wear,
In all their health-giving odors may share,
For the breath of their sweetness is out on
the air,
Those children of sunbeams and showers.

The fragrant magnolia in loveliness
dressed,
The lilac's more delicate hue,
The violet half opening its azure-hued vest,
Just kissed by a sunbeam, its innocent
guest,
The light floating cloudlets like spirits at
rest,
All pictured in motionless blue—

These brighten the landscape, and softly
unroll
Their splendors by land and by sea;
They steal o'er the heart with a magic con-
trol,
That lightens the bosom and freshens the
soul—
O! this is the charm that enhances the
whole,
And makes them so lovely to me.

How sweet, when the month's in the flush
of its prime,
To hear, as we wander alone,
Some bird's sudden song from the sweet-
scented lime,
And catch the low gush of its exquisite
chime,

And set to music and turn it to rhyme,
With a spirit as light as its own.

And sweet to recline 'neath the emerald-
robed trees,
Where fairy-like footsteps have trod,
With the lull of the waters, the hum of
the bees,
Melting into the spirit delicious degrees
Of exquisite softness! in moments like
these,

I have walked with the angels of God.

Sweet season of love, when the fairy-queen
trips

At eve through the star-lighted grove—
What vows are now breathed where the
honey-bee sips!

What cheeks, whose bright beauties the
roses eclipse,

Are crimsoned with blushes! what rose-
tinted lips

Are moist with the kisses of love!

Yet, loveliest of months! with the praises
I sing,

Thy glories are passing away
With the dew from the blossom, the bird
on the wing,

Yet round thee a garland poetic I fling,
Sweet sister of April! young child of the
Spring!

O beautiful, beautiful May!

THE DEW-DROP.

I AM a sparkling drop of dew,
Just wept from yon silver star,
But drops of dew have very few
To care for what they are;
For little ye dream, who dwell below,
Of all I've wandered through;
Ye only know I sparkle so,
Because I'm a drop of dew.

I flashed at first with waves, that whirl
O'er the blue, blue tossing sea;
Where eddies curl o'er beds of pearl
I wandered wild and free,
Till I chanced to spy an elfin king,
And I danced before his view,
When the merry thing, with his glittering
wing,
Whisked off the drop of dew.

The evening air with sweets was fraught,
And away we flitted far,
When, quick as thought, I was upward
caught,
To yon lovely vesper star;
And I'm very sure a gentle charm
That bright thing round me threw,
For an angel form, in her bosom warm,
Enfolded the drop of dew.

But I slept not long in yon starry bower,
In the bosom of my love,
For, in a shower, to this primrose flower,
She sent me from above;
And soon its moonlight leaves will close,
But they hide me not from view,
For the wind, that flows o'er the young
primrose,
Will kiss off the drop of dew.

THE SUMMER BIRDS.

SWEET warblers of the sunny hours,
Forever on the wing—
I love them as I love the flowers,
The sunlight and the spring.
They come like pleasant memories
In summer's joyous time,
And sing their gushing melodies
As I would sing a rhyme.

In the green and quiet places,
Where the golden sunlight falls,

We sit with smiling faces
 To list their silver calls.
 And when their holy anthems
 Come pealing through the air,
 Our hearts leap forth to meet them
 With a blessing and a prayer.

Amid the morning's fragrant dew,
 Amid the mists of even,
 They warble on as if they drew
 Their music down from heaven.
 How sweetly sounds each mellow note
 Beneath the moon's pale ray,
 When dying zephyrs rise and float
 Like lovers' sighs away!

Like shadowy spirits seen at eve
 Among the tombs they glide,
 Where sweet pale forms, for which we
 grieve,
 Lie sleeping side by side.
 They break with song the solemn hush
 Where peace reclines her head,
 And link their lays with mournful thoughts,
 That cluster round the dead.

For never can my soul forget
 The loved of other years;
 Their memories fill my spirit yet—
 I've kept them green with tears;
 And their singing greets my heart at times
 As in the days of yore,
 Though their music and their loveliness
 Is ever o'er—forever o'er.

And often, when the mournful night
 Comes with a low sweet tune,
 And sets a star on every height
 And one beside the moon,
 When not a sound of wind or wave
 The holy stillness mars,
 I look above and strive to trace
 Their dwellings in the stars.

The birds of summer hours—
 They bring a gush of glee
 To the child among the dewy flowers,
 To the sailor on the sea.

We hear their thrilling voices
 In their swift and airy flight,
 And the inmost heart rejoices
 With a calm and pure delight.

In the stillness of the starlight hours,
 When I am with the dead,
 O! may they flutter mid the flowers,
 That blossom o'er my head,
 And pour their songs of gladness forth
 In one melodious strain,
 O'er lips, whose broken melody
 Shall never sing again.

THE MOURNFUL HEART.

My heart is like a lonely bird,
 That sadly sings,
 Brooding upon its nest unheard,
 With folded wings.

For of my thoughts the sweetest part
 Lie all untold,
 And treasured in this mournful heart
 Like precious gold.

The fever-dreams that haunt my soul
 Are deep and strong;
 For through its deep recesses roll
 Such floods of song.

I strive to calm, to lull to rest,
 Each mournful strain,
 To lay the phantom in my breast—
 But ah! 'tis vain.

The glory of the silent skies,
 Each kindling star,
 The young leaves stirred with melodies
 My quiet mar.

O! in my soul, too wild and strong
 This gift hath grown,
 Bright spirit of immortal song!
 Take back thine own.

I know no sorrows round me cling,
My years are few;
And yet my heart's the saddest thing
I ever knew.

For in my thoughts the world doth share
But little part;
A mournful thing it is to bear
A mournful heart.

THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

HERE is a little golden tress
Of soft unbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness,
That once was thought so fair;
And yet though time hath dimmed its
sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes! from this shining ringlet still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling strings.
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept
This golden curl of hair.

O sunny tress! the joyous brow,
Where thou didst lightly wave,
With all thy sister-tresses now
Lies cold within the grave;
That cheek is of its bloom bereft,
That eye no more is gay;
Of all her beauties thou art left,
A solitary ray.

Four years have passed, this very June,
Since last we fondly met—
Four years! and yet it seems too soon
To let the heart forget—
Too soon to let that lovely face
From our sad thoughts depart,

And to another give the place
She held within the heart.

Her memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power;
It is the perfume left behind
To whisper of the flower;
Each blossom, that in moments gone
Bound up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain
O'er beds of violets flung;
Her voice, the prelude to a strain
Before the song is sung;
Her life—'twas like a half-blown flower
Closed ere the shades of even;
Her death, the dawn, the blushing hour,
That opes the gate of heaven.

A single tress! how slight a thing
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms in the heart!
It leads me back to days of old,
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks outshone pellucid gold,
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then I've heard a thousand lays
From lips as sweet as hers,
Yet when I strove to give them praise,
I only gave them tears;
I could not bear, amid the throng
Where jest and laughter rung,
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair
To bid such memories start!
But tears are on its luster—there
I lay it on my heart:
O! when in Death's cold arms I sink,
Who then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark-brown link—
A ringlet of my hair?

ERASTUS S. S. ROUSE.

ERASTUS SEELEY SMITH ROUSE, a native of Rensselaer county, New York, where he was born on the twenty-second day of February, 1795, is one of the few writers of the West who have made poetry the pastime and pleasure of mature age. He has been for twenty-five years an occasional contributor to the periodicals of Ohio. In 1852 he was the editor of *The Western Home Visitor*, published at Mount Vernon, Ohio, by E. A. Higgins & J. H. Knox. Mr. Rouse is now a merchant in Mount Vernon.

"WORK! WORK! WORK!"

FARMER of the sweaty brow!
Give not yet your labor o'er;
There's no time for idling now;
Toil ye on a little more.

Ply your hands with busy care,
While the sun is shining bright;
Briskly drive the polished share,
Ere the gloaming of the night.

Labor still—there still is need,
Pulverize the fruitful soil,
Bury the prolific seed,
Earth shall well requite your toil.

All her millions must be fed,
All dependent on the sod,
All must look to you for bread,
Faithful steward, be, of God.

Soon the wint'ry days will come,
Soon the fields be clad in snow,
Then enjoy your happy home,
Then your wearying toils forego.

Reaper of the golden grain!
Guider of the polished plow!
Not yet from your toil refrain,
There's no time for idling now.

NOTHING.

Hail Nothing! thou shapeless, indefinite
shade!
Thou least of all littleness,—mystical maid!
Inspire me with nothing, of nothing to sing,
And I'll sing about nothing till nothing
shall ring.

Nothing is nothing,—not easy defined,—
Nonentity,—absence of matter and mind:—
"Then nothing's vacuity?"—yes, friend,
you see,
In absence of all things, there nothing will be.
"And what is a vacuum?"—friend, on my
soul,
'Tis the absence of nothing, confined in a
hole!

"The world came from nothing,"—but
hark ye, my friend,
Something from nothing I can't comprehend.
Take nothing from nothing, and nothing
remains,
And still you have nothing at all for your
pains.
If naught comes from nothing, then can it
be said
That aught goes to nothing's impervious
shade?

Let wise nothingarians the matter explain;
I'll nothing more say, since there's nothing
to gain.

NOBLE BUTLER.

NOBLE BUTLER, who has an enviable reputation as a teacher, and as an author of school books, and who ranks high among scholars in the West, was born in a pioneer cabin on the river Monongahela, twenty miles above Pittsburg, on the seventeenth day of July, 1811. His father, a farmer, was a native of Maryland, but an ancestor of the same name settled in Pennsylvania, in the time of William Penn. Noble, when a young man, became a teacher in Indiana, and he is a graduate of, and was for some time a professor in, Hanover College in that State. In 1836 he was married at South Hanover, to Lucinda Harvey, a native of Kentucky.

For many years Mr. Butler has been the principal of an eminently successful classical school in Louisville, Kentucky. He has written largely for magazines and newspapers, but not frequently in verse. In a note to the editor he says: "The Muse seldom visits me, and never takes off her shawl and bonnet. She refuses most positively to go with me to the school-room." She has, however, made him memorable visits, and was certainly on good terms with him when she inspired "The Blue-bird," which, we think, is one of the sweetest poems of its class in our literature.

Mr. Butler has distinguished himself as a translator of German poetry, which has attracted the attention of celebrated English writers. He has translated Schiller's Poem "The Longing," with quite as much grace and with more exactness, than was imparted to it in a translation by Bulwer; and it is justly claimed for him that his rendering of the song of "Thekla" in Schiller's "Piccolomini," is more faithful if not more beautiful than the generally accepted translation by Coleridge. In a note, Coleridge acknowledges that it was not in his power to translate the song with literal fidelity, preserving the Alcaic movement, and he therefore gives a literal prose translation as follows:

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discolored with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

Mr. Butler's translation is at least free from the faults which make that by Coleridge unacceptable to scholars. It is in these words:

The dark clouds rush! hear the forest roar!
The maiden wanders along the shore.
The waves are breaking with might, with might!
And the maiden sings out to the murky night,
Her tear-troubled eye upward roving:
My heart is dead, the world is a void;
There is nothing in it to be enjoyed.
O Father, call home thy child to thee;
For all the bliss that on earth can be
I have had in living and loving.

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THE BLUE-BIRD.

THOUGH Winter's power fades away,
The tyrant does not yield;
But still he holds a waning sway
O'er hill and grove and field.

But while he still is lingering,
Some lovely days appear—
Bright heralds from the train of Spring,
To tell that she is near.

It is as if a day of heaven
Had fallen from on high,
And God's own smiles, for sunlight given,
Were beaming through the sky.

The blue-bird now, with joyous note,
His song of welcome sings;
Joy swells melodious in his throat;
Joy quivers in his wings.

No cunning show of art severe,
But soft and low his lay—
A sunbeam shining to the ear—
Spring's softest, brightest ray.

Those magic tones call from the past
The sunny hours of youth;
And shining hopes come thronging fast
From worlds of love and truth.

The harmony is seen and heard;
For notes and rays combine,
And joys and hopes, and sun and bird,
All seem to sing and shine.

THE DAUGHTER OF JUDAH.

DAUGHTER of Judah! once in pride
Thou sat'st upon thy lofty throne,
Bedecked with jewels like a bride,
The delicate and comely one!

And in the waving palm-tree's shade
Was heard thy harp's exulting strain;

Jehovah's flock around thee played,
And bounded o'er the flowery plain.

Daughter of Judah! where is now
The glory that around thee shone?
Where are the gems that graced thy brow?
Where is thy proud and lofty throne?

Where is the harp whose glad tones broke
The stillness of the balmy air?
Where is the flock, the lovely flock,
Jehovah trusted to thy care?

Daughter of Judah! sad and lone
Thou sit'st in sackcloth on the ground;
The woods are vocal with thy moan;
The distant hills thy groans resound.

Thy harp, from which the music gushed,
As water gushed 'neath Horeb's brow—
That harp of thine, decayed and crushed,
Hangs voiceless on the willow-bough.

Thou seest no flock around thee play;
All, all the lovely ones are gone!
Scattered in distant lands they stray—
Daughter of Judah, still weep on!

LINES FOR MUSIC.

SLEEP light gently on thy breast,
As the dove upon her nest!
Many a golden glowing dream
In thy happy slumbers gleam!
Dream of fairies on the green,
In the moonbeam's silver sheen;
Dream of rain-bow-gleaming flowers
Rich with scent of Eden bowers;
Dream of some immortal strain
Floating o'er the peaceful main,
From a far-off lovely isle
Glowing in its Maker's smile;
Dream of realms of love and peace,
Where the sounds of discord cease;
Dream of angels guarding thee—
Dream, too, dearest one, of me.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

A POEM entitled "Dirge of Napoleon," which was declared by John Neal, in the *New England Galaxy*, to be "daringly and surprisingly original," written by William Ross Wallace, before he was seventeen years of age, gave him enviable rank among the writers of the West. In 1836, the *Cincinnati Mirror* published a poem on "Jerusalem," which it pronounced "beautiful, exceeding beautiful." Mr. Wallace, before he attained his majority, was encouraged by these and other tokens of success in metrical composition, to come before the world as the author of a volume of poems. "The Battle of Tippecanoe" and other Poems,* was published at Cincinnati, by P. McFarlin, in 1837. The leading poem was delivered at a celebration on the battleground, on the seventh of November, 1835. Neither it, nor any others of the twelve poems which compose the book, have been since acknowledged by their author, excepting those above-mentioned, though in the *Louisville Journal* and other influential papers, it was spoken of as not merely giving evidence of genuine power, but as containing illustrations of true genius.

Mr. Wallace was born at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1819. His father, a native of Ohio, was a Presbyterian preacher. He died when William was about eighteen months of age. His mother, who was a native of Pennsylvania, still lives in Kentucky. William was educated at Bloomington and South Hanover Colleges, Indiana. He read law in Kentucky and entered upon its practice with good prospects, but was induced by literary friends to emigrate to New York City, where he now resides, making authorship his profession. He is a regular contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, the *Knickerbocker*, the *Journal of Commerce*, and the *New York Ledger*. He has published in New York three volumes: "Alban, a Metrical Romance," in 1848; "Meditations in America" and other poems, in 1851; and "The Loved and Lost," in 1856, a volume of prose and poetry. He is now preparing for publication "The Pleasures of the Beautiful" and other poems, and a national poem devoted to the great deeds and scenery of our country, which will be entitled "Chants of America."

Mr. Wallace has been very earnestly encouraged as a poet by eminent writers. William Cullen Bryant has said that "his poems are marked by a splendor of imagination and an affluence of poetic diction which show him the born poet;" and Edgar A. Poe declared that he stands in the front rank of modern poets." He has written upon but a few topics suggested by incidents or characters in Western History. "Daniel Boone" and lines to "An American Mound" are the only poems of this class we have seen from his pen, excepting "The Battle of Tippecanoe." His subjects are often of national interest, but he is the author of a number of charming songs. The themes upon which he writes with most power and beauty are those which in themselves possess grandeur and require stateliness of rhythm.

*Inscribed to William Henry Harrison.

DANIEL BOONE.*

HA! how the woods give way before the
step
Of these new-comers! What a sickening
smell
Clings round my cabin, wafted from their
town
Ten miles away! But yesterday I heard
A stranger's gun sound in the loneliest glen
That yet remains to me; and when I
climbed
The mountain there, and stood alone, alone!
Upon its top amid the sounding clouds,
And proudly thought that I was first to
crown
That mighty mountain with a human soul.
Another's foot-print in the airy sand
Smote my unwilling eyes, and I at once
Was scepterless, unthroned, there beaten
back
To restless thought again. This cannot
last:
For I am of the mould that loathes to
breathe
The air of multitudes, I must respire
The Universe alone, and hear, alone,
Its Lord walking the ancient wilderness;
And this, because He made me so—no
more.

I must away: for action is my life;
And it is base to triumph in a Past,
However big with mighty circumstance,
Danger full-faced and large heroic deed,
If yet a Future calls. It calls to me.
What if some seventy years have thinned
this hair,
And dimmed this sight, and made the
blood roll on
Less riotous between the banks of life?—
This heart hath vigor yet, and still the
woods

Have voices for my ear; and still the
stream
Makes music in my thought; and every
hour
Can show some awful miracle performed
Within the wilderness; and Danger still
Leans proudly o'er the mountain's dizzy
crag,
Bathing his forehead in the passing cloud,
And calls to me with a most taunting voice
To join him there. He shall not call in
vain.
Yes! Surely I must go, and drink anew
The splendor that is in the pathless woods,
And wear the blue sky as a coronal,
And bid the torrent sound my conquering
march,
And ponder far away from all that mars
The everlasting wonder of the world,
And with each dewy morning wake and
feel
As though that world, so fresh, so beautiful
With sunrise and the mist, had just been
made.
Farewell, O dweller of the towns! One
State
Have I made eminent within the wild,
And men from me have that which they
call "Peace:"
Still do the generations press for room,
And surely they shall have it. Tell them
this:
Say "Boone, the old State-Builder, hath
gone forth
Again, close on the sunset; and that there
He gives due challenge to that Indian race
Whose lease to this majestic land, misused,
It hath pleased God to cancel. There he
works—
Away from all his kind, but for his kind—
Unseen, as Ocean's current works unseen,
Piling huge deltas up, where men may rear
Their cities pillared fair, with many a mart
And stately dome o'ershadowing"—should
they ask

* Inscribed to Cassius M. Clay.

"What guerdon Boone would have?"—
 then answer thus:
 "A little wilderness left sacred there
 For him to die in; else the poor old man
 Must seek that lonely sea whose billows
 turn
 To mournful music on the Oregon,
 And in its desolate waters find a grave."
 So—but I was not made for talk—Fare-
 well!

— — —
 AVELINE—A SONG.

Love me dearly, love me dearly with your
 heart and with your eyes;
 Whisper all your sweet emotions, as they
 gushing, blushing rise:
 Throw your soft white arms about me;
 Say you cannot live without me:
 Say, you are my Aveline; say, that you
 are only mine,
 That you cannot live without me, young
 and rosy Aveline!

Love me dearly, dearly, dearly: speak
 your love-words silver-clearly,
 So I may not doubt thus early of your
 fondness, of your truth.
 Press, oh! press your throbbing bosom
 closely, warmly to my own:
 Fix your kindled eyes on mine—say you
 live for me alone,
 While I fix my eyes on thine,
 Lovely, trusting, artless, plighted; plighted,
 rosy Aveline!

Love me dearly; love me dearly: radiant
 dawn upon my gloom:
 Ravish me with beauty's bloom:—
 Tell me "Life has yet a glory: 'tis not all
 an idle story!"
 As a gladdened vale in noonlight; as a
 weary lake in moonlight,

Let me in thy love recline:
 Show me life has yet a splendor in my
 tender Aveline.

Love me dearly, dearly, dearly with your
 heart and with your eyes:
 Whisper all your sweet emotions as they
 gushing, blushing rise.
 Throw your soft white arms around me;
 say you lived not till you found me—
 Say it, say it, Aveline! whisper you are
 only mine;
 That you cannot live without me, as you
 throw your arms about me,
 That you cannot live without me, artless,
 rosy Aveline!

— — —
 SONG OF A LEAF,

FROM CLIFTY FALLS, NEAR HANOVER COLLEGE.

I.

WHEN plucked from off my natal bough,
 I would have sighed but that I knew
 The rifling one intended me
 As his sweet offering to you,
 To you who stood in youth beneath
 My parent-tree beside the Fall,
 Whose crystal trumpets still to crag
 And leaning cloud sonorous call.

II.

Ah, well I know why he would send
 The humble little leaf to thee—
 For still thy visits dwell within
 The memory of my parent-tree,
 That whispers oft of all those hours,
 Those innocent hours of woodland joy,
 Of friendship's clasp, of young love's
 tryst,
 When you were yet an ardent boy.

III.

Ah, well that tree remembers them !
 And still she whispers of the time
 When couched beneath the branches there,
 You, trembling, wove your earliest
 rhyme;
 The branches shook all o'er with bliss;
 The cataract louder hailed the morn—
 They thought "perchance, this hour, near
 us
 Another poet-soul is born !"

IV.

I know the morning of thy heart,
 With all its dear young rhythm, is past;
 I know the yellow leaves of death
 Are on your confined comrade cast ; *
 And she the pure, the beautiful,
 Sunk long ago to shrouded sleep ;
 And age, and sorrow dim—but, no !
 I will not sing if thus you weep.

V.

Why weep?—the glorious girl and friend
 Are waiting you on Eden-hills,
 Where summer is forever nooned,
 And gone all weight of earthly ills !
 Thy poesies if not so glad,
 Yet with Experience deeper chime :
 The highest thought from sorrow comes,
 And large humanity with time.

VI.

Then weep for these no more !—I feel
 My life ebbs with each word I sing,
 And, like my early friend and love,
 My heart to death is withering :
 One guerdon only would I ask—
 Lay me when dead—as on a shrine—
 On that first song your young heart
 breathed
 To your own dear, lost Aveline !

* Hon. John Jenkins, of Mississippi, who was a student at South Hanover. He was remarkable for superb mind and manly amiability.

THE GRANDEUR OF REPOSE.

So rest ! and Rest shall slay your many
 woes ;
 Motion is god-like—god-like is repose,
 A mountain-stillness of majestic might,
 Whose peaks are glorious with the quiet
 light
 Of suns when Day is at his solemn close.
 Nor deem that slumber must ignoble be.
 Jove labored lustily once in airy fields ;
 And over the cloudy lea
 He planted many a budding shoot
 Whose liberal nature daily, nightly yields
 A store of starry fruit :
 His labor done, the weary god went back
 Up the long mountain-track
 To his great house ; there he did while away
 With lightest thought a well-won holiday ;
 For all the Powers crooned softly an old tune,
 Wishing their Sire might sleep
 Through all the sultry noon
 And cold blue night ; and very soon
 They heard the awful Thunderer breathing
 low and deep :
 And in the hush that dropped adown the
 spheres,
 And in the quiet of the awe-struck space,
 The worlds learned worship at the birth
 of years :
 They looked upon their Lord's calm, king-
 ly face,
 And bade Religion come and kiss each
 starry place.

DUTY IN SORROW.

Was He not sad amid the grief and strife,
 The Lord of light and life,
 Whose torture made humanity divine
 Upon that woful hill of Palestine ?
 Then is it not far better thus to be
 Thoughtful, and brave, and melancholy,
 Than given up to idiot revelry
 Amid the unreligious brood of folly ?

For our sorrow is a worship, worship true,
 and pure, and calm,
 Sounding from the choir of duty like a
 high, heroic psalm,
 In its very darkness bearing to the bleed-
 ing heart a balm.
 Brothers, we must have no wailing: do we
 agonize alone?
 Look at all the pallid millions; hear a uni-
 versal moan,
 From the mumbling, low-browed Bush-
 man to a Lytton on his throne.
 Nor shall we have coward faltering:
 Brothers! we must be sublime
 By due labor at the forges blazing in the
 cave of time:
 Knowing life was made for duty, and that
 only cowards prate
 Of a search for Happy Valleys and the
 hard decrees of fate:
 Seeing through this night of mourning all
 the future as a star,
 And a joy at last appearing on the centu-
 ries afar,
 When the meaning of the sorrow, when
 the mystery shall be plain,
 When the Earth shall see her rivers roll
 through Paradise again.
 O! the vision gives to sorrow something
 white and purple-plumed:
 Even the hurricane of Evil comes a hurri-
 cane perfumed.

THE HUSBAND TO HIS DYING WIFE.

BE gentle, gentle! she will soon
 Pass from my sight away;
 Gently, most gently! soon the light
 Must leave the lovely clay,
 Making me desolate. Awhile
 I shall behold her tender smile
 Beam like an Eden-ray;
 And I must walk, when it has flown,
 Along the world's great paths alone.

I will be gentle as the wind
 That comes from out the west
 On soft, low-murmuring wings to lay
 A dying rose to rest.
 I'll walk about her couch as mild
 As leaves a-falling in a wild
 That takes its Autumn-guest;
 Or sit and watch her feeble breath,
 As calm as Love can watch for death.

Pale, beauteous one! I know full well
 Thy heart is also wrung,
 That round the bridal rose a wreath
 Of solemn cypress clung;
 I know it by a mournful sign,
 For when thy thin white hand's in
 mine,
 It trembles like a bird among
 The icy branches, while she knows
 That winter calleth to repose:

I know it by the tender tone
 That shades thy voice; for thou
 Didst try to speak some words to me
 Last night when on thy brow
 I pressed a mournful kiss. Thy word
 Went off into the past, unheard,
 As day is passing now;
 But yet its music spoke of grief,
 And bridal hours which were so brief.

O, dear one! when thy form is cold,
 And heaven hath won my star;
 When I must struggle on through life,
 Impatient of its war;
 How can I walk in lonely eves,
 Under the old familiar leaves,
 Knowing that thou'rt afar?
 And yet where else, when thou'rt away,
 Can I go out to weep and pray?

Now listen, love! one hope alone,
 Life of my life! can cheer
 My tortured soul when thou hast gone
 Into the upper sphere—

That thou, even there, where spirits dwell
On fields of fadeless asphodel,

By glory's large, bright mere—
That even there, in God's pure climes,
Thou, thou wilt think of me sometimes.

O, dearest! when I too shall go,
Thy heaven's resplendent things
May dance upon my startled sight,
Like strange and brilliant wings,
Confusedly; then come, my love!
Come swiftly from thy house above
To me with minist'rings,
And kiss me on my brightening brow,
Thus, thus as I do kiss thee now.

AUTUMN.

GLOOMILY strikes the coward Blast
On the sad face of the Mere:
To and fro are the dead leaves cast—
To and fro:
The Year is now but a dying Year—
The poor old heir of an icy bier!
As he goes, we must go.

They have said in a glorious Land away,
In a Land beyond the sea,
That as Autumn here has gorgeous hues,
We should paint her gorgeously.
I know that the Frost-King brightly sheens
The mazy wood in the cool, calm eves,
And at morning the Autumn proudly leans
Like a glorious woman on the leaves;
But the hue on her cheek is a hectic hue,
And the splendor soon must leave her
eyes,
And a mist creep over the orbs of blue,
Whenever the rainbow-luster flies
From the larch and the ash and the maple
tree,
And the orchis dies, and the aster dies,
And the rain falls drearily.

The rain comes down on the lonely Mere,
And the mist goes up from the wave,
And the pale west Wind sobs low and drear
At night o'er the little grave;
Like a weeping mother the pale Wind sobs
Over the little grave.

Then the trees—that gave, in the summer
time,
Each one his different tone,
This glad and proud as a cymbal's chime,
That making a harp-like moan—
All falling in with the Wind that grieves
O'er the little grave and the withered leaves,
Together make a moan,
While the desolate moon weeps half the
night
In a misty sky alone;
Not a star to be seen in the misty night—
The moon and the sky alone.
Yet a grandeur broods over all the woe,
And music's in every moan—
As through the forest-pass I go,
The cloud and I alone;
I face the blast and I croon a song,
An old song dear to me,
Because I know that the song was made
By a Poet—now in the graveyard laid—
Who was fashioned tenderly.

O, great, mild Heart!—O, pale, dead
Bard!

For thee on the withered grass,
When the Autumn comes, and the pale
Wind counts,
Like a weak, wan nun, with fingers cold,
Her string of leaves by the forest founts,
I chant a Poet's mass;
And the mist goes up like incense rolled,
And the trees bow down like friars stoled.

Away!—away! for the mass is said,
And it breaks the heart to think long of
the dead:
But where can 'I go that the Winds do
not sing?

To the house? Ah! there they will knock
 at the doors,
 Or stalk, with a pale-mouthed muttering,
 Like ghosts through the lonesome corridors.

O, Land away o'er the dark-blue sea!
 The good God loves us too:
 The Year is with us as it is with thee—
 For he weareth every hue.
 It is from the darkness and the blight,
 That we love the bloom and we know the
 light.

—
 Gloomily strikes the coward Blast
 On the sad face of the Mere:
 To and fro are the dead leaves cast,
 To and fro:
 The Year is now but a dying Year—
 The poor old heir of an icy bier!
 As he goes, we must go.

—◆—
 THE GODS OF OLD.*

Not realmless sit the ancient Gods
 Upon their mountain-thrones
 In that old glorious Grecian Heaven
 Of regal zones.
 A languor o'er their stately forms
 May lie,
 And a sorrow on their wide white brows,
 King-dwellers of the Sky!
 But theirs is still that great imperial throng
 Of starry thoughts and firm but quiet wills,
 That murmured past the blind old King of
 Song,
 When staring round him on the Thun-
 derer's hills.

They cannot fade, though other creeds
 Came burdened with their curse,
 And One's apotheosis was
 A darkened Universe.

* Inscribed to John Bell Bouton.

No tempest heralded His orient light;
 No fiery portent walked the solemn night;
 No conqueror's blood-red banner was un-
 furled;

No volcan shook its warning torch on high;
 No earthquake tore the pulses of the world;
 No pale sun wandered through a swarthy
 sky;

Only the conscious Spheres
 Amid the silence shed some joyous tears,
 And then, as rainbows come, He came
 With morning's rosy flame.

The Stars looked from their palaces whose
 spires

And windows caught afar the prophet-
 glow,
 And bade their choirs sing to the sweetest
 lyres

"Peace and Good Will unto the Orb
 below."

Jove shuddered and turned sick at heart,
 And from his white hands fell

The scepter with a thunderous sound
 Before that miracle:

Ah, sick at soul! but they, the Bards—
 Song's calm Immortals—in the eclipse
 Thronged up and held the nectar cup
 To his pale lips.

Then falling back, and taking lower thrones,
 That glistened round the heavenly zones,
 At first the minstrels lightly stirr'd
 Certain melodious strings,

While the startled tempest-bearing bird
 Poised tremblingly his wings:

But loftier soon their harps resounded,
 And louder yet their voices rolled
 Among the arches, and rebounded
 From all the roofs of gold.

HYMN OF THE BARDS.

I.

"Ye cannot leave your thronéd spheres
 Though Faith is o'er,
 And a mightier One than Jove appears
 On Earth's expectant shore,"—

Slowly the daring words went trampling
through the halls.

“Nor in the Earth, nor Hell, nor Sky,
The Ideal, O ye Gods! can ever die,
But to the soul of man unceasing calls.

II.

“Still Jove shall wrap
His awful eyebrows in Olympian shrouds,
Or take along the Heaven’s dark wil-
derness

His thunder-chase behind the hunted Clouds.
And mortal eyes upturned shall behold
Apollo’s robe of gold
Sweep through the long blue corridor of
the sky

That, kindling, speaks its Deity :
And He, the Ruler of the Sunless Land
Of restless ghosts, shall fitfully illumine
With smouldering fires, that stir in cav-
erned eyes,
Hell’s mournful House of Gloom.

III.

“Still the ethereal Huntress, as of old,
Shall roam amid the sacred Latmos
mountains,
And lave her virgin limbs in waters cold
That Earth holds up for her in marble
fountains.

And, in his august dreams along the Italian
streams,
That poor old Saturn, with his throneless
frown,
Will feebly grasp the air for his lost crown,
Then murmur sadly low of his great over-
throw.

IV.

“Wrapt in his sounding mail shall he
appear,
War’s Charioteer!
And where the conflict reels
Urge through the swaying lines his crash-
ing wheels :

Or pause to hear, amid the horrent shades,
The deep, hoarse cry of Battle’s hungry
Blades

Led by the thirsty Spear—
Till at the weary Combat’s close
They give their passionate thanks
Amid the panting ranks of conquered foes—
Then, drunken with their god’s red wine,
Go swooning to repose around his purple
shrine.

V.

“And He, the Trident-wielder, still shall see
The adoring Billows kneel around his
feet,

While at his nod the Winds in ministry
Before their altar of the Tempest meet :
Or—leaning gently over Paphian isles,
Cheered by the music of some Triton’s horn
Hailing the opening rose of Morn—
Lift up the starry curtain of the Night
To its dim window tops above,
And bathe thy dewy eyelids with the light,
Voluptuous Queen of Love!

And thou, ah, thou !
Awaking from thy slumber, thou shalt press
Thy passionate lips upon the Sea-Lord’s
brow

In some sweet, lone recess,
Where waters murmur and the dim
leaves bow.

And young Endymion
At Night’s ethereal noon,
Shall still be watched o’er by the love-sick
Moon,

Who thrills to find him in some lonely vale
Before her silver lamp may fail :
And Pan shall play his pleasant reeds
Down in the lonesome glen,
And young-eyed Fauns on charmed meads
Waylay Muse-haunted men.

VI.

“Nor absent She whose eyes of azure throw
Truth’s sun-burst on the world below—

Seen by the Titan in his pains
Wrought by the frost, the vulture and the
chains:

Yes, Titan still, despite of Jove's red ire,
Who sees, through calm and storm,
Earth's ancient vales rejoicing in his fire,
The homes and loves of men—those beings
wrought

To many a beauteous form
In the grand quiet of his own great thought.
And over all, white, beautiful, serene,
And changeless in thy prime,
Thou, Psyche, shalt be seen
Whispering forever that one word sublime,
Down the dim peopled galleries of Time—
'Eternity!' in whose dread circle stand
Men and their Deities alike on common
land."

Like far-off stars that glimmer in a cloud,
Deathless, O Gods! shall ye illumine the
Past:

To ye the poet-voice will call aloud,
"Faithful among the faithless" to the
last.

Ye must not die!

Long as the dim robes of the Ages trail
O'er Ida's steep, or Tempe's flowery vale,
Ye shall not die!

Your mouldering Delphos only did make
moan,

And feel eclipse
Fall like a storm-cloud from Jehovah's
throne

Upon her withered lips.
Though time and tempest your old temples
rend,

And rightly men to our One Only bend,
Ye were the forms in which the ancient
mind

Its darkling sense of Deity enshrined.
No pious hand need weave your royal palls:
To Sinai now Olympus, reverent, calls,
And Ida leans to hear Mount Zion's
voice.

Gods of the Past! your shapes are in our
halls,
Upon our clime your glorious presence falls,
And Christian hearts with Grecian souls
rejoice.

THE LIBERTY BELL.*

A SOUND like a sound of thunder rolled,
And the heart of a nation stirred—
For the bell of Freedom, at midnight tolled,
Through a mighty land was heard.
And the chime still rung
From its iron tongue
Steadily swaying to and fro;
And to some it came
Like a breath of flame—
And to some a sound of wo.

Above the dark mountain, above the blue
wave

It was heard by the fettered, and heard by
the brave—

It was heard in the cottage, and heard in
the hall—

And its chime gave a glorious summons to
all—

The saber was sharpened—the time-rusted
blade

Of the Bond started out in the pioneer's glade
Like a herald of wrath: And the host was
arrayed!

Along the dark mountain, along the blue
wave

Swept the ranks of the Bond—swept the
ranks of the Brave;

And a shout as of waters went up to the dome,
When a star-blazing banner unfurled,
Like the wing of some Seraph flashed out
from his home,

Uttered freedom and hope to the world.

* Rung in Philadelphia on the passage of the Declara-
tion of Independence.

O'er the hill-top and tide its magnificent fold,
With a terrible glitter of azure and gold,
In the storm, in the sunshine, and darkness
unrolled.

It blazed in the valley—it blazed on the
mast—

It leaped with its Eagle abroad on the blast;
And the eyes of whole nations were turned
to its light;

And the heart of the multitude soon
Was swayed by its stars, as they shone
through the night

Like an ocean when swayed by the moon.

Again through the midnight that Bell
thunders out,
And banners and torches are hurried
about:—

A shout as of waters! a long-uttered cry!
How it leaps, how it leaps from the earth
to the sky!

From the sky to the earth, from the earth
to the sea,

Hear a chorus re-echoed, "The People are
Free!"

That old Bell is still seen by the Patriot's
eye,

And he blesses it ever, when journeying by;
Long years have passed o'er it, and yet
every soul

Will thrill in the night to its wonderful roll;
For it speaks in its belfry, when kissed by
the blast,

Like a glory-breathed tone from the mys-
tical Past.

Long years shall roll o'er it, and yet every
chime

Shall unceasingly tell of an era sublime
More splendid, more dear than the rest of
all time.

O yes! if the flame on our altars should pale,
Let its voice but be heard, and the Free-
man shall start

To rekindle the fire, while he sees on the gale,
All the stars and the stripes of the Flag
of his heart!

THE NORTH EDDA.

NOBLE was the old North Edda,
Filling many a noble grave,
That "for Man the one thing needful
In his world is to be brave."

This the Norland's blue-eyed mother
Nightly chanted to her child,
While the Sea-King, grim and stately,
Looked upon his boy and smiled.

And the boy, grown up a Sea-King,
Grasped the old ancestral spear—
Ever in the Jotun-battle
Foremost, only fearing Fear.

If the Valkyrs did not choose him
In some combat for the dead—
If, when old, and gray, and wasted,
He was dying in his bed—

He would bid the kings to lay him
In his ship, and spread her sail—
Then, with slow fire burning, give her
To the white god of the gale.

So he went, a death-hymn breathing
Feebly in his snowy beard—
So by fire within the Ocean
Was the Ocean-King interred.

Odin crowned his stately spirit
In the Hero's hall of shells,
Far away from Hela's darkness
And the coward's hell of hells.

Let us learn that old North Edda,
Chanted grandly on the grave:
Still for Man the one thing needful
In his world is to be brave.

Valkyrs yet are forth and choosing
Who must be among the slain:

Let us, like that grim old Sea-King,
Smile at Death upon the plain :

Smile at tyrants leagued with falsehood,
Knowing Truth, eternal, stands
With the Book, God wrote for Freedom,
Always open in her hands ;

Smile at fear when in our duty ;
Smile at Slander's Jotun-breath ;
Smile upon our shrouds when summoned
Down the darkling deep of Death.

Valor only grows a manhood—
Only this upon our sod
Keeps us in the golden shadow
Falling from the throne of God.

THE AMERICAN BANNER.

I.

FLAG of the valiant and the tried !
Where Marion fought and Warren died ;
Flag of the mountain and the lake !
Of rivers rolling to the sea
In that broad grandeur fit to make
The symbols of eternity !
O, fairest flag ! O, dearest land !
Who shall your banded children sever ?
God of our fathers ! here we stand,
From Plymouth's rock to Georgia's strand—
Heart pressed to heart, hand linked in
hand—
And swear—"The Union lives forever !"

II.

Still, untorn banner of the free,
The nations turn with hope to thee !

And when at home thy shadow falls
Along the armory's trophied walls,
The ancient trumpets long for breath,
The dinted sabers fiercely start
To vengeance from each clanging sheath,
As if they sought some traitor's heart !

III.

O, sacred banner of the brave !
O, standard of ten thousand ships !
O, guardian of Mount Vernon's grave !
Come, let us press thee to our lips !
There is a trembling of the rocks—
New England feels the patriot-shocks ;
There is a trembling of the lakes—
The West, with all the South awakes ;
And lo ! on high the glorious shade
Of Washington lights all the gloom,
And points unto these words, arrayed
In lines of fire around his tomb :
"Americans ! your fathers shed
Their blood to rear the Union's fane ;
For this their fearless banners spread
On many a gory plain.
Americans ! O, will ye dare,
On mountain, prairie, valley, flood,
By hurling down their glorious gift,
To desecrate that blood ?
The right shall live while Faction dies ;
All traitors draw a fleeting breath ;
But patriots drink from God's own eyes
Truth's light, that conquers death !"

IV.

Then, dearest flag and dearest land,
Who shall your banded children sever ?
God of our fathers ! here we stand,
From Plymouth's rock to Georgia's strand—
Heart pressed to heart, hand linked in
hand—
And swear—"The Union lives forever."

THOMAS GREGG.

THOMAS GREGG was born at Belmont, Belmont county, Ohio, on the fourteenth day of December, 1808. He received his education in the district schools of his native county, and in a printing-office at the county town, St. Clairsville. He was apprenticed to Horton J. Howard, printer and publisher of *The National Historian*. In 1833, Mr. Gregg published and edited, at St. Clairsville, twelve numbers of a monthly magazine, which he called *The Literary Cabinet*. A spirit of adventure then led him to emigrate to the remote West, and, in 1838, he published, at Montrose, in Wisconsin Territory, *The Western Adventurer*. Meantime he was a contributor to the *Cincinnati Mirror* and to *The Hesperian*. Between 1840 and 1850, he was for several years connected with *The Signal*, at Warsaw, Illinois, and is now publisher and editor of *The Representative*, at Hamilton, in that State.

SONG OF THE WINDS.

THE STORM.

I COME, I come—with power and might,
On swiftest pinion, in angry flight;
My form I shroud
In the murky cloud,
And over the deep
In fury I sweep;
I fell the tower, and I rend the oak,
That withstood the power of the lightning's
stroke,—
And man in his boasted strength is weak,
When I in my loudest fury speak;
And stream and flood and forest and field
To the strength of my might and will must
yield:
But whence I come, or where I go,
'Tis not for dwellers of earth to know.

THE BREEZE.

I come, I come—from the far-off land,
Where the salt spray laves the pebbly
strand;

My wings are laden
With odors sweet,
The fairest forms
Of earth to greet;

I swell the sail of the gallant ship,
As she proudly skims the surging deep;
And I sing a song of joy and mirth,
As I pass along o'er the silent earth;
And stream and flood and forest and field
Ever to my mild dominion yield:
But whence I come, or where I go,
'Tis not for the sons of earth to know.

THE ZEPHYR.

I come, I come—from my quiet home
On the grassy plain, where the wild-bees
roam;
I climb the mountain;
I kiss the fountain;
I cool the bower;
I fan the flower;
And over the plain, and over the deep,
My silver wings in silence sweep;
And on the breast of the gentle rill,
And on the top of the cloud-capped hill,

I take my slow and steady flight,
 At noontide hour or dead of night;
 And stream and flood and forest and field
 Ever to my mild dominion yield:
 But whence I come, or where I go,
 'Tis not for mortals on earth to know.

SONG OF THE WHIPPOWIL.

THE sun hath sunk beneath the west,
 And dark the shadows fall;
 I'll seek again my forest home,
 And make my evening call.
 The zephyr in the grove is hushed,
 And every leaf is still;
 So I will seek my wild retreat,
 And chant my Whippowil.
 Whippowil!

Dim Night, with sable mantle spread,
 Envelops field and flood,
 And stars with pale and yellow light,
 Shine out on vale and wood.
 My mate, too, has begun her strain
 Upon yon distant hill;
 And I will seek my leafy bower,
 And tune my Whippowil.
 Whippowil!

The watch-dog has retired to rest;
 The curfew toll is done;
 Nor sound is heard in these deep shades,
 Save my shrill voice alone;
 Or in yon wild and lonely glen,
 The tinkling of a rill;
 So, in these peaceful solitudes
 I'll chant my Whippowil.
 Whippowil!

It is the song which God has given—
 I'll sing it to his praise;
 Of all within this forest bower,
 Mine are the sweetest lays—
 Then, Whippowil! shall be my song,
 In vale or on the hill;
 Each evening at the twilight hour,
 I'll tune my Whippowil.
 Whippowil!

THE BATTLE OF THE RIGHT.

Go forth! go forth! The Battle Cry
 Rings out from every glen;
 From every vale and hill-side home
 Pour forth stout-hearted men!
 Nor sword, nor buckler, pike nor steel,
 They gird them for the fight;
 They go—in Heaven's name to wage
 The Battle of the Right!

With Truth for buckler and for shield,
 In confidence they go;
 A promise unto them is given
 To stay the tide of woe.
 The widow's hearth now desolate,
 Their mission is to bless;
 Her orphans now that starving cry,
 Restore to happiness.

Then go—and join the valiant band,
 Ye men of strength and nerve,
 Resolved ne'er from the path of right
 And rectitude to swerve.
 Go forth!—when God and duty call,
 Join in the eager fight:
 Go forth!—in Heaven's name to wage
 The Battle of the Right!

CHARLES D. DRAKE.

CHARLES D. DRAKE was born at Cincinnati, on the eleventh day of April, 1811. His father, Daniel Drake, a pioneer physician and a pioneer author of Ohio, will long be remembered in the West, for original labors well calculated to make known the inviting characteristics of the Mississippi Valley, as well as for important services in the furtherance of measures by which the weightiest impediments to its development have been removed. He was the first student of medicine in Cincinnati; he published the first books* by which the topography, productions, climate and resources of the Ohio basin were adequately advertised; and he was active for material enterprises, as well as for literary and social culture and professional education, from the time when he first became a citizen of Cincinnati (1800), till the last year of his life (1852). He was prominently connected with the earliest Medical Colleges and earliest medical journals of the West, and, in 1827, projected a work on the diseases of the Mississippi Valley,† to which he devoted the best thoughts of all the time he could spare from professional obligations, during thirty years.

Charles D. was a midshipman in the United States Navy from April, 1827, to January, 1830. Having determined to qualify himself for the practice of law, he entered the office of a prominent attorney, in Cincinnati, immediately after he resigned his place in the navy, and was admitted to the bar of Hamilton county, Ohio, in May, 1833. During the earlier years of his professional life, Mr. Drake contributed, both prose and poetry, to the journals of Cincinnati, and was regarded as a writer who gave promise of marked success; but he removed to St. Louis in 1834, and, rising rapidly at the bar of that city, permitted the engrossing cares of his business to frighten the "gentle nine" almost beyond recall. He has rarely engaged in metrical composition since 1840. In 1836 he wrote a series of articles on the "Legal Relations of Husband and Wife," for the *Cincinnati Mirror*, and in 1854 published a volume "On the Law of Suits by Attachment in the United States," which has given him honored rank among the American writers on legal questions.

Mr. Drake was, in 1860, a prominent member of the General Assembly of Missouri, from St. Louis county. He is a pleasing and forcible speaker, and wields wide political as well as personal and professional influence.

* "Notices of Cincinnati," 1810.—"Natural and Statistical View or Picture of Cincinnati and the Miami Country," illustrated by Maps. Cincinnati: Looker and Wallace, 1815. 12mo, pp. 256.

† Principal Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America, as they appear in the Caucasian, African, Indian, and Esquimaux Varieties of its Population. 2 vols. 8vo. Cincinnati: Winthrop B. Smith & Co., 1850.

WHAT IS LIFE?

AN Eagle flew up in his heavenward flight,
Far out of the reach of human sight,
And gazed on the earth from the lordly
height

Of his sweeping and lone career :
"And this is life!" he exultingly screams,
"To soar without fear where the lightning
gleams,
And look unblenched on the sun's dazzling
beams,
As they blaze through the upper sphere."

A Lion sprang forth from his bloody bed,
And roared till it seemed he would wake
the dead,
And man and beast from him wildly fled,
As though there were death in the tone:
"And this is life!" he triumphantly cried,
"To hold my domain in the forest wide,
Imprisoned by naught but the ocean's tide,
And the ice of the frozen zone."

"It is life," said a Whale, "to swim the
deep ;
O'er hills submerged and abysses to sweep,
Where the gods of ocean their vigils keep,
In the fathomless gulfs below ;
To bask on the bosom of tropical seas,
And inhale the fragrance of Ceylon's
breeze,
Or sport where the turbulent waters freeze,
In the climes of eternal snow."

"It is life," says a tireless Albatross,
"To skim through the air when the dark
waves toss
In the storm that has swept the earth
across,
And never to wish for rest ;
To sleep on the breeze as it softly flies,
My perch in the air, my shelter the skies,
And build my nest on the billows that rise
And break with a pearly crest."

"It is life," says a wild Gazelle, "to leap
From crag to crag of the mountainous
steep,

Where the cloud's icy tears in purity sleep,
Like the marble brow of death ;
To stand, unmoved, on the outermost verge
Of the perilous height, and watch the surge
Of the waters beneath, that onward urge,
As if sent by a demon's breath."

"It is life," I hear a Butterfly say,
"To revel in blooming gardens by day,
And nestle in cups of flowerets gay,
When the stars the heavens illumine ;
To steal from the rose its delicate hue,
And sip from the hyacinth glittering dew,
And catch from beds of the violet blue
The breath of its gentle perfume."

"It is life," a majestic War-horse neighed,
"To prance in the glare of battle and blade,
Where thousands in terrible death are laid,
And scent of the streaming gore ;
To dash, unappalled, through the fiery heat,
And trample the dead beneath my feet,
Mid the trumpet's clang, and the drum's
loud beat,
And the hoarse artillery's roar."

"It is life," said a Savage, with hideous
yell,
"To roam unshackled the mountain and
dell,
And feel my bosom with majesty swell,
As the primal monarch of all ;
To gaze on the earth, the sky and the sea,
And feel that, like them, I am chainless
and free,
And never, while breathing, to bend the
knee,
But at the Manitou's call."

An aged Christian went tottering by,
And white was his hair, and dim was his
eye,

And his wasted spirit seemed ready to fly,
 As he said, with faltering breath :
 "It is life to move from the heart's first
 throes,
 Through youth and manhood to age's
 snows,
 In a ceaseless circle of joys and woes,—
 It is life to prepare for death !"

TO MRS. GEORGE P. MARSH.*

THOU goest to trust thyself to mighty
 Ocean,
 While home behind thee lies ;
 And strange, grand scenes, inspiring strange
 emotion,
 Will soon before thee rise.

Eternity's great type, with ages hoary,
 The lone, mysterious Sea,
 Restless as Time and strong as Death, in
 glory
 To thee revealed shall be.

Swift winds o'er the drear waste of waters
 flying
 May startle thee from sleep,
 Telling sad stories of the dead and dying
 They've given to the deep.

Through weary nights, and wished, but
 cheerless mornings,
 Thy heart may yearn for Home,
 As deep to deep gives forth unearthly
 warnings
 Of evil yet to come :

But tremble not ! In that dread hour of
 sorrow,
 Thy swelling fears allay !
 No night so dark but God can bring a mor-
 row,
 No storm but He can stay :

No clouds above thee, tempest-torn and
 lowering,
 Can hide thee from His eye ;
 No toppling waves, like mountains o'er
 thee towering,
 Can harm when He is nigh :

He who to troubled Galilee said mildly
 "Be still !" and was obeyed,
 Can quell the unpitying storm that rages
 wildly
 Around thy drooping head.

LOVE'S CONSTANCY.

THE flower, that oft beneath the ray
 Of sunlight warm has bloomed,
 Will fade and shrink from life away,
 If to a dungeon doomed.
 But even there, should chance disclose
 Some beam of genial light,
 Its head to that the dying rose
 Will turn from gloom and night.

The chord that, gently touched, will thrill
 With music's softest strain,
 If rudely swept, at careless will,
 Gives forth no note again :
 But still there lingers on the ear
 A low, faint, murmuring swell,
 As if the tone would yet be near,
 Where once 'twas wont to dwell.

So, from the heart that once has known
 Love's impulse and its power,
 Though light may be forever flown,
 As from the imprisoned flower,
 Forever still its gaze will be
 Where first was seen its star,
 As shipwrecked men on shoreless sea
 Yearn to their homes afar :
 Still, like the bud that, crushed, will yield
 Its sweetest fragrance last,
 The heart that once to love has kneeled
 Will love though hope be past.

* On the eve of her departure to Constantinople, 1849.

LEWIS F. THOMAS.

LEWIS FOULKE THOMAS is a native of Baltimore county, Maryland. He was born about the year 1815. His father, E. S. Thomas, having moved to the West in 1829, Lewis F., in connection with his brother, Frederick William, assisted in the conduct of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and the *Evening Post*, at Cincinnati. When the *Post* was discontinued, in 1835, Lewis F. became a student of law. He was at that time an acceptable contributor to the *Western Monthly* and to the *Cincinnati Mirror*. In 1839 he published and edited the Louisville (Ky.) *Daily Herald*. In 1841 he removed to St. Louis, where he edited and published a quarto pictorial work called "Valley of the Mississippi Illustrated." Parts of it were republished in London, and were translated into German, and issued at Dusseldorf.

In the year 1842, Mr. Thomas had the honor of publishing at St. Louis the first volume of poems ever printed west of the Mississippi River—"Inda and other Poems"—a duodecimo, containing one hundred and thirty-two pages. It was embellished with a portrait of the author, and two steel engravings illustrating the principal poem. V. Ellis was the printer, at the *Bulletin* office. About one thousand copies were printed, but soon after they were published a fire occurred in the building where they had been stored, and only a few copies were snatched from the flames. It is, therefore, now a very rare book. "Inda" was delivered before the Lyceum at Cincinnati, in 1834, and having been repeated in St. Louis in 1842, was published at the request of the members of the Lyceum of that city. In the preface to his book, the author claiming to be a "pioneer of poesy on this (west) side of the Great Valley," declares that he publishes with "Inda" some juvenile indiscretions, against the advice of friends, merely to gratify his own whim. One of those indiscretions, "The World," was originally written in the Album of John Howard Payne, which was sold in Washington City, in 1859, at a very high price.

Since 1842, Mr. Thomas has written much but published rarely. The only series of poems given the world from his pen, are "Rhymes of the Routes"—published in Washington during the Mexican war. They celebrated the principal victories by the American army. In 1838 he wrote a drama entitled "Osceola," which was successfully performed at Cincinnati, Louisville, and New Orleans. He was therefore encouraged to dramatic studies, and has given elaborate thought to a tragedy entitled "Cortez, the Conqueror," which he proposes to put upon the stage sometime within the present year. Mr. Thomas is now an attorney at law in Washington City.

WOMAN.

O WOMAN! unto thee my thoughts aye
tend—

To thee—the fairest feature of creation;
Ever the falsest foe, and firmest friend—
Our greatest grief—our sweetest consolation;

Tyrant and slave together in thee blend,
And still thou art our proudest exultation;
I loathe, yet love thee, from my inmost
soul,
And spurning thee, I bow to thy control.

Thou epitome of antithesis!

Thou Pandora! fair messenger of woe!
Full fraught with evils yet bespeaking
bliss,

Thy heart's the casket whence those
evils flow,

Thy lips the lid;—let feelings urge amiss,
Or rouse thy passion to a fervent glow,
'Tis opened, and unnumber'd mischiefs
flee—

But Hope, the Siren, stays and lures to
thee.

Dear woman! as a mother most belov'd,
From life's beginning to its closing scene,
With a deep love, unshrinking and un-
moved

Through all the good or ills that inter-
vene;

As sister—friend—thy truth is ever prov'd,
And naught can come thy faith and love
between;

Thou art the Halcyon of our youthful
years,

Blending thy vision with our hopes and
fears.

O! I do know how soothing 'tis to feel
A mother's hand pass'd o'er my aching
head;

To see a sister bend o'er me, or kneel,
A "min'string angel" by my restless
bed,

With anxious look inquiring of my weal;
The very flutter of her gown—her
tread—

Came like sweet music calming me to rest,
And I have wept to think I was so blest.

Though man hath basely squander'd a fair
fame,

Though oft he causes bitter tears to start,
The mother still, through crime, reproach
and shame,

Will keep him garner'd in her heart of
heart—

The sister's love still cherishes his name,
Though he hath riv'd affection's ties
apart;

And O! through each vicissitude of life,
How fondly to the husband clings the
wife.

O woman! ingrate man in vain may try
To pay the myriad debts that are thy
due;

E'en though he drain his heart's ex-
chequer dry,

And make his very soul a bankrupt too,
Thy drafts upon his love unhonored lie;

His utmost reach of years are all too
few

To cancel half the gifts that thou hast
given—

His ev'ry joy on earth—his hope in Heaven.

 THE WORLD.

THE world! the world! what is the world?

Of which so much we prate,
Wherein we are as atoms hurl'd,
Whose fiat is our fate.

We enter on its busy maze
With youthful feelings rife,
We shun its scorn, we pray its praise,—
To us the breath of life.

We labor with unceasing toil
 To win its fleeting smile,
 And through its myriad windings coil,
 For either good or guile.

And hope though oft deferr'd still beams,
 To lure us with its ray,
 And still we welcome joy's new dreams,
 As old ones pass away.

Ambition gems a diadem,
 And wreathes a wreath of fame,
 And bids us fortune's current stem,
 To battle for a name.

We seize the sword, to war rush on,
 We fall—our wounds our glory—
 And thus in honor's guerdon won,
 And thus we end our story.

Or else perchance to learning's page
 The thought of fame awakes us,
 We study on from youth to age,
 Or till disease o'ertakes us.

Meanwhile the rabble bears along
 Some demagogue before us,
 Who courted well the vulgar throng,
 And thus doth triumph o'er us.

Philosophy we ponder o'er
 In eager search for truth,
 And waste upon its pond'rous lore
 The precious years of youth.

And when with age and grief grown gray,
 What problem is found out?
 Alas! we sadly turn away,
 To droop and die in doubt.

O'er holy writ we bend the mind
 Till reason quits her throne,
 And then we can but weep to find
 The soul a skeptic grown.

Friendship in fortune's sunny day,
 Is beautiful and bright,

But woe and care obscure her ray,
 And veil her beams in night;—

And love—our young heart's plighted
 gage—

Our youth's most thrilling theme—
 Alas! we find in wint'ry age,
 'Twas only summer's dream.

We are—and yet we know not why
 Our fate has sent us hither,
 To live our little hour and die,
 And go—we know not whither.

O man is but a fragile bark,
 Toss'd on a tempest sea;
 Above him storm-clouds gather dark,
 And breakers on his lee.

Hope's a false beacon on the wave,
 That lures him to despair;
 Truth's only home is in the grave—
 The wise will seek her there.

MEMORY.

A HARP whose every chord's unstrung,
 A doubted treason proved;
 A melody that once was sung,
 By lips that once we loved;
 A bark without a helm or sail,
 Lost on a stormy sea;
 A dove that doth its mate bewail—
 Like these is memory.

And oh, it is the spirit's well,
 Its only fount of truth,
 Whose every drop some tale can tell,
 Of bright and buoyant youth;
 And as we traverse weary years,
 Of sorrow and of crime,
 We feed that fount with bitter tears,
 Wept for the olden time.

The sun doth dry the springs of earth
 With rays from summer skies,
 But feeling's fountain knows no dearth,
 Its current never dries.

The rills into the rivers run,
 The rivers to the sea,
 Months into years and years into
 Life's ocean—Memory.

At noon our little bark sets sail,
 Hope proudly mans its deck,
 At eve it drives before the gale
 A wreck—a very wreck—
 Our early youth's untainted soul,
 Our first love's first regret ;
 These storm-like over Memory roll—
 Oh, who would not forget!

LOVE'S ARGUMENT.

O! LIFE is short, and love is brief,
 Life ends in woe and love in grief;

Yet both for bliss are given,
 And wise philosophy will teach
 Who one enjoys, enjoyeth each,
 And comes most near to heaven.

Now you and I, dear girl, well know
 All bliss is fleeting here below,
 As moralists do prove ;
 Then let us haste, while youth is rife,
 To snatch the fondest joy in life,
 And only live to love.

O love it is the tender rose,
 That for a little season blows,

And withers, fades and dies ;
 Then seize it in its budding grace,
 And in thy bosom give it place,
 Ere its sweet perfume flies.

Love is the bubble that doth swim
 Upon the wine-cup's flowing brim,
 A moment sparkling there ;
 Then haste thee, dear, its sweets to sip,
 And let them melt upon thy lip,
 Or they will waste in air.

O love ! it is the dew-drop bright
 That steals upon the flower at night,
 And lingers there till morn ;
 The flower doth droop, when with the day
 The sun dissolves the drop away :
 So love is killed by scorn.

And thus do transient tear-drops shine,
 Bright'ning those soul-lit eyes of thine,
 That beam with soften'd ray ;
 No gleam of scorn from others' eye
 Shall make those glitt'ring tear-drops dry—
 I'll kiss them, dear, away.

O love is like the ling'ring spark,
 'Midst fading embers in the dark—
 'Tis brightest as it dies ;
 But 'tis a Phoenix with swift wings,
 And forth from its own ashes springs,
 And soars for genial skies.

Then taste love's joys while yet you may,
 For they with wint'ry age decay,
 And coldness will them smother ;
 And if young love should ever find
 One maiden's heart to prove unkind—
 He soon will seek another.

EDWARD A. M'LAUGHLIN.

IN October, 1841, Edward Lucas of Cincinnati published a duodecimo volume of 312 pages, which was entitled "The Lovers of the Deep," in four cantos, to which is added a variety of Miscellaneous Poems, by Edward A. McLaughlin. In his Preface Mr. McLaughlin said:

I am a native of the State of Connecticut,* and from my youth have been rather of a lively and roving disposition. At an early age I absconded from home, with an intention of joining the army; but was reclaimed, and shortly afterward bound an apprentice to the printing business. At the age of twenty-one, I indulged my military enthusiasm, and joined the Missouri expedition. At the reduction of the army in 1821, I received my discharge at Belle Fontaine, and, descending the Mississippi, commenced a new career on the ocean. I liked this element better than the land; and the desire of seeing foreign countries, induced me to follow, for some years, the life of a sailor. Being discharged at one time from the La Plata frigate, in Carthagena, Colombia. I was forcibly impressed into the Patriot service. After many vicissitudes of fortune, I was enabled, through the generous assistance of George Watts, British Consul for that Republic, to return home. I subsequently entered the American Navy, in which I served about three years and a half. My last voyage was in the Hudson frigate, on the Brazil station, from which ship I was sent home an invalid, to Washington, where I was finally discharged from the service in 1829.

I have written under many and great disadvantages. With a mind not characterized by any great natural force; stored with but little reading, and that mostly of a local and superficial character; without books of any kind—not even a dictionary—I was thrown altogether upon my own slender resources. The leading poem was begun and concluded under circumstances never above want: though a regard to truth constrains me to acknowledge, that these circumstances were not unfrequently the consequence of a want of moral firmness and stability, on my own part—to say the least of it—induced by the sudden and unlooked-for overthrow of cherished hopes and desires.

The "Lovers of the Deep" was dedicated to Nicholas Longworth, and the miscellaneous poems, which the author said were nearly all written in Cincinnati, were inscribed to Richard F. L'Hommedieu, Peyton S. Symmes, Bellamy Storer, Jacob Burnet, and other well-known citizens. As described by the author:

The principal poem was founded upon an incident, supposed to have occurred in connection with the destruction of the steamer Pulaski, by the bursting of her boiler, while on her passage from Savannah to Charleston. Among those who happily escaped immediate death or injury by the explosion, were a young gentleman and lady, who were thrown near each other. The gentleman succeeded in placing his fair partner upon a floating fragment of the wreck, on which they were tossed at the mercy of the waves for three days; suffering intensely from thirst, and exposure to the tropic sun, and momentarily in danger of being overwhelmed by the billows, and swallowed up in the abyss. Their mutual distress doubtless excited mutual tenderness of feeling, for misery sympathizes with misery: they became tenderly attached to each other; and when scarce a hope of safety was left them—when nature was nearly exhausted, and they were fast sinking under their sufferings, with no other prospect but that of perishing together:—in that incomprehensible union of love and despair, of which human life is not wanting in examples; they pledged their faith to each other, to wed, should Heaven in mercy grant them deliverance. They were subsequently rescued from their perilous situation, and, happily, redeemed at the altar the pledges given in the hour of adversity and trial.

*He was born at North Stamford, on the ninth of January, 1798.

The story is not vigorously told. The best passages in the poem are descriptive of scenes and scenery foreign to the tale. Several of his miscellaneous poems are graceful, and show that, though the author was "no debtor to fair Learning's schools," he was endowed by nature with respectable poetic talent. The lines "To Cincinnati" open Part III. of the "Lovers of the Deep."

TO CINCINNATI.*

CITY of gardens, verdant parks, sweet
bowers;
Blooming upon thy bosom, bright and
fair,
Wet with the dews of spring, and summer's
showers,
And fanned by every breath of wandering
air;
Rustling the foliage of thy green groves,
where
The blue-bird's matin wakes the smiling
morn,
And sparkling humming-birds of plumage
rare,
With tuneful pinions on the zephyrs
borne,
Disport the flowers among, and glitter and
adorn:

Fair is thy seat, in soft recumbent rest
Beneath the grove-clad hills; whence
morning wings
The gentle breezes of the fragrant west,
That kiss the surface of a thousand
springs:
Nature, her many-colored mantle flings
Around thee, and adorns thee as a bride;
While polished Art his gorgeous tribute
brings,
And dome and spire ascending far and
wide,
Their pointed shadows dip in thy Ohio's
tide.

*Inscribed to Richard F. L'Hommedieu.

So fair in infancy,—O what shall be
Thy blooming prime, expanding like the
rose

In fragrant beauty; when a century
Hath passed upon thy birth, and time
bestows

The largess of a world, that freely
throws

Her various tribute from remotest shores,
To enrich the Western Rome: Here
shall repose

Science and art; and from time's subtile
ores—

Nature's unfolded page—knowledge enrich
her stores.

Talent and Genius to thy feet shall bring
Their brilliant offerings of immortal
birth:

Display the secrets of Pieria's spring,
Castalia's fount of melody and mirth:
Beauty, and grace, and chivalry, and
worth,

Wait on the Queen of Arts, in her own
bowers,

Perfumed with all the fragrance of the
earth,

From blooming shrubbery, and radiant
flowers;

And hope with rapture wed life's calm and
peaceful hours.

Oft as the spring wakes on the verdant
year,

And nature glows in fervid beauty
dress'd,

The loves and graces shall commingle
 here,
 To charm the queenly City of the West;
 Her stately youth, with noble warmth
 impress'd,
 Her graceful daughters, smiling as the
 May—
 Apollos these, and Hebes those confess'd;
 Bloom in her warm and fertilizing ray,
 While round their happy sires, the cherub
 infants play.

So sings the Muse, as she with fancy's
 eye,
 Scans, from imagination's lofty height,
 Thy radiant beaming day—where it
 doth lie
 In the deep future; glowing on the
 night
 From whose dark womb, empires un-
 vail to light:
 Mantled, and diademed, and sceptered
 there,
 Thou waitest but the advent of thy
 flight,
 When, like a royal Queen, stately and
 fair,
 The City of the West ascends the regal
 chair.

HARVEST SONG.

THE smiling Morn, in splendor clad,
 Arrays the orient sky
 In rosy light, to cheer the sad,
 And Nature beautify:
 She calls the yeoman from his couch,
 To tread the burthened sod,
 Where Ceres waves her flaming torch,
 And yellow harvests nod.

And now we move a jovial band,
 Where health and strength disclose,

To reap from Nature's open hand
 The blessings she bestows:
 Far as the horizon extends,
 Where'er we turn to view,
 The varied landscape lowly bends,
 And crowned with plenty too.

The vigorous youths the toil begin,
 The sires bring up the rear;
 Who gets first through a boon shall win
 From her he holds most dear.
 With many a jest and many a song,
 The platoons start away—
 Saturn ne'er led a braver throng
 Than treads the field to-day.

'Tis noon: we seek the welcome glade,
 To take our midday rest;
 Stretched on the sward, beneath the
 shade,
 Till nature is refreshed:
 A rich repast full soon is spread,
 Our table is the ground,
 And now and then, to damp the bread,
 We pass the glass around.

The hour is up—we haste away
 To range the field once more,
 And cheer the after-part of day
 As in the morn before:
 Some rake the gravel clean and clear,
 Our work is done in brief;
 While others follow in the rear,
 To bind the yellow sheaf.

Bright Phœbus sinks in western skies,
 The festal is begun;
 We little care how swift time flies,
 When our day's work is done.
 The sportive horn sounds through the
 vale,
 The supper hour is come;
 With quickened step we cross the dale,
 And gaily travel home.

LAURA M. THURSTON.

LAURA M. THURSTON, whose maiden name was Hawley, was born in December, 1812, in Norfolk, Connecticut. She prepared herself for the profession of teaching by completing her education at the Hartford Female Seminary. She taught school, first in Hartford, afterward in New Bedford, in the same State, and then in Philadelphia. While teaching in the latter place she was induced to remove West, and take charge of an Academy for young women in New Albany, Indiana.

In September, 1839, she was married to Franklin Thurston, a merchant of New Albany. She laid aside her profession, but continued to reside in the same place until her death, which occurred July twenty-first, 1842.

Mrs. Thurston wrote under the signature of VIOLA, publishing her poems in the *Louisville Journal*, and in Gallagher's *Hesperian*. Although cut off in the maturity of her powers, the poems, few in number, which she gave to the press, furnish evidence of a highly gifted poetic mind. Like most of our early poets, she wrote from the impulse of her feelings, not having fame or remuneration in view, and her poems are appeals to the heart. Yet there is more than ordinary vigor in her lines, and generally a very melodious versification. She had thoroughly imbibed the spirit of her new home, and her poems are more thoroughly Western than any other of our female poets of her time. Her poems have never been collected in a volume, although immediately after her death there were promises made of such a collection.

ON CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

THE broad, the bright, the glorious West,
Is spread before me now!
Where the gray mists of morning rest
Beneath yon mountain's brow!
The bound is past—the goal is won—
The region of the setting sun
Is open to my view.
Land of the valiant and the free—
My own Green Mountain land—to thee,
And thine, a long adieu!

I hail thee, Valley of the West,
For what thou yet shalt be!
I hail thee for the hopes that rest
Upon thy destiny!

Here—from this mountain height, I see
Thy bright waves floating to the sea,
Thine emerald fields outspread,
And feel that in the book of fame,
Proudly shall thy recorded name
In later days be read.

Yet while I gaze upon thee now,
All glorious as thou art,
A cloud is resting on my brow,
A weight upon my heart.
To me—in all thy youthful pride—
Thou art a land of cares untried,
Of untold hopes and fears.
Thou art—yet not for thee I grieve;
But for the far-off land I leave,
I look on thee with tears.

O! brightly, brightly glow thy skies,
 In summer's sunny hours!
 The green earth seems a paradise
 Arrayed in summer flowers!
 But oh! there is a land afar
 Whose skies to me are brighter far,
 Along the Atlantic shore!
 For eyes beneath their radiant shrine,
 In kindlier glances answered mine—
 Can these their light restore?

Upon the lofty bound I stand,
 That parts the East and West;
 Before me—lies a fairy land;
 Behind—a home of rest!
 Here, hope her wild enchantment flings,
 Portrays all bright and lovely things,
 My footsteps to allure—
 But there, in memory's light, I see
 All that was once most dear to me—
 My young heart's cynosure!

THE PATHS OF LIFE*

Go forth—the world is very wide,
 And many paths before ye lie,
 Devious, and dangerous, and untried;
 Go forth with wary eye!
 Go! with the heart by grief unbowed!
 Go! ere a shadow or a cloud
 Hath dimm'd the laughing sky!
 But, lest your wand'ring footsteps stray,
 Choose ye the straight, the narrow way.

Go forth—the world is very fair,
 Through the dim distance as ye gaze,
 And mark, in long perspective, there,
 The scenes of coming days.
 Orbs of bright radiance gem the sky,
 And fields of glorious beauty lie

Beneath their orient rays;
 Yet, ere their altered light grow dim,
 Seek ye the Star of Bethlehem!

Go forth—within your distant homes
 There are fond hearts that mourn your
 stay;
 There are sweet voices bid ye come;
 Go—ye must hence—away!
 No more within the woodland bowers
 Your hands may wreath the summer flow-
 ers,
 No more your footsteps stray;
 To hail the hearth, and grove and glen,
 Oh, when will ye return again?

Not when the summer leaves shall fade,
 As now they fade from shrub and tree,
 When autumn winds, through grove and
 glade,
 Make mournful melody;
 The long, bright, silent autumn days,
 The sunset, with its glorious blaze,
 These shall return—but ye—
 Though time may all beside restore,
 Ye may come back to us no more.

Go—ye have dreamed a fairy dream,
 Of cloudless skies and fadeless flowers,
 Of days, whose sunny lapse shall seem
 A fete 'mid festal bowers!
 But of the change, the fear, the strife,
 The gathering clouds, the storms of life,
 The blight of autumn showers,
 Ye have no vision—these must be
 Unvail'd by stern reality!

Ye yet must wake (for time and care
 Have ever wandered side by side),
 To find earth false, as well as fair,
 And weary too, as wide.
 Ye yet must wake, to find the glow
 Hath faded from the things below,
 The glory and the pride!
 To bind the willow on the brow,
 Wreathed with the laurel garland now.

* An address to a class of girls, about leaving school, in Indiana.

But wherefore shall I break the spell
 That makes the future seem so bright?
 Why to the young, glad spirit tell
 Of withering and blight?
 'T were better: when the meteor dies,
 A steadier, holier light shall rise,
 Cheering the gloomy night:
 A light, when others fade away,
 Still shining on to perfect day.

Go then—and when no more are seen
 The faces that ye now behold—
 When years, long years shall intervene,
 Sadly and darkly told—
 When time, with stealthy hand, shall trace
 His mystic lines on every face,
 Oh, may his touch unfold
 The promise of that better part,
 The unfading spring-time of the heart!



THE GREEN HILLS OF MY FATHER-LAND.

THE green hills of my father-land
 In dreams still greet my view;
 I see once more the wave-girt strand—
 The ocean-depth of blue—
 The sky—the glorious sky, outspread
 Above their calm repose—
 The river, o'er its rocky bed
 Still singing as it flows—
 The stillness of the Sabbath hours,
 When men go up to pray—
 The sunlight resting on the flowers—
 The birds that sing among the bowers,
 Through all the summer day.

Land of my birth!—mine early love!
 Once more thine airs I breathe!
 I see thy proud hills tower above—
 Thy green vales sleep beneath—
 Thy groves, thy rocks, thy murmuring
 rills,
 All rise before mine eyes,

The dawn of morning on thy hills,
 Thy gorgeous sunset skies,—
 Thy forests, from whose deep recess
 A thousand streams have birth,
 Glad'ning the lonely wilderness,
 And filling the green silentness
 With melody and mirth.

I wonder if my home would seem
 As lovely as of yore!
 I wonder if the mountain stream
 Goes singing by the door!
 And if the flowers still bloom as fair,
 And if the woodbines climb,
 As when I used to train them there,
 In the dear olden time!
 I wonder if the birds still sing
 Upon the garden tree,
 As sweetly as in that sweet Spring
 Whose golden memories gently bring
 So many dreams to me!

I know that there hath been a change,
 A change o'er hall and hearth!
 Faces and footsteps new and strange,
 About my place of birth!
 The heavens above are still as bright
 As in the days gone by,
 But vanished is the beacon light
 That cheered my morning sky!
 And hill, and vale, and wooded glen,
 And rock, and murmuring stream,
 That wore such glorious beauty then,
 Would seem, should I return again,
 The record of a dream!

I mourn not for my childhood's hours,
 Since, in the far-off West,
 'Neath sunnier skies, in greener bowers,
 My heart hath found its rest.
 I mourn not for the hills and streams
 That chained my steps so long,
 Yet still I see them in my dreams,
 And hail them in my song;

And often by the hearth-fire's blaze,
 When winter eves shall come,
 We'll sit and talk of other days,
 And sing the well-remembered lays
 Of my Green Mountain Home.

I FEAR NOT THY FROWN.

I FEAR not thy frown, and I ask not thy
 smile;
 Thy love has no value for me!
 The spell of thine eye can no longer
 beguile—
 My heart from enchantment is free!
 Thou may'st whisper the language of love
 as before,
 Thou may'st speak of the past, if thou
 wilt;
 It can only the record of falsehood restore,
 Or awake the remembrance of guilt.
 Time was, when I dreamed 'twould be
 death to my heart,
 To live disunited to thee;
 That life, from thy love and thy presence
 apart,
 Must a desolate wilderness be!
 I loved—with a love how devoted and deep,
 'Twere vanity now to recall!
 I loved, O, too truly! for now I could weep,
 That I e'er should have loved thee at all!
 We meet in the throng, and we join in the
 dance,
 And thy voice is as soft, and as low;
 And thine eye hath as deep, and as earn-
 est glance,
 As it had when we met long ago.
 But I think of the past, as a vision that's
 flown;
 Of thy love, as a dream of the night:
 The magic is gone from thy look and thy
 tone—
 Thy falsehood hath put it to flight.

And coldly, aye coldly! I gaze on thee now,
 Or turn from thy presence away;
 I heed not the beauty that dwells on thy
 brow—

A beauty to win and betray.
 Like a sepulcher, garnished, and fair to
 the sight,
 Though filled with corruption and death—
 The cheek may be fair, and the eye may be
 bright,
 While a false heart is beating beneath.

PARTING HYMN.*

BRETHREN, we are parting now,
 Here perchance to meet no more!
 Well may sorrow cloud each brow,
 That another dream is o'er.
 Life is fraught with changeful dreams,
 Ne'er to-morrow as to-day;
 Scarce we catch their transient gleams,
 Ere they melt and fade away.

But, upon the brow of night,
 See the Morning Star arise;
 With unchanging, holy light
 Gilding all the eastern skies.
 Bethlehem's Star! of yore it blazed,
 Gleaming on Judea's brow,
 While the wondering Magi gazed;
 Brethren, let it guide us now:

Guide us over land and sea,
 Where the tribes in darkness mourn,
 Where no Gospel jubilee
 Bids the ransomed ones return;
 Or, beneath our own blue skies,
 Where our green savannas spread,
 Let us bid that Star arise,
 And its beams of healing shed.

* Written for the Anniversary Exercises at the New
 Albany Theological Seminary.

Shall we shrink from pain and strife
 While our Captain leads the way!
 Shall we, for the love of life,
 Cast a Saviour's love away?
 Rather gird his armor on,
 Fight the battles of the Lord,
 Till the victory be won,
 And we gain our long reward.

Oh! may many a radiant gem,
 Souls redeemed by us from woe,
 Sparkle in the diadem
 That our Leader shall bestow.
 Change and trial here may come;
 But no grief may haunt the breast,
 When we reach our heavenly home,
 Find our everlasting rest.

Broken is our household band,
 Hushed awhile our evening hymn;
 But there is a better land,
 Where no tears the eye shall dim!
 There is heard no farewell tone,
 On that bright and peaceful shore;
 There no parting grief is known,
 For they meet to part no more.

A DREAM OF LIFE.

DEEP within a vale
 Our cottage stood, hid by embowering
 trees.
 No idle footsteps wandered near; no
 voice,
 Save the sweet singing of the birds, that
 hid
 Their heads amid the foliage, and poured
 forth
 Strains of unwonted melody; or where
 The streamlet softly rippled through the
 dale,
 Gently meandering with unwearied song.

Upon its banks, the modest violet,
 The yellow cowslip, and the harebell
 grew!
 The wild rose, and the eglantine, per-
 fumed
 The air with fragrance, and the mountain
 thyme
 Gave richer odor to the balmy gale,
 That gently kissed it on its rocky bed.

To us, there was a secret charm, which
 gave
 Double attraction to the attractive scene:
 It was the charm of Love that dwelt
 within,
 The sacred union of congenial hearts.
 'Twas this that made the summer heaven
 so bright,
 The air so fragrant, and the gale so soft.
 'Twas this that gave such beauty to the
 flowers;
 And made the porch, with rose and wood-
 bine twined,
 Seem like the entrance into Paradise.

O! 'twas a luxury of bliss to dwell
 In the sweet quiet of that pleasant home—
 To find the lover—husband, met in one;
 The pride of manhood, and the grace of
 youth;
 The lofty brow—the intellectual eye—
 The voice whose tones of melody could
 still
 Awake a thrill of rapture, unexpressed
 And unacknowledged, once, to my own
 heart;
 To love, and feel it were no crime to love,
 And find that love returned, with interest;
 To offer up the incense of the heart,
 A willing sacrifice, unto our God
 And to each other—thus to share our
 bliss,
 And feel it but the foretaste of a rest
 Beyond the grave. Was it not happi-
 ness?

JAMES W. WARD.

IN 1838, a little book, entitled "Yorick and other Poems,"* was printed at Cleveland. It was, we believe, the first volume of poems published in northern Ohio, and the critics of the newspapers and magazines of that day received it with words of generous encouragement, though but few had ever heard the name, at the head of this page, by which "Yorick" was known outside of literary circles.

James Warren Ward was born at Newark, New Jersey, in the year 1818. His father, who was an influential bookseller and publisher in that city, died when James was four years old. He grew to be a studious lad, and was a Franklin medal boy in the Boston High School. He particularly cultivated the natural sciences, and about the time he was promoted from boyhood to manhood, became, at Cincinnati, a favorite pupil of John Locke, Professor of Chemistry in the Ohio Medical College. Mr. Ward was a contributor to the *Cincinnati Mirror*, *The Hesperian*, and other early periodicals of the West, in both prose and verse. He became well known as a botanist, and was associated with J. A. Warder, in 1855, in the management of *The Western Horticultural Review*. He was for several years corrector of the press and literary referee of the publishing house of Henry W. Derby & Co., and was, in 1856 and in 1857, a frequent contributor to the *Cincinnati Gazette*. Articles of merit from his pen have been published by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He has cultivated music with success, and is the author of sacred pieces which have been much admired and widely used.

Several of Mr. Ward's minor poems have been very popular. His "Musketo Song" was published in a leading journal of England, and commended as "a fine specimen of English poetry." "Childish Wisdom" has been made known as widely as a majority of the miscellaneous journals of our country are circulated.

The poems written by Mr. Ward since 1838, have not been collected, but it is probable that he will issue them before another year expires, in a volume which he proposes to entitle, "Home-Made Verses and Stories in Rhyme." It will contain not only the best poems Mr. Ward has contributed to the newspapers and magazines, but several that have not yet been given to the public. Two of the poems furnished by him for this volume—"Niagara" and "The Autumn Song"—are here first published.

Among the afterpieces or parodies of Henry W. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" was one from the pen of Mr. Ward. It was published in the *Cincinnati Gazette* a few days after "Hiawatha" reached that city. Its title was "Higher-Water," and it purported to be a legend of disturbance in the dominions of Scag-rag, King of Wharf-rats, on account of an unexpected freshet. It contains many capital hits. We quote a few lines, showing its spirit and plan :

*Yorick and other Poems. Cleveland, Ohio: Sanford & Lott, 1838. 8vo, pp. 72.

HIGHER-WATER.

In the town where swine are slaughtered,
Slaughtered, pickled, and exported,
Where the streets — at least 'tis thought so
By the sparkling wits of Gotham —
Where the streets with blazing pig-tails,
Dancing round like jack-o'-lanterns,
Brightly are illumined nightly —
Saving on those dull nights, only,
By the calendar computed,
When by average calculation
'Tis the lawful turn of moonshine —
Where the Champagne will be Long worth
More than Sillery or Heidsieck —
Where the churches, meek as Moses,
Have, as Moses had his Aaron,
Steeple tall to hold their hands up ;—
Where the people all are pious,
And the hams are not West failures ;—
In the city, standing queenly,
Queenly standing, young and giddy,
On the banks of O-pe-he-le,
O-pe-he-le, fickle river,
River never stationary,
Up to-day, and down to-morrow ;
Like the bonds of tardy railroads,
Changing monthly, changing hourly :—
In the city where the cut-throats,
Flourishing their knives and cleavers,
March in fierce processions yearly ;
There, O reader, fair and learned,
There occurred, if you'll believe it,
What I now am going to tell you ;
What I now have come to tell you.
* * * * *

In the city that I spoke of,
In the town of swine and slaughter,
Where, for art is young and artless,
Beauty's line's a twisted pig-tail—
On the landing, where the steamboats
Stop for spare-ribs and for whisky ;

On the landing, broad and spacious,
Stands a block of ancient buildings,
Buildings long to fame familiar ;
Buildings wholly dedicated,
Dedicated, let me tell you,
Wholly unto love, believe me,
Love and sausages entirely ;
Drake could tell you all about it,
Drake, great Drake, great Alexander,
He could sing it, he could tell it,
Tell you sweetly all about it.
I, with that must not detain you,
But must hasten to conduct you,
O confiding, trustful reader,
To the basement of the building,
To the basement dark and dismal,
To the vaults and caves beneath it.
To the Hob-o-nobs, the rat-holes ;
Where are found the hidden mansions,
Hidden cunningly and shrewdly,
Past all human search or brutal,
Mansions snug and warm and ample,
Of the terrible, the fearful,
The indomitable Scag-rag,
Scag-rag, dreadful king of Wharf-rats.
There Fitz-ou-me-on, the tom-cat,
Nor Ta-bi-a-tha, the noiseless,
Neither Snar-ley-on, the dog-fiend,
Nor the terrier, Fiz-zeg-iz-zy,
Could with all their craft and cunning,
All their snuffing, all their nosing,
All their creeping, all their prying,
All their digging, all their scratching—
Find a passage to the entrance,
Find an entrance to the passage.
That would lead them to the chambers
Of the grand and grizzly Scag-rag,
Scag-rag, fearful king of Wharf-rats,
Huge and whiskered king of big rats.

The poet describes the realms of Scag-rag and how he was informed by his daughter of threatened danger—how he boldly defied Higher-water, and then —

Higher-water, swelling proudly,
Proudly swelling down the valley,
On the white wave he descended,
On O-wah-te-paw, the white wave.
With him came the whirling eddies,
Came with him Ker-chunk, the big stump,
Came the rolling logs, O-wah-sis,
Came the snags, the Jag-ger-nag-gers,
Came Sca-wot-che-te, the drift-wood,

Came Ka-ric-ke-ty, the fence-rails,
Came the corn-stalks, came the bark-wood,
Came a pitching mass of plunder,
Big sticks, little sticks, and shavings,
Swimming, driving, butting, pitching ;
Rolling, piling, thumping, smashing,
Heaving, tumbling, spinning, crashing,
Hither, thither, this side, that side—
What confusion, what a tumult,

What a roaring, what a surging,
 What a mighty rush of waters,
 What an army of destruction,
 Coming down in wrath and fury,
 Coming down the handsome river,
 Coming down with Higher-water,
 Filled with raging, mad with fury,
 Rushing down to fight the big rats,
 To o'erwhelm the skulking Wharf-rats
 In an all-destroying deluge.
 On the mid-most, top-most billow,
 On the wave that surged the highest,
 On O-wah-te-paw, the white wave,
 Seated on a bridled cat-fish,
 On Soc-dol-o-ger, the cat-fish,
 Rode with bearing magisterial,
 Fearful, unrelenting brigand,
 Rode the lofty Higher-water ;
 Just behind him, with the baggage,

Swam Mik-nok, the snapping-turtle,
 Swam behind him with the baggage,
 Mik-nok, prince of snapping-turtles.
 Thus he came, was thus attended,
 He, the ruthless Higher-water,
 Sweeping down the handsome river.
 Fled the minks, and fled the musk-rats,
 Fled the craw-fish in their terror,
 Fled the otters, fled the beavers,
 Fled the snakes, and fled the field-mice,
 All was flight, and haste, and panic,
 As the gathering force swept onward ;
 Not a creature stayed or lingered,
 Not a stump could keep its footing,
 Not a plank of any platform
 Could maintain its loose position ;
 Every thing was put in motion,
 As the flood poured down the valley.

To combat did Higher-water challenge Scag-rag, who hastened away to a sacred place in the empire of Bam-ba-loo-za, and summoned a trio —

Three pre-eminently holy,
 Who, for service long and faithful,
 Had received the gift of power :
 Power of action and of suffering,
 Power of duty and of triumph,

Power resistless and unyielding,
 Gift supreme, supreme endowment
 Of the ancient Bam-ba-loo-za,
 To the wisest and the truest,
 To the purest of his children.

The trio answered the King's pathetic appeal for "help in time of need," and —

See, upon the waters swimming,
 Swimming boldly on the water,
 Straight as goes a line of railroad,
 Tow'rd the middle of the river,
 Go the holy three together ;
 Side by side together swimming,
 Firm in faith and strong in courage,
 Never wavering, never doubting,
 Never questioning or pausing,
 To the middle of the river
 Onward move these three together.
 There they took a moment's breathing,
 Paused a moment, then proceeded ;
 * * * * *
 To the bottom of the river,
 Plunged incontinently head first ;

* * * * *
 Cracked the bottom with their strong heads,
 With their strong heads, with their stout heads
 Knocked a piece out, knocked a hole in,
 And went through without a scratch, Sir,
 To the kingdom of the good rats,
 To the land of their hereafter.

Like the water through a tunnel,
 Like the water from a bottle,
 Like the water down a tin spout,
 Whirling in a mighty whirlpool,
 Through the opening swiftly sinking,
 Went the waters of the river,
 Of the swelling O-pe-he-le.

Scag-rag was therefore conqueror ; Higher-water no longer invaded his dominions, and there was great rejoicing among his grateful subjects.

In 1859, Mr. Ward went from Cincinnati to New York city, where he devotes himself to musical and metrical composition, and to various duties connected with the business of extensive publishing houses.

SONG OF THE MOSQUITO.

I.

In the dreamy hour of night I'll hie,
 When the hum is hushed of the weary fly,
 When the lamps are lit, and the curtains
 drawn,
 And sport on my wings till the morning's
 dawn.
 In the halls where the hours go joyously
 by,
 In the chamber hushed where the sleepers
 lie,
 In the garden-bower, where the primrose
 smiles,
 And the chirping cricket the hour beguiles;
 In these I'll sport through the summer
 night,
 And mortals to vex, I'll bite, I'll bite.

II.

There is one I view with a hostile eye;
 A flame of pride in his breast I spy;
 He breathes in the flute with a master's
 skill,
 And list'ning crowds the rich strains fill
 With the rapturous thrill of melody;
 But he carries his head so haughtily,
 I'll play him a trick; in his happiest swell,
 When the lingering trill, with a magic
 spell,
 Holds all entranced, I'll take my flight,
 And pop on his nose, and I'll bite, I'll bite.

III.

There's a poet I know; in the still mid-
 night
 He plies the pen by a taper's light;
 And, wearied of earth, in a world of his
 own,
 With fancy he rambles, where flowers are
 strewn
 Of fadeless hue, and he images there
 A creature to worship in the pure still air.

With the world around from his sense shut
 out,
 He heeds not the buzz of my round-about,
 And when a new image has broke on his
 sight,
 Ere he gives it existence, I'll bite, I'll bite.

IV.

And the long-courted vision shall vanish,
 while I,
 In a snug little corner, will watch him so
 shy,
 As he thumps his brow in a feverish rage,
 And dashes his pen o'er the blotted page.
 And I see a young maid in her chamber
 napping,
 And I know that love at her heart is tap-
 ping;
 She dreams of a youth, and smiles in bliss,
 As she puts up her lips to receive his fond
 kiss;
 But she shall not taste of the gentle de-
 light,
 For I'll light on her lips, and I'll bite, I'll
 bite.

THE WORD OF PROMISE.

I.

WHEN o'er thy heart comes sorrow's blight,
 As o'er the day steal shades of night;
 When hope has fled,
 And joy is dead,
 And thy head in wretchedness bends down
 Beneath the weight of fortune's frown;
 When summer friends pass by
 And tears bedim thine eye;—
 Receive the promise trustingly,
 "As is thy day thy strength shall be."

II.

When earth has proved a mockery,
 And faith and love, still sought by thee,

Approach no more,
 Thy humble door;
 And hearts thy innocence reject,
 That once would shrink from such neglect;
 And falsehood mocks, and pride
 And folly thee deride;—
 Be firm, the promise speaks to thee,
 “As is thy day thy strength shall be.”

III.

When sickness wastes thy feeble blood,
 And, as the worm the opening bud,
 Destroys thy life;
 And a feverish strife
 Is raging in thy aching breast,
 Robbing thy pillow of its rest;
 When every nerve is pained,
 And every fiber strained
 To agony;—’tis promised thee,
 “As is thy day thy strength shall be.”

IV.

When helpless age shall overtake
 Thy weary years, and thou shalt wake
 From hope’s dear dream,
 O’er life supreme,
 Whose promised pleasures never came,
 In youth and manhood, still the same—
 Shalt wake to wither then,
 A blank in sight of men,
 Tottering and weak;—God speaks to thee,
 “As is thy day thy strength shall be.”

V.

And when in that uncertain hour
 Comes Death, with Heaven-commissioned
 power,
 To bear thy soul
 Beyond life’s goal;
 And life is lingering, loth to go,
 And the pulse is beating faint and slow,
 And the soul its weakness feels,
 As eternity reveals
 Its mysteries;—Faith whispers thee,
 “As is thy day thy strength shall be.”

AUTUMN SONG.

The melancholy days are come,
 The saddest of the year.
Bryant.

THE merry-making days are come,
 The gayest of the year;
 When summer’s dust and heat are past,
 And the air is sharp and clear.

The day with social comforts rife,
 The day of mirth and glee;
 The season when earth’s jovial saint
 Shakes off his lethargy.

The wrestling winds, in pastime, heave
 The trees athlete and stout;
 And underneath their writhing limbs
 The leaves are whirled about.

The rabbit gallops, wild with life,
 With brisk and crackling tread;
 The dogs with tingling blood pursue—
 Who mourns the summer fled?

The summer, silent and oppressed
 With dullness and repose;
 When, through the languid pulse, the
 blood
 In weary ripples flows.

But now, it springs and bounds along,
 With weariness at strife;
 Man, like a prancing courser, pants
 With energy and life.

Who mourns the summer? Rather, who
 With rapture welcomes not
 The bracing breeze, the quickened heart,
 The drowsy days forgot?

The woods with life and joy resound,
 The solitude is glad,
 Music on every bough is heard,
 There’s not a creature sad.

Now, when the grasshoppers lie still
And torpid on the ground,
Spiders desert their looms, and flies
In sheltered holes are found ;

When the beetle hides beneath the bark,
With hushed and folded wing ;
And honey-fattened chrysalids
In silken hammocks swing ;

And all the noisy insect race,
A rich, inviting spoil,
Are into winter quarters gone,
Weary of summer's toil ;—

Now, to our gardens and our woods,
With voices gay and sweet,
Come back the singing birds, dispersed
By summer's sultry heat ;

The social robin, and the wren
Piping his triple lay ;
The red-bird and the sparrow,
And the acorn-hunting jay.

In troops they come, with chattering call
And dainty melody,
Winning our ears their songs to hear,
Our eyes their plumes to see.

Not one is missing ; night and morn
They gambol in and out
The breezy woods, and pipe and chirp,
A gay, delirious rout.

Ho, for the Autumn !—for the days
Of vigorous delights ;
For scudding clouds, and flying gales,
And clear and sparkling nights.

Who mourns the Summer ? Rather, who
With rapture welcomes not
The bracing breeze, the quickened heart,
And drowsy days forgot ?

NIAGARA.

RAPT in amazement, awe and wonder fill-
ing me,
Stood I alone, in silence, gazing thoughtfully,
Gazing, delighted, down the brink bewil-
dering,
Whence, with a proud consent, thy waters
tranquilly,
Placidly, take their fearful leap, Niagara.

Solemnly, slowly, calm in conscious majesty,
Bubble and spray, and twinkling drop, all
vanishing,
There, in a long, unbroken front, as steadily,
Firm and united, sweeps a line of infantry,
Leapeth thy smooth and liquid mass, col-
lectedly.

So have I seen—ah, river wild and beau-
tiful,
Not only thus resemblest thou our gifted
ones—
So have I seen descend, serene and confi-
dent,
Genius no more, nor sparkling wit, adorn-
ing it,
Down to the tomb, the poet's soul, sub-
missively.

In the fierce rapids, where the sharp rocks,
secretly,
Under the flowing current, lie in wait for
thee,
Cutting and lashing thy torn bosom wan-
tonly,
There art thou like, O River, sad simili-
tude,
Like the same soul with life-toil struggling
manfully.

Hither and thither whirled, in eddies in-
finite,
Winding and turning, still progressing end-
lessly,
Thus art thou dashed and driven ; and thus
as turbulent,

Whirleth the poet's spinning brain, incessantly ;

Often, poor brain, dashed round on waves tempestuous.

Cometh an end ere long to toil and mockery ; .

Enemies, cares and shows, and juggling fripperies,

Tinsel enticements, masks, and life-worn vanities—

What hath the waking soul, redeemed, regenerate,

Whisp'ring with death, to do with these impediments ?

E'en as thy waters, here, in calm transparency,

Bend o'er the brink of this abyss precipitous,

Shimmering foam, and froth, and flashing jewelry,

Scattered behind thee—so, in sweet serenity,

Freed from its clogs, the soul puts on eternity.

Haste there is none, but only strength and readiness ;

Baubles and shams are put aside disdainfully ;

Nothing beyond can pass but truth and purity ;

So on thy breast is nothing seen, Niagara, Save the blue image of the deep sky over thee.

NOTE.—The versification of this poem, which is now first published, is peculiar, and perhaps new ; so far as the author is concerned, it is quite so. It was constructed incidentally to a defense of the English hexameter, as especially exemplified in "Evangeline," the most charming and musical poem of American origin. The English language is manifestly capable of rich, fluent, and harmonious expression, not only in hexameters and pentameters, but in other as yet unusual, and perhaps unconstructed, meters. It is believed there is no variation or fault in the above verses (or lines) ; each one is like any and every other, and consists of five feet ; a dactyl, three trochees (one of which *may* be a spondee), and a dactyl. In reading, the peculiar accent of the dactyl should be regularly observed.

CHILDISH WISDOM.

'Twas the hour of prayer ; and the farmer stood,

With a thankful heart and a lowly mind, And prayed to the Author of every good,

That the Father of all would be very kind,

And bless His creatures with raiment and food ;

That the blessing each day might be renewed,

That every want might find relief, And plenty for hunger, joy for grief,

Be measured out by the merciful One, To all who suffered beneath the sun.

The prayer concluded, the godly man Went forth in peace to inspect his farm ;

And by his side, delighted ran, Glowing with every healthful charm,

His little son, a sprightly boy, Whose home was love, and whose life was

joy. And they rambled over the golden fields ;

And the father said, "The harvest yields A plentiful crop, my son, this year ;

My barns are too small for the grain, I fear."

And they wandered on, through row upon row

Of plummy sheaves, and at length the child, With earnest look, and a rosy glow

On his shining cheek, looked up and smiled,

And said, "My father, do you not pray For the poor and needy day by day,

That God the good would the hungry feed ?"

"I do, my son." "Well I think, as you plead"—

His eye waxed bright, for his soul shone through it—

"That God, if he had your wheat, would do it."

THE SUNBEAM.

SITTING, musing, one bright day,
In a quiet, dreamy sort of way—
A way I'm often in—
Amused 'neath Fancy's strange control,
To watch the phantoms of the soul
Their comedies begin;

To see, down deep into my heart,
The fairy figures flit and start,
Upon the long, dim stage,
Acting their parts so cleverly,
With magic art and revelry,
My favor to engage.

And often thus my hours are passed,
Regardless that I thence am classed,
By those who only see
The idle hands the brain that press,
With such as waste in idleness,
The moments as they flee.

A little child with life abounding,
My fairy pantomime confounding,
Was rushing like a storm;
It wound the clock of life anew,
And set it back a year or two,
To see the rogue perform.

The sunbeam streamed across his way,
Straight as the path to endless day;
A cord of golden light
Stretched from the window to the floor,
With twinkling motes bespangled o'er,
Like a comet's train at night.

The boy was driving, might and main,
His charger in and out again,
When suddenly he stopped;
The golden cord his dark eye won;
A new emotion was begun,
And down the broomstick dropped.

His little hand was then applied,
And many a time the feat was tried,
To grasp the sparkling train;

His dumpy fist would ope and close,
Translucent as the ruby rose;
But each attempt was vain.

Long time, with persevering zeal,
He strove, resolved the thing to feel;
And then he seized his broom,
And gave it up and gaily cried,
"I'll see what's on the other side,"
And galloped from the room.

And then I thought, how many such,
The semblance for the substance clutch,
Like moths, deceived by glare!
Children of riper age, whose life
Is wasted in the fruitless strife
For shadows thin as air!

Won by the glitter and the show,
How many life's true aim forego,
Misled by Mammon's lust;
To gather gold their powers exhaust,
And find their wealth, when life is lost,
Illuminated dust!

Ah, happy, who, more wisely led,
Can see the veil of trial spread,
Like a shadow deep and wide,
Before his soul; and pure and bright,
The eternal source of truth and light,
Find on the other side.

EPIGRAM.

'Tis said that man o'er woman justly ranks;
This to disprove will merit woman's thanks.
Woman's an angel, all mankind declares—
To this the witness resolutely swears;
Woman's an angel—let the precept stand.
Mark how its truth his pride will reprimand;
For man—the text, not me, he must upbraid—
Was little lower than the angels made.

JAMES B. MARSHALL.

JAMES BIRNEY MARSHALL—a member of the Marshall family of Kentucky, which is distinguished in oratory as well as in song—was one of the early literary editors and publishers of the West. He purchased the *Cincinnati Mirror* in 1836, and changing its name to *The Buckeye*, published it for a few months. In 1837 he purchased the *Western Monthly*, which had been conducted by James Hall, and the *Literary Journal*, which was edited by William D. Gallagher, and merged them under the name of *Western Monthly Magazine and Literary Review*. The *Magazine and Review* was published simultaneously at Louisville and at Cincinnati, William D. Gallagher being associated with Mr. Marshall in its editorship. It was unsuccessful, and Mr. Marshall then turned his attention to political writing. He has been connected with several influential political papers in Kentucky and in Ohio. In 1857 he succeeded Samuel Medary as editor of the *Ohio Statesman* at Columbus. In 1858 he was one of the editors of *The Capital City Fact*, and was official reporter for the Ohio Senate in 1858 and in 1859.

Mr. Marshall now resides in Cincinnati. He is about fifty years of age. Nearly all the poems he has written were published in the *Cincinnati Mirror* and the *Western Literary Journal*.

TO EVA: IN HER ALBUM.

TOUCH gently with thy taper finger,
The string of some lov'd lute,—
The cherish'd sound will with thee linger,
E'en when the string is mute.
And thus I'd have thy thoughts recur,
When far away from thee,
To him who leaves a tribute here
For friendship's memory.

Over the azure sky above,
Clouds sweep in caravans,
But still the star we watch and love,
In memory remains;
And even through their dusky forms,
O'ershadowing earth and sea,
As fiercely driv'n by winter-storms,
That star is bright to me.

Go grave thy name upon the stone
O'er which the brooklet hies,
And though with moss it be o'ergrown,
And hid to duller eyes,
Yet from the eye of love that name
Can never be effaced,—
Time-covered, 'twill as plainly seem
As though but newly traced.

When starry night doth wane away
Beneath the sun's gay gleam,
Do we forget the moon's pale ray
Lost in a gaudier beam?
Oh with the stars, I'd have thee keep
My friendship's memory,
And when I gaze on heaven's blue
deep,
I'll fondly think of thee.

JAMES G. DRAKE.

JAMES G. DRAKE was the youngest member of a family celebrated in the dramatic annals of the West. His father, Samuel Drake, and his brothers, Alexander and Samuel, were, for many years, great favorites among our play-loving citizens. His sister, Julia Drake, mother of William W. Fosdick the poet, by her first, and of Julia Dean the actress, by her second husband, was also a favorite. James G. had talent for the stage, but never indulged it. He is known to the public chiefly as a song writer. His "Tom Breeze," "Parlez Bas," and other melodious songs, have been widely admired. He was, nearly all his life, a resident of Louisville, Kentucky, and he died in that city on the thirteenth day of May, 1850.

The Drake family was English, but emigrated to the United States when the elder brothers were minors, and soon after came to the West. James G. was the latest survivor. The family name does not now appear in dramatic records, though two of its descendants are conspicuous actresses, Julia Dean Hayne, above alluded to, and Julia Drake Chapman, daughter of Alexander Drake, who married Julia Dennie, celebrated ten or fifteen years ago as a tragic actress, but now living in retirement.

PARLEZ BAS.

PARLEZ bas! The moon is up,
And o'er the sleepy throng
The mocking-bird's high notes are heard,
In wild and witching song—
No eye shall trace thy footsteps here,
But fear thee not while love is near.

Parlez bas! Though here we meet
In silence deep, alone,
No guilty thoughts disturb our souls,
Nor wish we fear to own.
Pure as the light yon orb imparts,
Shall be the meeting of our hearts.

Parlez bas! A genial breath
Is wandering o'er earth's flowers;

Their fragrance mingles with thy voice,
And holy joy is ours.
Parlez bas! and let each tone
Echo the fondness of mine own.

Parlez bas! And now repeat
The vow those lips once made;
Mine is a love that cannot change,
A heart that ne'er betrayed.
O say that thou wilt love me still,
Through storm or sunshine, good or ill.

Parlez bas! I bless thy words,
The last that I may hear;
Sweet on my brow thy breath I feel,
Upon my cheek thy tear.
Now take thee to thy bed and rest,
And be thou bless'd as I am bless'd.

HARVEY RICE.

HARVEY RICE is a native of Massachusetts. He was born on the eleventh day of June, 1800. Having graduated at Williams College, he emigrated to the West and settled at Cleveland, in 1824, where he opened a classical school, and began to read law in the office of Reuben Wood, afterward Governor of Ohio. In 1826 he was admitted to the bar, when he entered into partnership with Mr. Wood. In 1829, he was elected a Justice of the Peace, and in 1830 was chosen by the Democrats of Cuyahoga county, as a Representative in the General Assembly. The same year he was appointed agent for the sale of the Western Reserve School Lands, a tract of fifty thousands acres, situated in what is known as the Virginia Military District of Ohio. He opened an office in Millersburg, Holmes county, and in the course of three years sold all the lands; the avails of which, nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, were paid into the State Treasury, and now form a part of the Irreducible Debt of Ohio, on which six per cent. interest is paid, for the support of Common Schools.

In 1833 Mr. Rice returned to Cleveland, and was appointed Clerk of the Common Pleas Court of Cuyahoga county. In 1834, and again in 1836, he was the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Cleveland District. He was the first Democrat sent to the Legislature from Cleveland, and by his efforts the first Democratic newspaper, published in Cleveland, was established. In 1828 it was known as the *Independent News Letter*. In 1829 Mr. Rice was the editor. It is now *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

In 1851 Mr. Rice was elected to the State Senate by a handsome majority over two competitors. He was therefore a member of the first General Assembly of Ohio, under its second Constitution—a General Assembly upon which devolved the responsibility of reconstructing the Statutes of the State. Mr. Rice was an influential member of the Senate. He was the author of the bill, which became a law, reorganizing the Common School system, and establishing new features—which the friends of popular education declared to be of primary importance—among which may be mentioned the just recognition of the doctrine that the property of the State should educate the children of the State; that the school system should have an authorized head, and that school libraries are expedient.

Mr. Rice has been twice married. He is now a citizen of Cleveland, in the enjoyment of a well-earned income, which permits him, free from the cares of business, to give liberal attention to enterprises designed to promote moral reforms and disseminate intelligence. In early life he contributed frequently to leading periodicals, but for a few years past, has oftener revised the poems of other years than composed new ones. In 1859 he collected his poems. The third edition, enlarged, has been issued, in a handsome volume of 179 duodecimo pages, by Follett, Foster & Co., Columbus, Ohio. It is entitled “Mt. Vernon and other Poems.”

THE FAR WEST.

O WHERE, think ye, is now the West?

The far, far West, the land of dreams,
Whose hills and vales, with virgin breast,
Still slumber in their ancient rest,
Lulled by the voice of plaintive streams!

From Mexico, where airs are bland,
To Oregon's impetuous flood,
Already vale and mountain land
Resound to that advancing band,
Who proudly boast of Yankee blood!

Nor distant is the day, perchance,
When yet these sons of valiant sires
Shall win their way, by love or lance,
To sunnier climes, and e'en advance
Beyond the Equator's solar fires.

Thus race to race must ever yield,
And mental power assume the sway;
Broad as the earth the ample field,
For those who trust in virtue's shield,
And Freedom's banner dare display.

The far, far West, 'tis Freedom's now,
The gift of God to earth's oppressed,
The land where all, who take the vow,
No more to king or priest to bow,
May come, and find their wrongs re-
dressed.

Aye, there shall happy millions yet
Reclaim the soil, and crowd the mart;
Freemen, who thrive by toil and sweat,
Sprinkling the waste with cities, set
On hill and plain, like gems of Art.

And there shall thought yet fly afar
Along the wire, from climes remote,
And blend with thought, like star with star,
While startling rolls the frantic car,
And bannered glides the gallant boat.

And there, unawed, the mind of man,
Progressive still, shall still aspire;
Nor yield to creeds that fear to scan
The mystic lore of Nature's plan,
But still, insatiate, aim the higher!

In sooth, it needs no prophet's eye,
Westward to Ocean's calmer surge,
To see the future there outvie
The ancient world, whose glories lie
Pillared on Time's receding verge!

O what, when centuries have rolled,
Will be this mighty Western Land?
Her sons—will they be brave and bold,
And still defend her banner's fold?
Her holy altars—will they stand?

The link that binds the Sisterhood,
Say, will it brighten and grow strong,
And men bear rule, the great and good,
Who shun dissension, strife, and blood,
Yet cleave to right, nor yield to wrong?

Fear not! with holier influence yet,
The years shall come which God ordains;
When Freedom's bounds shall not be set,
Nor man his fellow man forget,
In blind pursuit of sordid gains!

THE VISIONARY.

A CHILD of genius—born—
Not bred in schools,
He scorns the world's proud scorn,
Though ranked with fools,
And holds a converse that's refined
With Nature, and with Nature's Mind.

Nor does he delve with those
Who delve for gold;
But, rapt in calm repose,
Like seer of old,

He walks with God the stellar deep,
Where tides of light unbounded sweep.

And wonders why were made
The earth and stars,
Whose music rolls, unstayed,
In golden bars;
Nor strives to quench the subtle fire
That wakes his soul to high desire.

Though all that man calls great,
Should he attain,
It would not—could not sate
His burning brain;
For he would reach the source of light,
And share, enthroned, the Almighty's
might!

Thus lost in thought that's free,
And manifold,
He ever drifts at sea—
Starless, and bold;
Yet cannot break the imperial seal
Of fate, nor life's dark myth reveal!

THE BIRTH OF BEAUTY.

By Nature's hand, though all
Was made complete;
Still, in her Palace Hall,
No twinkling feet,
Or graceful form that's tall,
Or smile that's sweet,
Had yet obeyed her call!—

And so she racked her brain,
And culled sweet flowers;
Tall lilies from the plain,
And from the bowers
Roses, and from the main
Cosmetic powers;
From birds, their sweetest strain.

Combining these, she wrought
A perfect charm;

And gave it grace and thought,
And faith that's calm;
When man the vision caught
In his strong arm,
And claimed it—as he ought!

And blessed his happy lot,
Which now made earth
An Eden—every spot—
Since Beauty's birth;
Whose smile still cheers his cot,
His home and hearth,
An angel—is she not?

A CONCEIT.

OLD Father Time, with nod sublime,
And hammer in his hand,
Proclaims aloud, as from a cloud,
The sale of sea and land,
With hammer in his hand!

Ask not for grace, but take your place,
And hear him cry the sale;
He speaks in tones that shatter thrones,
Nor lists to those who wail;
Ah, hear him cry the sale!

Before him lies full many a prize,
In rich array displayed;
Yes, all that's dear to mortals here,
Of life, its light, and shade,
In rich array displayed.

He breaks life's spell, nor grieves to sell
Fond hopes to which we cling;
Honor and fame, and wealth and name,
Vain things—what will they bring?
Fond hopes to which we cling!

He spareth naught, not e'en a thought,
Though beautiful and true;
But strikes down all, then flings a pall,
And screens the world from view,
The beautiful and true!—

Nor does he wait at Heaven's high gate,
Nor does he shed a tear;
But breaks the bars and smites the stars,
And dark grows every sphere;
Nor does he shed a tear!—

But doomed now dies, 'neath blacken'd
skies,
Remembered never more!
And now, downcast, the silent Past,
In darkness, hides her store;
Remembered never more!

OUR PILGRIM SIRE.

With all their virtues plain and stern,
The good old times have sped;
And now the wisdom which we learn,
Turns giddy every head;
And yet 'tis wrong, I ween, to spurn
Our old ancestral dead!

Our Pilgrim sires were taught of God,
And solemn psalms they sung;
They trained their children with the rod,
And witch and wizard hung!
Yet, if they erred—'tis nothing odd—
All err—both old and young!

They earned by toil whate'er they had,
Since Heaven ordained it so;
Nor with the fashions went they mad,
Nor cramped they waist or toe;
Nor like the lily, pale and sad,
Looked every belle and beau!

The girls were taught to spin and weave,
The boys to hold the plow;
'Twas then thought wise—and I believe
As wise it might be now,
If people would their scheming leave,
And live by sweat of brow.

The good old times were good enough,
Though times more polished dawn;
Men then were made of sterner stuff
Than those that now are born;
Though plain they were and somewhat
rough,
Yet why their virtues scorn?

THE MORAL HERO.

With heart that trusteth still,
Set high your mark;
And though with human ill,
The warfare may be dark,
Resolve to conquer—and you will!

Resolve, then onward press,
Fearless and true;
Believe it—Heaven will bless
The brave—and still renew
Your faith and hope, e'en in distress!

Press on, nor stay to ask
For friendship's aid;
Deign not to wear the mask,
Nor wield a coward's blade,
But still persist, though hard the task.

Rest not—inglorious rest
Unnerves the man;
Struggle—'tis God's behest!
Fill up life's little span
With God-like deeds—it is the test—

Test of the high-born soul,
And lofty aim;
The test in History's scroll
Of every honored name!
None but the brave shall win the goal.

Go act the hero's part,
And, in the strife,

Strike with the hero's heart,
 For liberty and life!—
 Ay, strike for truth; preserve her chart;

Her chart, unstained, preserve;
 'Twill guide you right;
 Press on, and never swerve,
 But keep your armor bright,
 And struggle still, with firmer nerve.

Error must fall at last,
 It is ordained;—
 Old creeds are crumbling fast,
 But ere the victory's gained,
 Heroes must strike—the die is cast!

What though the tempest rage,
 Buffet the sea!
 Where duty calls, engage;
 And ever strive to be
 The moral Hero of the Age!

HEREAFTER.

ALAS! how fearful—silent—vast,
 The dim and shadowy realm,
 Where undisputed reigns the Past,
 And voiceless waves o'erwhelm,
 In dark oblivion's darker tide,
 All that we are, with all our pride,
 Lost in the dread Hereafter!

And will there be no whisper heard,
 No voices, kind and sweet;
 Not tender heart-string, touched or stirred;
 No love that is complete,
 To soothe the grief that cannot speak;
 No faithful friend, tear-eyed and meek;
 None in the dread Hereafter?

And will there be no more of earth,
 No more of sky and stars;

No hills or vales, or vernal birth
 Of flowers, or radiant bars
 Of light to break upon the stream,
 That bears us onward, like a dream,
 On, in the dread Hereafter?

Believe—there is no death for him,
 Who lives on earth aright;
 He sees no shadows, dark or grim;
 For him there is no night—
 No last dull sleep—no fearful knell—
 No terrors—when he goes to dwell,
 There, in the dread Hereafter!

For life and death are but the same—
 Phantoms beneath the skies;
 And yet the stars with radiant flame
 Shall crown the good and wise;
 And all that live, though wrapt in fire,
 Survive the test, and bless their Sire,
 Bless'd in the dread Hereafter!

EXTRACT FROM "MT. VERNON."

How vain the lofty tower,
 Though reared to heaven by giant hand,
 To speak his praise, whose matchless power
 Redeemed his native land,
 And won him fame that will through time
 expand!

On Vernon's rugged side,
 Where eagles stoop to build the nest,
 There let the Hero, with his bride,
 In hallowed slumber rest;
 His fittest monument the mountain's crest.

O, may the Land that's free
 Ne'er fall a prey to faction's blight;
 But, with her glorious history,
 Still blend a holier light,
 To cheer her sons, and guide them in the
 right.

CORNELIUS A. LOGAN.

CORNELIUS A. LOGAN was born in the year 1800, in the city of Baltimore. He was educated at St. Mary's College, and was destined for the priesthood, but a restless disposition baffled the wishes of his parents, and, entering into the employment of shipping merchants of that city, he made several voyages to Europe in the capacity of supercargo.

Becoming tired of seafaring, he turned his attention to literature. For three years he assisted the celebrated Paul Allen in the editorial department of the *Baltimore Morning Chronicle*, in which office he learned the printing business. He was afterward connected with William Leggett in the project of establishing a daily penny paper in the city of New York. The enterprise failed, and Mr. Logan went to Philadelphia and attached himself to the leading papers of that place, as a theatrical critic. This occupation developed a natural taste for the stage, and soon after, he adopted the profession of an actor. Those who recollect him only as a comedian of the highest popularity, will be surprised to learn that he commenced his career as a tragedian.

In 1840 he removed with his family to Cincinnati, and resided there until his death, which occurred February twenty-second, 1853.

Mr. Logan was a classical scholar of large attainments, and a fluent, versatile writer. He was a bold defender of the stage against the attacks which, he thought, were unjustly made upon it from the pulpit. He wrote a reply to a sermon by Lyman Beecher, which was extensively copied throughout the country, as much for the learning it displayed, as for its admirable temper. He wrote many plays. Among them, the "Wag of Maine," a comedy in three acts, first performed in New York in 1835, and pronounced to be the best American comedy that has been written; "The Wool Dealer," a farce written for, and played by, the late Dan Marble; "Yankee Land," a comedy first produced in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1834; "Removing the Deposits," a local farce brought out in Philadelphia; "Astarte," an adaptation of Shelley's "Cenci;" "An Hundred Years Hence," a burlesque which displayed varied knowledge and great humor.

He was the author of several newspaper tales which have become familiar by republication. Among them is "A Husband's Vengeance," a prize story for *Neal's Saturday Gazette*. The newspapers of his day published many epigrams and playful satires from his pen, but he neglected to make any collection of these, or of his poems.

"The Mississippi" was copied, at the time of its first publication, by the *Edinburgh Review*, prefaced by a handsome tribute to the author.

Two of Mr. Logan's daughters, Eliza and Cecilia, adopted the profession in which their father became distinguished. Eliza has been, since 1849, one of the most popular actresses of the West. Mr. Logan's only son, Thomas A., is a prosperous attorney in Cincinnati.

THE MISSISSIPPI.*

HERE meet, but mingle not, the mighty
waters.

The glorious Queen of Rivers, in her sole
And unparticipated majesty
Flows on:—Her slimy bed she scorns to
share

With this, her wooing tributary.

Eternal Flood! thou owest thy birth to
regions

Where the worn sun rises fatigued from o'er
The western'st hill the race of Europe till,
Or claim. How many nations in thy
course

Has thy broad flow divided! The fragile
bark

On thy sustaining breast in silence glides,
Or, ambush on thy banks, its warrior
freight.

Hast thou ne'er paused upon thy onward
way,

As o'er thy moonlit ripples softly swept
The plaintive wail of love-lorn Indian
maid?

Didst thou ne'er in thy weary pilgrimage,
Forget the changeless law of thy progres-
sion,

And hold thy breath to catch the far
And faintest echoes of the forest fight?

And on hush'd midnight surface vibrate
The tale drank in by her who watched and
prayed;—

Watched for her husband, through the
thickening gloom—

Prayed that the clinging infant at her
breast

Might not that night be fatherless?

How oft

Upon thy sedgy margin has the yell
Of savage warfare broke! In dark em-
brace

The war deck'd combatants in equal fight
Upon the cliff, have lost their giddy hold,
And dashing downward with a sullen
plash,

Found mutual death in thy affrighted
depths!

When forth the fiat went that bade the
Earth

Rejoice in form and light, thou didst
begin

Thy everlasting course. Scarce yet the
soil

Had hardened since Jehovah's breath
passed o'er

Its quivering chaos—yet e'en then thou
sprangest

Upon thy mighty race; Young Time and
Thou,

Twin born, and forever co-existent.

Myriads of generations hath thy face

In placid majesty reflected. Thou,

Men perchance hast seen, whose forms
were not like

Those which men now bear—of stature
huge

And of construction monstrous; fitting foe
To the Behemoth and the Mastodon,
To survey whose bones appalls our puny
nerves.

Sweep on! sweep on! thou Empress of
the World!

Upon thy rolling tide thou bear'st the
wealth

Of youthful nations—richer far than all
The gorgeous gems which sparkle in
Potosi.

Thou hast a gem—a peerless gem,
Whose ever-radiant corruscations flash
A thousand leagues along thy sunny
banks.

'Tis brightest in the heavenly diadem,
Blood-stained, but dimless: Men call it
Freedom!

* Written at the mouth of the Ohio River.

FORTUNATUS COSBY.

FORTUNATUS COSBY was born on Harrod's Creek, near Louisville, Kentucky, on the second day of May, in the year 1802. His father, after whom he was named, was an influential lawyer.

Fortunatus was liberally educated. He was a student at Transylvania University, in Lexington, Kentucky, and graduated at Yale College. He adopted the profession in which his father had become distinguished, but never devotedly pursued it. He has been one of the most admired contributors of the *Louisville Journal*, and in 1846 wrote a number of charming poems for *The Examiner*, the emancipation journal, which was, in that year, published by John C. Vaughn, in Louisville. Since 1850 Mr. Cosby has not given to the public any token of familiarity with the haunts of the muses. His poems are all mellifluous, and are not less felicitous in conception than delightful in rhythm.

Mr. Cosby has been twice married—in 1825 at Louisville, and in 1854 at Washington City, where he now resides, holding a clerkship in the United States Treasury Department. His son Robert, who died when he was about twenty years of age, gave promise of excellence as a poet. He was lamented by a large circle of friends as a young man of rare gifts.

THE SOLITARY FOUNTAIN.

THERE is a nook in a lonely glen,
Hidden away from the haunts of men,
Where the antelope bounds with graceful
leap,

And rock-goats browse on the dizzy steep;—

And it nestles there

Mid the mountains bare,

That nook, like a gem, in its rocky keep.

In that fairy spot the wild grape-vine
Weaves its lithe tendrils with many a twine,
Mid the bending boughs of a bending tree,
And a crystal fountain gushes free,

And dances along

With a quiet song,

To mingle its rill with river and sea.

And thither, at morning's freshest prime,
And at dewy evening's resting time—

At sultry noon, when the spirits sink,
Around that fountain's moss-cover'd brink,

From the open glades

And the forest shades

The beautiful creatures came to drink.

The first and the fairest flowers of spring,
The last, that in Autumn their perfumes
bring:—

Each odorous breath the breeze has stirr'd,
The sweetest song of the sweetest bird,

By the gentle nymph,

Who watches the lymph,

Are the soonest felt and the soonest heard.

The spirit of Peace is hovering near;

Neither bird nor beast have aught to fear;

Stretch'd hard by in the verdurous shade,
The hunter forgets his ruthless trade,
The stag from his lair,
And the timid hare,
Gaze in his face and are not affray'd.

And there, as the Red man's legends tell,
A maiden dwelt in that lonely dell;
Fair as the face in a poet's dream,—
Pure as the purest mountain stream,
When its waters burst
From their caverns first—
Or drops of dew in the morning's gleam.

Her step as agile, as light and free,
As spotted fawn's on its native lea;
Her smile as bright as the sunset's glow,
Her voice as silvery, sweet and low,
As the fountain's gush,
Or song of the thrush,
Or zephyrs that curl the water's flow.

And innocent thoughts in her bosom lay,
As sands of gold in the spring-brook play—
As blithe birds dwell in the greenest bowers,
Or, honey-bees mid the sweetest flowers;
And her dark eyes shone
With bright dreams alone,
As the dial tells only of radiant hours.

And thither the timorous antelope,
And the rock-goat on the mountain's slope—
The humming-bird and the humble-bee,
The birds that sing in the leafy tree—
The mavis and merle,
To that gentle girl
Came at her call, exulting and free.

She lov'd as the young and guileless love,
As woman loves or the gentle dove;
And day by day more passionate grew,
More trusting and tender, for well she knew
That her image dwelt
In a heart that felt
A love as warm and a love as true.

And there, when the setting sun had
spread
His gorgeous hues on the mountain's head,
And shadows lay on the golden mist,
Their due feet came to that fairy tryst;
And the stillness round,
It was so profound
That the wild deer paus'd to look and list.

"And what to them was the world beside?"
Its wrath and wrong, by that fountain's tide?
The stars look'd down from the distant sky,
And spirits smil'd from their place on high—
And a blessing fell
On that glassy well,
And Time, the destroyer, pass'd it by.

That gentle girl to the fountain sped,
With shells and flowers to wreathe her head;
And the maiden gaz'd with maiden pride,
Nor dream'd her love was at her side,
Till his shadow lay
In the water's play,
And show'd the Chief to his conscious
bride.

And there, at the morrow's dawn, they met,
And they came again when the stars were
set;
And each to the other was all-in-all,
And they linger'd there in love's sweet
thrall,
Till the joyous sun,
His journey begun,
Wak'd the glad earth with his matin call.

And the next day, and still the next, they
came,
And the maiden wept, but not for shame—
And the gushing tears fell fast and warm,
For with the next moon that cherish'd form,
Too surely she knows,
On the war-path goes,
O'er mountain and plain—in sunshine and
storm.

And thither, for many a weary day,
The desolate maid was wont to stray,
To see, ere the shadows fade and melt,
If mirror'd there his image dwelt—

But the limpid wave
No bright image gave,
But hers who beside its margin knelt.

Another, and yet another sun,
His weary course has wearily run—
And he comes not with its golden set—
The brave and the true, can he forget?

She sits there alone
On that mossy stone,
And looks and prays for his coming yet!

At morn, at noon, and at eventide,
She sits and weeps by that fountain's side;
And she thinks and dreams of him alone,
The loving and lov'd who was all her own!

But the sun that told
Happy hours of old,
Shall shine never more as once it shone.

Ah! never again shall she behold,
And never again shall she unfold
That cherish'd form—and never again
Shall his presence light her darken'd brain!

And love never more
Shall bind and restore
The broken links of that broken chain.

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BIRD of the wild and wondrous song,
I hear thy rich and varied voice
Swelling the greenwood depths among,
Till hill and vale the while rejoice.
Spell-bound, entranced, in rapture's chain,
I list to that inspiring strain;
I thread the forest's tangled maze
The thousand choristers to see,
Who, mingled thus, their voices raise
In that delicious minstrelsy;

I search in vain each pause between—
The choral band is still unseen.

'Tis but the music of a dream,
An airy sound that mocks the ear;
But hark again! the eagle's scream—
It rose and fell, distinct and clear!
And list! in yonder hawthorn bush,
The red-bird, robin, and the thrush!
Lost in amaze I look around,
Nor thrush nor eagle there behold!
But still that rich aerial sound,
Like some forgotten song of old
That o'er the heart has held control,
Falls sweetly on the ravished soul.

And yet the woods are vocal still,
The air is musical with song;
O'er the near stream, above the hill,
The wildering notes are borne along;
But whence that gush of rare delight?
And what art thou, or bird, or sprite?—
Perched on yon maple's topmost bough,
With glancing wings and restless feet,
Bird of untiring throat, art thou
Sole songster in this concert sweet!
So perfect, full, and rich, each part,
It mocks the highest reach of art.

Once more, once more, that thrilling
strain!—

Ill-omened owl, be mute, be mute!—
Thy native tones I hear again,
More sweet than harp or lover's lute;
Compared with thy impassioned tale,
How cold, how tame the nightingale.
Alas! capricious in thy power,

Thy "wood-note wild" again is fled:
The mimic rules the changeful hour,
And all the soul of song is dead!
But no—to every borrowed tone
He lends a sweetness all his own!

On glittering wing, erect and bright,
With arrowy speed he darts aloft,
As though his soul had ta'en its flight,
In that last strain, so sad and soft,

And he would call it back to life,
To mingle in the mimic strife!

And ever, to each fitful lay,

His frame in restless motion wheels,
As though he would indeed essay

To act the ecstasy he feels—
As though his very feet kept time
To that inimitable chime!

And ever, as the rising moon

Climbs with full orb the trees above,
He sings his most enchanting tune,

While echo wakes through all the grove;
His descant soothes, in care's despite,
The weary watches of the night;
The sleeper from his couch starts up,

To listen to that lay forlorn;
And he who quaffs the midnight cup

Looks out to see the purple morn!
Oh, ever in the merry Spring,
Sweet mimic, let me hear thee sing.

SONG.

ALL around and all above thee,

In the hush'd and charm'd air,

All things woo thee, all things love thee,
Maiden fair!

Gentlest zephyrs, perfume breathing,

Waft to thee their tribute sweet,

And for thee the Spring is weaving
Garlands meet.

In their cavern'd, cool recesses,

Songs for thee the fountains frame;

Whatsoever the wave caresses

Lips thy name.

Greener verdure, brighter blossom,

Wheresoe'er thy footsteps stray,

O'er the earth's enamored bosom

Live away.

Wheresoe'er thy presence lingers,

Wheresoe'er its brightness beams,

Fancy weaves, with cunning fingers,
Sweetest dreams.

And the heart forgets thee never,

Thy young beauty's one delight,
There it dwells, and dwells forever,
Ever bright.

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By the dim and fitful fire-light

Musing all alone,

Memories of old companions

Dead, or strangers grown;—

Books that we had read together,

Rambles in sweet summer weather,

Thoughts released from earthly tether—

Fancy made my own.

In my cushioned arm-chair sitting

Far into the night,

Sleep, with leaden wing extinguished

All the flickering light;

But, the thoughts that soothed me waking,

Care, and grief, and pain forsaking,

Still the self-same path were taking—

Pilgrims, still in sight.

Indistinct and shadowy phantoms

Of the sacred dead,

Absent faces bending fondly

O'er my drooping head,

In my dreams were woven quaintly,

Dim at first, but calm and saintly,

As the stars that glimmer faintly

From their misty bed.

Presently a lustrous brightness

Eye could scarce behold,

Gave to my enchanted vision,

Looks no longer cold,

Features that no clouds encumber,
Forms refreshed by sweetest slumber,
And, of all that blessed number,
Only one was old.

Graceful were they as the willow
By the zephyr stirred!
Bright as childhood when expecting
An approving word!
Fair as when from earth they faded,
Ere the burnished brow was shaded,
Or, the hair with silver braided,
Or lament was heard.

Roundabout in silence moving
Slowly to and fro—
Life-like as I knew and loved them
In their spring-time glow;—
Beaming with a loving luster,
Close and closer still they cluster
Round my chair that radiant muster,
Just as long ago.

Once, the aged, breathing comfort
O'er my fainting cheek,
Whispered words of precious meaning
Only she could speak,
Scarce could I my rapture smother,
For I knew it was my mother,
And to me there was no other
Saint-like and so meek!

Then the pent-up fount of feeling
Stirred its inmost deep—
Brimming o'er its frozen surface
From its guarded keep,
On my heart its drops descending,
And for one glad moment lending
Dreams of Joy's ecstatic blending,
Blessed my charmed sleep.

Bright and brighter grew the vision
With each gathering tear,
Till the past was all before me
In its radiance clear;

And again we read at even—
Hoped, beneath the summer heaven,
Hopes that had no bitter leaven,
No disturbing fear.

All so real seemed each presence;
That one word I spoke—
Only one of old endearment,
That dead silence broke.
But the angels who were keeping
Stillest watch while I was sleeping,
Left me o'er the embers weeping—
Fled when I awoke.

But, as ivy clings the greenest
On abandoned walls;
And as echo lingers sweetest
In deserted halls:—
Thus, the sunlight that we borrow
From the past to gild our sorrow,
On the dark and dreaded morrow
Like a blessing falls.

MY FIRST LOVE.

'Tis twenty years!—yes, twenty years
Have fled into the past!
Oh, twenty long and weary years,
Since I beheld thee last!
They say that time has brush'd away
The brightness from thy cheek;
And, that thy light and ringing laugh
Is more subdued and meek!

'Tis twenty years,—yes, twenty years!
But thy beloved face
Is mirrored in my memory yet,
In all its girlish grace;
And thou art still the same to me,
Thine eye as brightly blue,—
Thy cheek as warm, thy lip as red,
Thy heart as kind and true!

JAMES B. WALKER.

JAMES BARR WALKER is a native of Philadelphia. He was born on the twenty-ninth day of July, 1805. His father was a machinist. James B. came to the West when a young man. He began life as a printer; read law, then spent four years in study at Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio, and after several years of successful mercantile business, entered the Christian ministry, in which he now labors. He was pastor of the Congregational Church in Mansfield, Richland county, Ohio, for many years, and lately preached to a congregation in Sandusky City. He is now a lecturer in the Theological Seminaries of Oberlin, Ohio, and Chicago, Illinois.

Mr. Walker has published but little poetry, but a volume of poems from his pen is to be issued in England the present year. He is better known as the author of philosophical works, treating of nature and revealed religion, than as a poet. "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," a little book originally published in Cincinnati,* but which has passed through many editions in England, and has been translated into nearly all the languages of the continent of Europe in which the Christian religion is taught, may be recorded as one of the most successful of American publications.

Another work by Mr. Walker, "God Revealed in Creation and in Christ," first published in London, in 1857, and republished in Boston, has been widely circulated. In addition to other literary labors, Mr. Walker has conducted in the West four newspapers—one political, one temperance, and two religious. The volume which he is now preparing for the press will contain two poems of considerable length, widely differing in subject and treatment—one "On the Immortality of the Soul,"—the other, "Ten Scenes in the Life of a Lady of Fashion."

THE INWARD LIFE.

THERE is a joy, all joys above
An inward life of peace and love
The contrite only feel;
It is the power that makes us whole—
A saving unction in the soul—
It is the spirit's seal.

THERE is a ray of holy light—
A radiance from the ever-bright

And ever-perfect One;
It is the day-spring in the heart,
That lives and glows in every part—
It is the spirit's sun.

THERE is an energy supplied
By faith in Christ the crucified,
Through all the being rife.
It is the power of saving grace,
That holds the soul in its embrace—
It is the spirit's life.

* Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation—a Book for the Times; by an American citizen. Published for the author. Cincinnati, 1841. 12mo, pp. 239. Dedicated to William Ellery Channing.

APOSTROPHE TO EGYPT.

EGYPT, thou wonder of the primal age,
 In the Nilotic valley long ago,
 The priest of Ammon—the Memphitic
 sage,
 Inscribed the preface to what man may
 know,
 Upon thy granite obelisks—in tombs
 Where mummied relics of thy great ones
 lie—
 In the stupendous pyramids, whose rooms
 Abysmal—cavernous—may time defy.

Whence were thy people, Egypt? Whence
 the might
 And wealth of Menes, the first Theban
 king?

Who taught thy sacerdotal class to write
 In hieroglyphics? Did their knowledge
 spring
 From ancient Meroë? Was the light that
 shone
 Upon thine orient in the morn of time
 Kindled by Hermes?—or a radiance
 thrown
 Into thy valley from some western clime?

Who shall resolve the riddle?—who col-
 late
 Thy fables, and translate them into truth?
 Who place thy unplaced kings, or give the
 date
 Of those who reigned when Saturn was a
 youth?

That thou in age wast hoary, the long
 range
 Of temples—tombs—sarcophagi, declare,
 And thy vast superstitions, vile and strange,
 Proclaim idolatry grown dotard there.

Impressive lesson! Time develops mind,
 And nations by the lapse of years grow
 wise,

But God unknown—the human mind is
 blind,
 And reason sinks by her attempts to rise.

God is unknown to reason. Ye might
 gaze
 On Phré, the sun-god, till the eye would be
 Confused and cloudy:—but as through a
 haze
 Or darken'd glass, his texture we may
 see,
 So, God of hosts, the soul may gaze on
 Thee:—
 Jesus revealed, yet veiled the Deity.

THE ANGEL WHISPER.

SOMETIMES in the pause of busy life,
 When my mind is very still,
 There looks on me in mem'ry's glass,
 Without the call of will,
 A kind, young face from the land of youth,
 And when she comes I sigh,
 And my mind is held as with a spell
 Of an unseen spirit nigh.

Long, long ago, in boyhood time,
 She was my earliest love,
 But ere the flush of maiden prime,
 She joined the choir above:
 Her presence gives a sign of peace;
 All selfish thought is gone;
 I hear her silent words awhile,
 And then I am alone.

In the spirit land, hereafter,
 I shall meet an angel friend,
 Whose presence I shall know by thoughts,
 That with my spirit blend;
 She will tell me in life's pilgrimage
 She oftentimes was nigh,
 And looked on me from memory's glass,
 Till I answer'd with a sigh.

SOPHIA HELEN OLIVER.

SOPHIA HELEN OLIVER was born in the year 1811, at Lexington, Kentucky. In 1837 she was married to Joseph H. Oliver, a physician who is well known in southern Ohio. He was for six or eight years a leading Professor in the Eclectic Medical College at Cincinnati. Mrs. Oliver was a contributor to several of the early literary newspapers of Kentucky and Ohio. She wrote some of her best poems for the Cincinnati *Daily Message*, in 1841. The latest poems from her pen which we have seen, were contributed to the *Columbian and Great West*, in the years 1850 and 1851.

SHADOWS.

THEY are gliding, they are gliding,
O'er the meadows green and gay;
Like a fairy troop they're riding
Through the breezy woods away;
On the mountain-tops they linger
When the sun is sinking low,
And they point with giant finger
To the sleeping vale below.

They are flitting, they are flitting,
O'er the waving corn and rye,
And now they're calmly sitting
Neath the oak-tree's branches high.
And where the tired reaper
Hath sought the sheltering tree,
They dance above the sleeper
In light, fantastic glee.

They are creeping, they are creeping,
Over valley, hill, and stream,
Like the thousand fancies sweeping
Through a youthful poet's dream.
Now they mount on noiseless pinions
With the eagle to the sky—
Soar along those broad dominions
Where the stars in beauty lie.

They are dancing, they are dancing,
Where our country's banner bright
In the morning beam is glancing,
With its stars and stripes of light;
And where the glorious prairies
Spread out like garden bowers,
They fly along like fairies,
Or sleep beneath the flowers.

They are leaping, they are leaping,
Where a cloud beneath the moon
O'er the lake's soft breast is sleeping,
Lulled by a pleasant tune;
And where the fire is glancing
At twilight through the hall,
Tall specter forms are dancing
Upon the lofty wall.

They are lying, they are lying,
Where the solemn yew-tree waves,
And the evening winds are sighing
In the lonely place of graves;
And their noiseless feet are creeping,
With slow and stealthy tread,
Where the ancient church is keeping
Its watch above the dead.

Lo, they follow!—lo, they follow!
Or before flit to and fro

By mountain, stream, or hollow,
 Wherever man may go!
 And never for another
 Will the shadow leave his side—
 More faithful than a brother,
 Or all the world beside.

Ye remind me, ye remind me,
 O Shadows, pale and cold!
 That friends to earth did bind me,
 Now sleeping in the mould;
 The young, the loved, the cherished,
 Whose mission early done,
 In life's bright noontide perished,
 Like shadows in the sun.

The departed, the departed—
 I greet them with my tears—
 The true and gentle-hearted,
 The friends of earlier years.
 Their wings like shadows o'er me,
 Methinks, are spread for aye,
 Around, behind, before me,
 To guard the devious way.

MARK THE HOURS THAT SHINE.

In fair Italia's lovely land,
 Deep in a garden bower,
 A dial marks with shadowy hand
 Each sun-illumined hour;
 And on its fair, unsullied face,
 Is carved this flowing line
 (Some wandering bard has paused to trace):
 "I mark the hours that shine."

Oh, ye who in a friend's fair face
 Mark the defects alone,
 Where many a sweet, redeeming grace
 Doth for each fault atone—
 Go, from the speaking dial learn
 A lesson all divine;
 From faults that wound your fancy turn,
 And "mark the hours that shine."

When bending o'er the glowing page,
 Traced by a god-like mind,
 Whose burning thoughts from age to
 age
 Shall light and bless mankind—
 Why will ye seek mid gleaming gold
 For dross in every line,
 Dark spots upon the sun behold,
 Nor "mark the hours that shine."

Oh, ye who bask in fortune's light,
 Whose cups are flowing o'er,
 Yet through the weary day and night
 Still pine and sigh for more—
 Why will ye, when so richly blest,
 Ungratefully repine?
 Why sigh for joys still unpossessed,
 Nor "mark the hours that shine?"

And ye who toil from morn till night
 To earn your scanty bread,
 Are there no blessings rich and bright
 Around your pathway spread?
 The conscience clear, the cheerful heart,
 The trust in love divine,
 All bid desponding care depart,
 And "mark the hours that shine."

And ye who bend o'er friendship's tomb,
 In deep and voiceless woe,
 Who sadly feel no second bloom
 Your blighted hearts can know—
 Why will ye mourn o'er severed ties,
 While friends around you twine?
 Go! yield your lost one to the skies,
 And "mark the hours that shine."

Deep in the garden of each heart
 There stands a dial fair,
 And often is its snowy chart
 Dark with the clouds of care.
 Then go, and every shadow chase
 That dims its light divine,
 And write upon its gleaming face—
 "I mark the hours that shine."

MARGARET L. BAILEY.

MARGARET L. BAILEY, a daughter of Thomas Shands, was born in Sussex county, Virginia, on the twelfth day of December, 1812. When she was about six years of age her father removed to Ohio, and settled in the vicinity of Cincinnati. In 1833 Miss Shands married Gamaliel Bailey, then a physician in Cincinnati, who, in 1837, became the editor and proprietor of *The Philanthropist*, the well-known anti-slavery journal, which was merged into *The Cincinnati Morning Herald*, in the year 1843.

In 1844, Mrs. Bailey undertook the editorial management of *The Youth's Monthly Visitor*, a handsome quarto paper for little folks, which rapidly grew into favor and attained a large circulation. When, in 1847, Mr. Bailey removed from Cincinnati to Washington City, for the purpose of editing *The National Era*, Mrs. Bailey transferred the publication of the *Visitor* to that city, and continued it until 1852. She made it a welcome *Visitor* to thousands of households, the good wishes of which might well be coveted by any editor or author.

After Mr. Bailey's decease, in 1859, Mrs. Bailey was the publisher of the *National Era* until the time of its suspension, February, 1860. She now resides in Washington City. Between the care of an interesting family, and attentions to a circle of literary friends, by whom she is regarded with loving honor, her time has been so entirely occupied that she has not exercised her poetic faculties, unless in secret, for eight or ten years. Indeed, she does not take pride in the poems of her early years, and would probably question the poetic taste of any one who might indorse the saying of Rufus W. Griswold, that "they are informed with fancy, and a just understanding."

DUTY AND REWARD.

LABOR—wait! thy Master perished
Ere his task was done;
Count not lost thy fleeting moments,
Life hath but begun.

Labor! and the seed thou sowest
Water with thy tears;
God is faithful—he will give thee
Answer to thy prayers.

Wait in hope! though yet no verdure
Glad the longing eyes,

Thou shalt see the ripened harvest
Garnered in the skies.

Labor—wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storms above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear—

Wait in hope; the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

THE PAUPER CHILD'S BURIAL.

STRETCHED on a rude plank the dead
 pauper lay ;
 No weeping friends gathered to bear him
 away ;
 His white, slender fingers were clasped on
 his breast,
 The pauper child meekly lay taking his
 rest.

The hair on his forehead was carelessly
 parted ;
 No one cared for him, the desolate-hearted ;
 In life none had loved him—his pathway,
 all sear,
 Had not one sweet blossom its sadness to
 cheer.

No fond, gentle mother had ever caressed
 him,
 In tones of affection and tenderness blessed
 him ;
 For ere his eye greeted the light of the
 day,
 His mother had passed in her anguish
 away.

Poor little one ! often thy meek eyes have
 sought
 The smile of affection, of kindness un-
 bought,
 And wistfully gazing, in wondering sur-
 prise,
 That no one beheld thee with pitying eyes.

And when in strange gladness thy young
 voice was heard,
 As in winter's stern sadness the song of a
 bird,
 Harsh voices rebuked thee, and, cowering
 in fear,
 Thy glad song was hushed in a sob and a
 tear.

And when the last pang rent thy heart-
 strings in twain,
 And burst from thy bosom the last sign of
 pain,
 No gentle one soothed thee, in love's melt-
 ing tone,
 With fond arm around thee in tenderness
 thrown.

Stern voices and cold mingled strange in
 thine ear,
 With the songs of the angels the dying
 may hear ;
 And thrillingly tender, amid death's alarms,
 Was thy mother's voice welcoming thee to
 her arms.

Thy fragile form, wrapped in its coarse
 shroud, reposes
 In slumbers as sweet as if pillowed on
 roses ;
 And while on thy coffin the rude clods are
 press'd,
 The good Shepherd folds the shorn lamb
 to his breast.

MEMORIES.

OH ! pleasant are the memories
 Of childhood's forest home,
 And oft, amid the toils of life,
 Like blessed dreams they come :

Of sunset hours when I lay entranced,
 Mid shadows cool and green,
 Watching the winged insects gleam,
 In summer's golden sheen.

Their drowsy hum was a lullaby
 To nature's quiet sleeping,
 While o'er the meadow's dewy breast
 The evening winds were creeping.

The plowman's whistle heard afar,
To his humble home returning;
And faintly in the gathering shade
The fire-fly's lamp was burning.

Up in the old oak's pleasant shade,
Where mossy branches swing,
With gentle twitterings soft and low,
Nestling with fluttering wing—

Were summer birds, their tender notes
Like love's own fond caressing,
When a mother folds her little flock,
With a whispered prayer and blessing.

The cricket chirps from the hollow tree,
To the music of the rill,
And plaintively echoes through the wood
The song of the whippowil.

Tinged with the last faint light of day,
A white cloud in the west
Floats in the azure sea above,
Like a ship on ocean's breast.

The evening star as a beacon shines,
On the far horizon's verge;
And the wind moans through the distant
pines,
Like the troubled ocean's surge.

From lowly vales the rising mist
Curls up the hill-side green,
And its summit, 'twixt the earth and sky,
Like a fairy isle is seen.

Away in the depths of ether shine
The stars serenely bright—
Gems in the glorious diadem,
Circling the brow of night.

Our Father! if thy meaner works
Thus beautiful appear—
If such revealings of thy love
Enkindle rapture here—

If to our mortal sense thou dost
Thy treasures thus unfold;
When death shall rend this earthly vail,
How shall our eyes behold

Thy glory, when the spirit soars
Beyond the starry zone,
And in Thy presence folds her wing,
And bows before Thy throne!

ENDURANCE.

WHEN, upon wings of rainbow hues,
Hope flits across thy pathway here,
And gently as the morning breeze,
Her waving pinion dries thy tear,
Oh, yield not all thy soul to joy,
Let not her blandishments allure:
Life's greenest spot hath withered flowers—
Whate'er thy lot, thou must endure.

If, on the mountain's topmost cliff,
The flag of victory seems unfurled,
And Faith, exulting, sees afar
Earth's idol, Error, downward hurled,
Deem not the triumph thou shalt share—
God keeps his chosen vessels pure;
The final reckoning is on high;
On earth thy meed is, to endure.

With chastened heart, in humble faith,
Thy labor earnestly pursue,
As one who fears to such frail deeds
No recompense is due.
Wax not faint-hearted; while thou toil'st,
Thy bread and water shall be sure;
Leaving all else to God, be thou
Patient in all things to endure.

WILLIAM DANA EMERSON.

WILLIAM DANA EMERSON is one of the Western poets who have written chiefly and happily on themes suggested by local scenery or local history. He was born in the pioneer town, Marietta, Ohio, on the ninth day of July, 1813. His father was a lawyer and an editor. William was educated at Ohio University, where he graduated with distinction in 1836. In one of his poems, written in 1838, grateful memories of Athens and pleasant recollections of college life, are recorded. We quote two stanzas :

Sweet Athens! the home of learning and beauty,
How I long for thy hills and thy rich balmy air ;
For thy wide-spreading greens, smiling sweetly on duty,
And the valley beneath, and the stream wending there !
On the North the high rock, on the South the lone ferry ;
The ville on the East, and the mill on the West,
The lawn where the gravest at play-hours were merry,
And the walks by the footstep of beauty made bless'd :

The old college building—where Enfield and Stewart
Oft found me ensconced in the cupola cool ;
While I glanced now and then, mid the study of true art,
At the names graven there by the pocket edge-tool ;
Oh, time has diminished the strength of my spirit,
The visions of youth are my glories no more ;
But still one estate from thee I inherit,
The old right of way to the stars and their lore.

After leaving college Mr. Emerson taught school in Kentucky and in Illinois. School-keeping in Illinois in 1839 was well calculated to make a young man thoroughly acquainted with the necessary peculiarities of pioneer life—peculiarities which in several of his poems Mr. Emerson graphically describes.

Returning to Ohio, Mr. Emerson studied law, and has, for ten or fifteen years, kept an office in Cincinnati. But he is not much known at the bar. His disposition is retiring. He shuns society, and avoids the haunts where men "most do congregate,"—except when he has occasion to visit a public library, and then, though the librarian may learn his name, he will find it difficult to learn aught else respecting him.

We first became acquainted with Mr. Emerson as a poet, through the *Herald of Truth*, published by Lewis A. Hine, in Cincinnati, in 1847 and 1848. Since that time he has not often contributed to magazines or newspapers ; but in 1850 a volume, composed of his poems, was printed by his brother, George D. Emerson, at Springfield, Ohio, for private circulation. It was entitled "Occasional Thoughts in Verse," and is a duodecimo of one hundred and two pages—containing thirty-nine poems. The poems selected for this work are from that volume, excepting "The Dying Saint" and "Who are the Free?" which are here first published.

TO THE OHIO RIVER.

Flow on, majestic River!

A mightier bids thee come,
And join him on his radiant way,
To seek an ocean home;
Flow on amid the vale and hill,
And the wide West with beauty fill.

I have seen thee in the sunlight,
With the summer breeze at play,
When a million sparkling jewels shone
Upon thy rippled way;
How fine a picture of the strife
Between the smiles and tears of life!

I have seen thee when the storm cloud
Was mirrored in thy face,
And the tempest started thy white waves
On a merry, merry race;
And I've thought how little sorrow's wind
Can stir the deeply flowing mind.

I have seen thee when the morning
Hath tinged with lovely bloom
Thy features, waking tranquilly
From night's romantic gloom;
If every life had such a morn,
It were a blessing to be born!

And when the evening heavens
Were on thy canvas spread,
And wrapt in golden splendor, Day
Lay beautiful and dead;
Thus sweet were man's expiring breath,
Oh, who would fear the embrace of death!

And when old Winter paved thee
For the fiery foot of youth;
And thy soft waters underneath
Were gliding, clear as truth;
So oft an honest heart we trace,
Beneath a sorrow-frozen face.

And when thou wert a chaos
Of crystals thronging on,

Till melted by the breath of Spring,
Thou bidst the steamers run;
Then thousands of the fair and free
Were swiftly borne along on thee.

But now the Sun of summer
Hath left the sand-bars bright,
And the steamer's thunder, and his fires
No more disturb the night;
Thou seemest like those fairy streams
We sometimes meet with in our dreams.

How Spring has decked the forest!
That forest kneels to thee;
And the long canoe and the croaking
skiff,

Are stemming thy current free;
Thy placid marge is fringed with green,
Save where the villas intervene.

Again the rush of waters
Unfurls the flag of steam,
And the river palace in its pomp,
Divides the trembling stream;
Thy angry surges lash the shore,
Then sleep as sweetly as before.

Then Autumn pours her plenty,
And makes thee all alive,
With floating barks that show how well
Thy cultured valleys thrive;
The undressing fields yield up their grain,
To dress in richer robes again.

Too soon thy brimming channel
Has widened to the hill,
As if the lap of wealthy plain
With deeper wealth to fill;
Oh! take not more than thou dost give,
But let the toil-worn cotter live.

Oh! could I see thee slumber,
As thou wast wont of yore,
When the Indian in his birchen bark,
Sped lightly from the shore;
Then fiery eyes gleamed through the wood,
And thou wast often tinged with blood.

The tomahawk and arrow,
 The wigwam and the deer,
 Made up the red man's little world,
 Unknown to smile or tear ;
 The spire, the turret and the tree,
 Then mingled not their shades on thee.

Now an hundred youthful cities
 Are gladdened by thy smile,
 And thy breezes sweetened through the
 fields,
 The husbandman beguile ;
 Those fields were planted by the brave,—
 Oh ! let not fraud come near their grave.

Roll on, my own bright River,
 In loveliness sublime ;
 Through every season, every age,
 The favorite of Time !
 Would that my soul could with thee roam,
 Through the long centuries to come !

I have gazed upon thy beauty,
 Till my heart is wed to thee ;
 Teach it to flow o'er life's long plain,
 In tranquil majesty ;
 Its channel growing deep and wide—
 May Heaven's own sea receive its tide !

THE HILLS.

SOME pine for the verdured plain,
 Some long for the boundless sea ;
 And some for the mountain above the rain,
 But the hills, the hills for me !

How bright is the swelling sail,
 As it mingles with the sky !
 How rich the snow cap, resting pale
 On the peak where the breezes die !

Here from this blooming hill,
 The wave and the mount I see ;

The plain and the river that winds at its
 will—
 The hills ! the hills ! for me.

The hills fear not the storm ;
 Disease delights in the vale ;
 Here the head is cool, and the heart is
 warm—
 Hail to the green hills, hail !

WHO ARE THE FREE?

As once I rode through the deep green
 wood,
 I heard a voice that stirred my blood,
 With its clarion tones that were not rude,
 And it asked, " Who are the free ? "
 There was clapping of wings as the music
 rung,
 And the giant trees took up the song,
 That shook the skies as it rolled along,
 And a wild bird turned to me :
 " We tread the forest, or swim the air,
 No despot ruins our pastures fair,
 We are the free."
 And the wild woods echoed the thrilling air,
 " We are the free."

As once I rode through the prairie vast,
 On the ocean land my eyes were cast,
 To find where the wall of the forest passed,
 But no forest wall could see ;
 A calm, deep voice sprang out of the earth,
 That seemed, by its tone, of heavenly birth,
 And its music filled the horizon's girth,
 And it asked, Who are the free ?
 The wild flowers looked with sparkling eye ;
 They seemed the stars of a brighter sky,
 And they answered, " We are the free."
 And the bright clouds echoed from on high,
 " We are the free."

TO A LOCUST-TREE.

I LOVE thee, locust-tree,
 Where'er or when I see,
 Not for thy form in which I trace
 The gently curving lines of grace ;
 But for those forms of glee
 Thou bring'st to memory,
 My earliest playmates 'neath the merry
 locust-tree.

I love thee, locust-tree,
 Not for the breezes free,
 That play with thy velvet-fingered
 leaves ;
 Nor the fragrance thy rich blossom gives
 To the ever-busy air,
 But for those faces fair—
 Bathed in the locust's cooling shade—again
 I see them there.

I love thee, locust-tree,
 For the song that rung from thee,
 Like an angel choir, when the morning
 beam
 Awakened me from a glorious dream.
 The song it came unsought
 Through the window of my cot,
 And roused a thrill of gratitude for my
 happy, humble lot.

I love thee, locust-tree,
 For my mother seems to be
 Now at my side, as wont of yore,
 When she taught me nature's noblest
 lore :
 I see her now as oft,
 With hand and voice so soft,
 She pointed through the boughs of green,
 and bade me look aloft !

I love thee, locust-tree ;
 My father, where is he ?
 When the thunder roared, and the light-
 ning came,
 And wound the locust with wire of flame,

How sudden was my cry !
 He searched my frightened eye,
 "Son, fear the voice of Him who thunders
 from on high."

I love thee, locust-tree—
 'Twas a mournful day to me,
 When 'neath the shade in front of our
 cot,
 My sister's coffin was slowly brought ;
 And a dying leaf did fall
 From the locust on the pall,
 And I wept as we bore her clay—not her—
 to the narrow funeral hall.

I love thee, locust-tree,
 Thou seem'st a family,
 That I may never see again,
 Till the car of Death bear us o'er the
 plain ;
 But if a landscape sweet
 Our meeting eyes shall greet,
 In another, happier world, 'neath a locust
 may we meet !

 SUNSHINE.

WHEN the sky is mild and blue,
 And the light drops down like dew,
 I will sit me 'neath the shade,
 And look out upon the glade.
 How blessed the shine,
 To the sheep and the kine ;
 To the drowsical plant,
 To the architect ant ;
 To the farmer in the weeds,
 To the gardener with his seeds,
 To the starving washerwoman,
 To the harvest-gathering yeoman ;
 To the sailor on the sea,
 To the dreamer like of me ;
 To the buoyant-souled equestrian,
 To the landless gay pedestrian,

Who looks on all,
 With the eye of one,
 Who can dare to call
 The world his own ;
 For all mankind are brothers,
 And what is one man's is another's,
 The vast estate of one Kind Sire ;
 The Sun is but a family fire !

WHO IS RICH ?

'Tis he through whose deep channeled soul,
 The steady stream of Time shall roll,
 And leave its gold and gems behind,
 To fill the coffers of the mind ;
 Who has a home in every clime,
 A heavenly Friend in every time ;
 Who calls the blooming Earth his mother,
 And every son of Earth his brother :
 Heaven keeps for him a golden niche—
 He has the world, and he is rich.

THE WEST.

THE West ! the West ! the sunset clime,
 The last, the loveliest path of Time ;
 Where Glory spreads his loftiest flight,
 Ere Fate shall bid the world good night,
 And Spirit rises high and higher,
 Above the old earth's funeral pyre !

The West ! the West ! the favored East
 Has spread for thee her treasured feast ;
 Her commerce brings that science here,
 Which cost a dozen centuries dear ;
 And Liberty, that fled her shore,
 Rises on thee to set no more !

The West ! the West ! where is the West ?
 'Twas here—'tis on the prairie's breast ;

It follows the declining Sun
 Along the banks of Oregon ;
 It will be where he lays his pillow
 Upon the wide Pacific's billow.

The West ! the West ! and o'er the sea,
 Fast as the Sun the shadows flee ;
 Religion, Learning, Freedom high,
 Their mantles drop while passing by ;
 On China's towers their flag is gleaming,
 And wakes whole empires from their
 dreaming.

The West ! the West ! still onward west ;
 And now the Earth indeed is bless'd ;
 Lo ! here the spot where Eden stood,
 And there where Jesus shed his blood !
 The morning star above suspended !
 The East and West together blended !

THE DYING SAINT.

LET me go ! my Saviour calls me,
 Lo ! I see his smiling eye ;
 If 'tis death that now befalls me,
 'Tis a blessed thing to die.
 Glories on my vision flow ;
 Oh ! to reach them let me go !

Now I see my guardian angel
 Waiting, watching round my bed ;
 See ! he bears a crown of glory,
 Soon to place it on my head ;
 There the Lamb of God I meet—
 I will cast it at his feet.

Hark, I hear those angel voices !
 Hark ! they bid me quickly come,
 All is ready, all is waiting ;
 List ! I hear them say, come home !
 Brother, sister, you will come ;
 Weep not, love, they'll bring you home.

EDWIN R. CAMPBELL.

EDWIN R. CAMPBELL, a brother of Lewis D. Campbell, well known as a member of Congress, and a leading politician in southern Ohio, is, we believe, a native of Butler county, Ohio. He learned the printing business in Cincinnati, and in youth was a frequent writer for the newspapers of that city.

In 1841 Mr. Campbell was the editor of the Cincinnati *Daily Times*. In 1848 and 1849 he conducted the *Cincinnati Daily Dispatch*, and was afterward one of the editors of the *Ohio Statesman*. He is now in California. His poems were written chiefly for the *Hesperian*, and for the *Knickerbocker*, of New York City.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

DARKNESS was on the mighty deep ;
No light was kindled there ;
As yet a drear, unbroken sleep,
Lay on the sky and air ;
Not yet the sun's all-quickenng ray
Had given to earth the primal day.

No morning light had ever shone
Upon the new-formed world,
Nor had the evening's starry zone
Its splendors yet unfurl'd,
To light the dark and trackless waste,
On which His impress had been placed.

"Let there be light!"—and as the word
Came forth o'er earth and sea,
A thousand angel harps were heard
To sound with melody.
And voices mingled with the chord—
Behold the light—"Praise ye the Lord!"

"Let there be light!"—the lightning wove
Around its dazzling chain,
And from the darkness far above
Descended on the plain,
And wrote upon the face of night,
In burning words, "Let there be light!"

And light was on the ocean wave,
And in the dashing spray ;
Far in the deep, the glitt'ring cave
Received the vivid ray,
And many a gem with luster bright,
Flashed back the word—"Let there be light."

"Let there be light!"—the rainbow's hue,
Where mingle gorgeous dyes,
Far in the vaulted arch of blue
Is painted on the skies ;
Its scroll unfolds to mortal sight—
Behold, oh man ! "Let there be light!"

Then praise to Him whose power divine
Lit up the glittering skies,
Who taught earth's glowing orb to shine
With light that never dies,
Who from the deep raised earth in air
And set His seal of glory there.

"Let there be light!"—while time remains,
By power benigntest given,
O'er earth's benighted hills and plains—
The glorious light of heaven,
That breaks through Superstition's gloom,
And sheds a halo round the tomb.

REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

WITH young women just completing their teens, poetry very often becomes an absorbing passion and a power of no small account; which passion gradually gives way to the demands of domestic duties, and which power, though it may ripen into a mature intellectual force, becomes less and less exercised, as the crown of motherhood opens a new empire for the affectional dominion of the woman-soul. With few exceptions, this is the universal truth of female authorship, which exceptions are generally in favor of those women who marry late in life, or not at all.

The active literary career of Mrs. Nichols is embraced within the period of twelve years, from about 1840, though some of her riper productions are sparsely scattered over the five years subsequent to this period, while for the last few years she seems to have withdrawn almost entirely from the field of belle-lettres.

Rebecca S. Reed was born in Greenwich, New Jersey. While she was yet a child, her father, E. B. Reed, a physician, removed with his family to the West, which has since been her home, with the exception of two or three years following 1852, when she resided at Philadelphia and in New Jersey. While residing at Louisville, Kentucky, in the year 1838, Miss Reed was married to Willard Nichols, whom she accompanied to St. Louis, Missouri, in 1840, where Mr. N. embarked in the publication of a daily news and miscellaneous paper, in the editing of which, Mrs. Nichols assisted her husband, though she was yet almost a child in years and experience. In 1841 Mr. Nichols and wife left St. Louis to take up their abode in Cincinnati, where they continued to reside most of the time until 1851. This was a period of considerable literary activity in that region, which eventuated in the bringing out of some of the best writers the West has ever produced. Contemporaneous with these, Mrs. Nichols ripened into the acknowledged mistress of song, with a popularity in advance of all her lady competitors of that day.

Mrs. Nichols's earliest poems were published in the *Louisville News Letter*, and *Louisville Journal*, over the signature of ELLEN. In 1844 she published a small volume entitled "Berenice, or the Curse of Minna, and other Poems." The principal poem in this volume is a respectable girl-tragedy, of the school that has since blossomed into the sensational literature of the Eastern periodical press. Several of the minor pieces are of decided merit. Only a small edition of this book was printed, and it is now rarely to be met with.

In 1846 Mrs. Nichols conducted a literary periodical in Cincinnati, called *The Guest*, which attained to considerable popularity, and in which she published many of her poetical compositions of that period. She was also a contributor to *Graham's Magazine*, *The Knickerbocker*, and other Eastern periodicals. Early in her Cincinnati career, Mrs. Nichols contributed to the Cincinnati *Herald*, conducted by the late Gamaliel Bailey, a series of sprightly papers under the *nom de plume* of KATE CLEVELAND.

This mysterious irruption into the field of literature, was no small puzzle to the critics and amateur literateurs of the Queen City, who, after exhausting all their ingenuity in futile endeavors to discover the author, were forced to acknowledge that, whoever "Kate Cleaveland" might be, she was certainly a bright particular star in the literary firmament. When it became known that the mysterious mask was no other than Mrs. Nichols, that lady had received an indorsement of literary peerage, as flattering to herself as it had been confounding to her admirers.

In 1851, under the patronage of Nicholas Longworth, was published a large and elegant volume of Mrs. Nichols's later poems, under the title of "Songs of the Heart and of the Hearth-Stone," from the press of Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co., Philadelphia, and J. F. Desilver, Cincinnati. Such was the established popularity of our author at this time, that the appreciative and enterprising publishers of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, M. D. Potter & Co., entered into an arrangement with her, to pay a liberal price for an original poem for each week, if she chose to write so often, which arrangement was continued for some time, to the honor of the publishers and a just recognition of the worth of the writer. A collection of these and other later poems, with a selection from her previous publications, would furnish material for a new volume, which would add largely to the reputation of the author as a writer of lofty and impassioned verse. The two published volumes do not contain any thing of soulful eloquence equal to some of these later pieces, which are as yet only the waifs of newspaper broidery.

From her first entrance into literary life, Mrs. Nichols has been tossed upon the waves of circumstance. The untimely death of children, and the fluctuations of business, were throwing their shadows over her young years, and though of a most buoyant and hopeful spirit, she was forced to mingle many tears with the sunniest experiences of her life. Her natural buoyancy, and a high-bred personal pride—not an offensive gaud, but a nice perception of the proprieties of civilized society—have been the inner props to sustain her, where ordinary character would have broken down hopelessly long before. The strongest and brightest phase of her character is that of a Christian mother, and the wail of bereaved maternity is the most touching utterance of her pen. Next to this, are the infinite yearnings of a soul that would find its perfect complement in a love as deep and holy as its own. Add to these, an instinctive leaning toward the quiet of domestic life, and if fortune had vouchsafed her a permanent and prosperous home with husband and children, the world would have heard little of her minstrelsy, after the first flush of her girlish exuberance, "in her life's exultant time."

With these qualifications, it is not to be expected that the poetry of Mrs. Nichols should exhibit imagination so much as emotion, or that it should deal as eloquently with visible nature, as with the reflective pulses of passion; and that her chastened strains should have been born of a sorrow that sits above the tomb, as was written of her by a poet friend. Of seven children, only two remain, whose pleasant portraits she has given us, in the lines to "Wee Willie" and "Lily Bell." Of all her cotemporaries in the bright galaxy of song, who clustered in unenvious rivalry at that day,

with none was Mrs. Nichols in such perfect chord, as with the true and simple-hearted Otway Curry, and whose untimely grave she has bedewed with the holiest of woman's tears.

Notwithstanding the palpable bias which we charge against the versatility of Mrs. Nichols's writings, there are in her several productions a range of subject and a felicity of handling, in various and dissimilar styles, which effectually contradict the idea that she was radically confined to any class of subject or mode of composition, as the following selections amply show her equally at home in the dainty dalliance of cradle song, the high-voiced minstrelsy of philosophy, the weird mysticisms of imagination, and the smothered soul-cry of anguish. With all these qualifications, we do not hesitate to present our author as worthy of an honorable place beside the noblest of the children of song, in our Hesperian Republic of letters.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A BOON, oh, God of love!
Who dwelleth in the sphered realms afar,
Who hath "a charm to stay the morning
star
In his lone course" above.

Before thy throne we bow,
Thou God, most infinitely holy; just
Are thy decrees to man; what puny dust
Dare brave thine angered brow?

A boon we humbly crave
From thy right hand, that hath mysterious
power
To chain the rushing winds, renew the dy-
ing hour,
And animate the grave.

Look down upon me, light
Of the eternal heavens! o'er my soul
Thy mantle spread, and with god-like con-
trol,
Dispel this darkling night.

I feel thy presence now;
And thou wilt gaze upon my sinless boy,
The star that centers all a mother's joy;
Look on his stainless brow.

Shall aught like crimson shame
E'er blot that lovely and unsullied page?
Shall feelings war, and sinful passions rage
Within that fragile frame?

I would not, at his nod,
That titled honors and a deathless name
Should wait, nor wealth of land or fame—
I ask not these, oh, God!

Nor may ambitious breath
E'er taint this pure young being with a hope
That aught that appertains to dust can cope
With stern, relentless Death!

But till the mouldering sod
Shall cover him from view, may he be bold
In thy defense—and may he ever hold
Communion with his God!

THE PHILOSOPHER TOAD.

Down deep in a hollow, so damp and so
cold,
Where oaks are by ivy o'ergrown,
The gray moss and lichen creep over the
mould,
Lying loose on a ponderous stone.

Now, within this huge stone, like a king on
his throne,

A toad has been sitting more years than is
known ;

And strange as it seems, yet he constantly
deems

The world standing still while he's dream-
ing his dreams—

Does this wonderful toad, in his cheerful
abode

In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'er-
grown.

Down deep in the hollow, from morning
till night,

Dun shadows glide over the ground,
Where a water-course once, as it sparkled
with light,

Turned a ruined old mill-wheel around :
Long years have passed by since its bed
became dry,

And the trees grew so close, scarce a
glimpse of the sky

Is seen in the hollow, so dark and so damp,
Where the glow-worm at noonday is trim-
ming his lamp ;

And hardly a sound, from the thicket around,
Where the rabbit and squirrel leap over
the ground,

Is heard by the toad, in his spacious abode,
In the innermost heart of that ponderous
stone,

By the gray-haired moss and the lichen
o'ergrown.

Down deep in that hollow the bees never
come ;

The shade is too black for a flower ;
And jewel-winged birds, with their musical
hum,

Never flash in the night of that bower :
But the cold-blooded snake, in the edge of
the brake,

Lies amid the rank grass half asleep, half
awake ;

And the ashen-white snail, with the slime
in its trail,

Moves wearily on, like a life's tedious tale,
Yet disturbs not the toad in his spacious
abode,

In the innermost heart of that flinty old
stone,

By the gray-haired moss and the lichen
o'ergrown.

Down deep in a hollow some wiseacres sit,
Like the toad in his cell in the stone ;
Around them, in daylight, the blind owlets
flit,

And their creeds are by ivy o'ergrown :
Their streams may go dry, and the wheels
cease to ply,

And their glimpses be few of the sun and
the sky,

Still they hug to their breast every time-
honored guest,

And slumber and doze in inglorious rest ;

For no progress they find in the wide
sphere of mind,

And the world's standing still with all of
their kind ;

Contented to dwell down deep in the well,
Or move, like the snail, in the crust of his
shell ;

Or live, like the toad, in his narrow abode,
With their souls closely wedged in a thick
wall of stone,

By the gray weeds of prejudice rankly
o'ergrown.

THE LOST SOUL.

My soul went out in darkness, like the
moon,

When sudden clouds drive o'er the mid-
night sky ;

And life was at its zenith ; the hot noon
Had scorched and withered with its flaming
eye,

All of my spring's sweet children that
could die;
But some there were, though shrunken by
the fire,
Bright blossoms grown for immortality—
Stood up beneath the fierceness of that ire,
As strings, though broke, will cling unto
the master's lyre.

The year was young—it was the tender
May,
When violet-sandaled feet were wet with
dew;
The roses budded on the nodding spray,
And leaves were green upon the solemn
yew
That from the bosom of the church-yard
grew;
The moss assumed a softer, deeper tone,
Where streams tripped lightly o'er their
pebbled way,
And in its emerald robes, with diamond
zone,
The Earth lay like a child that sleeps
without a moan.

The soul that wandered through the halls
of night,
Where darkness curtained every windowed
dome,
Was stung to madness ere it fled the light;
And as a star unsphered might wildly roam
Through seas of space, and airy clouds of
foam,
Blind to all laws that govern, rule, or guide,
Still shooting onward in its dreary flight!
Thus did that soul from this warm life di-
vide,
And rush where darkness rolls its strong
and swollen tide.

The year was young, and to the blushing
morn
That came all smiling from the arms of
night,

And to the soft-eyed flowers, then newly
born,
And to the winds that whispered their de-
light,
Where wingéd odors nestled from the sight,
My heart, in passionate entreaty cried
(Still bleeding inward from a deadly thorn),
“Oh, give me back my soul! the true—the
tried”—
But echo's empty voice alone to it replied!

Along new paths, o'er beds of perfumed
thyme,
Whose soul exhaled beneath my lingering
tread;
And under roofs, where soft the yellow
lime
Shone like faint stars amid the leaves o'er-
head;
And through the valleys where the way-
worn dead
Had made firm covenant with Death for
rest
From all the tortures of this present time,
This heart, still throbbing wildly in its
breast,
My half-reluctant feet yet onward, onward
pressed.

Through lone, black forests, and through
blacker caves,
The darkness rustling like a velvet pall,
Where roars the sound of unseen, hurry-
ing waves,
That dash against the adamant wall,
Or rush all sullen to their dreadful fall!
No star e'er lighting the perpetual gloom,
But where the imprisoned wind more
hoarsely raves,
Whirling its victims to an awful doom,
If guideless they go down the fearful, sun-
less tomb!

On, o'er frail bridges swung from steep to
steep
Of cloud-defying cliffs, whose dizzy height

The fearless chamois scarce would dare to leap !

While far below, oh, wan and dismal sight !

Lay bleaching bones : the traveler shrinks in fright,

As leaning midway o'er the deep abyss,
His shuddering nerves like adders o'er him creep !

While flashing through his brain are thoughts like this—

“How short a step is here to lasting woe or bliss !”

And onward still ! through long, bright summer days,

When sunshine rippled o'er a sea of grass ;

Down mossy hollows—over briery ways—
Through lonely gorge and arched and rocky pass,

Whose gloomy grandeur pierced my heart—
—alas !

That not a moment of one perished hour,
E'er held a rainbow in its glittering rays,

To lure me up to an immortal bower,
Where Hope, divinely bright, shines out

through cloud and shower !

At length the Autumn, drunken deep with wines,

Drained from the purple grape, reeled o'er the land ;

His frosty fingers pinched the rambling vines ;

His breath came cutting through the breezes bland ;

On fruit and flower was laid a palsying hand ;

The long-drawn notes of insect-lyres no more

Thrilled the young twilight of the whispering pines ;

A stillness stole along the wood and shore,
And Summer's gentle trance, with all its joys, was o'er.

But ever still was this my heart's shrill cry
(That, like a prisoned eagle, beat its bars),

Oh ! give me back my soul, thou pure, blue sky,

Or draw me upward to thy sphered stars,
Enthroned like gods upon their flaming

cars,

Their wheels strike fire as swift they roll
through space—

Oh, leave me not alone, my soul, to die !

Give me one print thy flying track to trace,

Lest, lifting up my voice, I curse thee and thy race !

But the sky heard not, and the moon grew dim,

As mists wound upward from the sleeping vale ;

Like giant forms, they climbed the heaven's blue rim,

And all the stars grew sudden faint and pale,

As through the forests came the hollow wail

Of spectral winds, that madly swept along,

And, in the pauses of the ocean's hymn,

Burst into chorus wild and deep and strong,

Till all the caves of night o'erflowed with mournful song !

Then, by the margin of that mighty river
That rolls between us and the shores of

rest,

Whose bitter waves flow on, and on, forever,

With hapless shipwrecks on their heaving breast,

Drifting, like shadows, toward the climes unblest—

My wandering feet were stayed—and there I mourned

The broken arrows in life's golden quiver,

The ashes dead that on hope's altar burned ;

While all my vital part for its lost essence yearned.

And still I sit among the rustling reeds,
The plumed flags that rock upon the breeze;
Amid the sands, and shells, and briny
weeds,

And broken boughs of branching coral trees,
The sparkling waifs of dim and distant
seas ;—

My heart, still wailing that which fled be-
fore,

Counts its lost moments, as a nun her
beads,

With eager haste, to pass beyond the shore
Where anguished ones may rest, and night
returns no more !



THE SHADOW.

TWICE beside the crumbling well,
Where the lichen clingeth fast—

Twice the shadow on them fell,

And the breeze went wailing past.

“Shines the moon this eve, as brightly

As the harvest-moon may shine ;

Stands each star that glimmers nightly,

Like a saint, within its shrine ;

Whence the shade, then, whence the shad-
ow ?

Canst thou tell, sweet lady mine ?”

But the lady's cheek was pale,

And her lips were marble white,

As she clasped her silken vail,

Floating in the silver light ;

Like an angel's wing it glistened,

Like a sybil seemed the maid ;

But in vain the lover listened ;

Silence on her lips was laid—

Though they moved, no sound had broken
Through the stillness of the glade.

Brighter grew her burning eyes ;

Wan and thin the rounded cheek ;

Was it terror or surprise,

That forbade the lips to speak ?

To his heart, then, creeping slowly,

Came a strange and deadly fear ;

Words and sounds profane, unholy,

Stole into his shrinking ear ;

And the moon sank sudden downward,

Leaving earth and heaven drear !

Slowly from the lady's lips

Burst a deep and heavy sigh,

As from some long, dark eclipse,

Rose the red moon in the sky ;

Saw he then the lady kneeling,

Cold and fainting by the well ;

Eyes, once filled with tender meaning,

Closed beneath some hidden spell ;

What was heard he dared not whisper,

What he feared were death to tell.

The little hand was wondrous fair,

Which to him so wildly clung ;

Raven was the glossy hair

From off the snowy forehead flung ;

Much too fair, that hand, for staining

With a crime of darkest dye :

But the moon again is waning

In the pale and starless sky ;

Hark ! what words are slowly falling

On the breeze that sweeps them by ?

“Touch her not !” the voice it said,

“Wrench thy mantle from her grasp ;”

Thus the disembodied dead

Warns from that polluting clasp ;

“Touch her not, but still look on her ;

All an angel seemeth she ;

Yet the guilty stains upon her

Shame the fiend's dark company !

But her hideous crime is nameless

Under heaven's canopy.”

Twice beside the crumbling well,

Where the lichen clingeth fast ;

Twice the shadow on them fell,

And the breeze went wailing past ;—

Twice the voice's hollow warning,

Pierced the haunted midnight air ;

Then the golden light of morning
 Streamed upon the lady there;
 They who found her, stark and lonely,
 Said the corse was very fair.

—

WEE WILLIE.

OUR Willie is a little boy,
 I do not know a bolder;
 And, though his years are scarcely two,
 He seems, to us, much older;
 He is a famous hand at play,
 With horse and whip, or rattle,
 And more than half the summer-day,
 Delights us with his prattle.

Wee Willie loves the open air,
 Far from the dusty city;
 And though he's brown as any hue,
 To us he's fair and pretty.
 We see him not as others see,
 Perhaps, not half so clearly,
 Yet, if more beautiful to us,
 'Tis—that we love more dearly.

Wee Willie has a little song,
 He sings when he is merry,—
 Each small word lingering on his lip,
 Like bird upon a cherry,—
 He has not learned to utter, yet,
 His thoughts, in speech unbroken;
 But deepest joy to us they give,
 Although but partly spoken.

Wee Willie has some naughty ways,
 His warmest friends displeasing,—
 Is willful when his sport is crossed,
 And fond of noise and teasing:
 But then he is so small a boy,
 We hope by word and letter,
 To teach him ere he grows a man,
 Some gentler way, and better.

Wee Willie is the last of four,—
 The others sweetly slumber;

For counting o'er our little flock,
 Three angels now we number:
 Three angels gone, and in our hearts
 Three wounds our grief attesting:
 And in the church-yard, side by side,
 Three little coffins resting.

Wee Willie is our only child,—
 Our hope—our bud of brightness;
 He came, a bird, in sorrow's gloom,
 With song and smile of lightness;
 What wonder, then, that while we love,
 It is with fear and trembling,
 Lest, in this happy, healthful guise,
 Dark Death should be dissembling.

Wee Willie! may that Mighty Arm,
 Which guards His children ever,
 Give strength unto thy faltering steps,
 And to each weak endeavor.
 Our Father! fill Wee Willie's heart
 With thought and purpose holy,
 And grant to him that priceless gem—
 A spirit meek and lowly.

—

A LAMENT.

I DO lament me!—If my love had died—
 Had sought the verge of Death's ex-
 treme abyss,
 Garbed in immortal truth! they would
 have lied
 Who said that grief had not been heaven
 to this!

I might have risen from the stunning blow
 And wept and raved, accusing madly,
 Heaven!
 Then midst the sudden blasphemy of woe
 Dropped by the dead, and prayed to be
 forgiven!

I might have grown appalled and shrunk
away
From the eternal paleness on that brow!
And from those eyes that made my dark-
ness day,
Eclipsed forever! by their curtaining
snow.

I might have long consumed the dismal
nights
With fasting vigils; and have flung
aside
All thoughts, all feelings, hopes and young
delights,
That were my solace, ere my lover died.

Soon I had worn a path across the sward,
To that new-shapen mound among the
flowers,
There, like a stricken, love-forsaken bard,
To sing sad anthems to the moaning
hours!

Bereft of thee, the sun had shone in vain!
No star had gilt the darkness of my
gloom;
My only joy, each year, to hail again
Spring's flowery footprints round thy
grassy tomb!

I do lament me!—Though earth holds
thee, still
Do I not know thou'rt wholly dead to
me?
That never more thy name can wake the
thrill
That stirred each trembling pulse to ec-
stasy!

The dreamy passions of the quickening
spring—
The faint, delicious languor of her mood,
Shall round my soul no more their sorcery
fling,
Or loose the currents of my frozen blood.

The floating fragrance of the summer air—
The dazzling radiance of the evening
skies—

The brooding night that seems in breath-
less prayer;
All are as naught to my obdurate eyes.

For I am dead to beauty and to love,
Since thou hast died thus early unto
me:—

The flowers below, the burning stars above,
Are linked in thought with perfidy and
thee!

I do lament me! Yet no folded palms,
Nor "outward show" of unremitting
grief,
Shall ask of Pity, crystal drops, for alms,
As by the wayside, beggars crave relief.

For I have wrapped me in an ermined
pride,
And haughty scorn is my familiar friend;
And if I weep, the weakness I deride,
While shame and anger with my suffer-
ings blend.

I do lament me! List! I pledge this
draught
Of myrrh and rue and fringing worm-
wood's gall

To deep Oblivion!—Aye! the fiends have
laughed!
I live no longer, in forgetting all!

THE POET'S ISLE.

ALL night long, my soul is haunted
By a dream of other days—
Of a flowery isle, enchanted,
Hidden from the fierce sun's rays;
Lighted by the softened splendor
Of a holy, harvest-moon,
And the saint-like eyes, so tender,
Glowing at the midnight noon.

In this green and blooming island,
 Cluster sweets of every clime;
 All the charms of vale, and highland,
 Ripening with the breath of Time:
 Fruits of mellow gold, the brightest,
 Hang on branches, drooping low;
 Birds of song, with plumes the whitest,
 Drift like snow-flakes to and fro.

Wind-harps swing in every blossom,
 And each viewless, wandering air,
 Cradled on the Ocean's bosom,
 Hastes to waken music there:
 Grasses long, transparent, waving—
 Mosses, thick with buds inlaid,
 When my soul repose is craving,
 Woo me to their velvet shade.

Round about, the waves are flowing,
 Murmuring wonders of the deep—
 Of the coral forests, growing
 Where the emerald ivies creep:—
 Of the lamp-like jewels, shining
 In the fretted, sea-washed halls,
 And the rainbow-shells entwining,
 Garlanding the crystal walls.

Many a song like this they've sung me
 In the old enchanted hours,
 Ere Life's serpent-woes had stung me,
 Couched amid love's purple flowers!
 Many a song, of wondrous sweetness,
 Which my heart can ne'er forget,
 Bearing with their dream-like fleetness,
 My most passionate regret!

Well I know the luster beaming
 From those soft and cloudless skies;
 Well the odors, faintly teeming
 With the breath of Paradise:
 Well I know the rush of feeling
 Overwhelming heart and brain,
 And the subtle rapture stealing—
 Rapture which resembles pain.

When or where my youthful spirit
 Found this sparkling isle of bliss,

Which the angels might inherit
 (With no stint of happiness),
 I've no power to tell in numbers,
 And slight knowledge where to place
 That which, haunting all my slumbers,
 No existence has in space!

In the fadeless realms of Fairy,—
 In Imagination's clime,
 Where the banners, silken, airy,
 Float above the walls of time;
 There this Poet's Isle may wander,
 Like a planet lost at birth,
 Till the enamored soul, grown fonder—
 Meets it midway from the Earth!

LITTLE NELL.

SPRING, with breezes cool and airy,
 Opened on a little fairy;
 Ever restless, making merry,
 She, with pouting lips of cherry,
 Lisped the words she could not master,
 Vexed that she might speak no faster,—
 Laughing, running, playing, dancing,
 Mischief all her joys enhancing;
 Full of baby-mirth and glee,
 It was a joyous sight to see
 Sweet little Nell.

Summer came, the green earth's lover,
 Ripening the tufted clover—
 Calling down the glittering showers,
 Breathing on the buds and flowers:
 Rivaling young pleasant May,
 In a generous holiday!
 Smallest insects hummed a tune,
 Through the blessed nights of June:
 And the maiden sung her song,
 Through the days so bright and long—
 Dear little Nell.

Autumn came! the leaves were falling—
 Death, the little one was calling:
 Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
 Bearing all her pains so meekly,
 That to us, she seemed still dearer
 As the trial-hour drew nearer;
 But she left us, hopeless, lonely,
 Watching by her semblance only:
 And a little grave they made her,
 In the church-yard, cold, they laid her—
 Laid her softly down to rest,
 With a white rose on her breast—
 Poor little Nell!

INDIAN SUMMER.

It is the Indian Summer time,
 The days of mist, and haze and glory,
 And on the leaves in hues sublime,
 The Autumn paints poor Summer's
 story;
 "She died in beauty," sing the hours,
 "And left on earth a glorious shadow;
 "She died in beauty,' like her flowers,"
 Is painted on each wood and meadow:—
 She perished like bright human hopes,
 That blaze awhile upon life's altar;
 And o'er her green and sunny slopes
 The plaintive winds her dirges falter.

It is the Indian Summer time!
 The crimson leaves, like coals are gleam-
 ing,
 The brightest tints of every clime
 Are o'er our Western forests streaming;
 How bright the hours! yet o'er their close,
 The moments sigh in mournful duty,
 And redder light around them glows,
 Like hectic on the cheek of beauty.
 Fair maiden, when thy spring is o'er,
 And all thy summer flowers are gath-
 ered,
 May Autumn with a golden store,
 Replace the buds so quickly withered;

And bind unto thy heart this truth,
 That it may live when dead thy roses,
 "Religion is the light of youth,
 And gilds life's Autumn as it closes."

SONG.

HAD I met thee, had I met thee!
 In our life's exulting time,
 When to dream of thee were innocent—
 To love thee were not crime—
 My heart had borne the riper fruit,
 Of a richer, rarer clime—
 Had I met thee—had I loved thee
 In our life's exulting time.

Had I met thee—had I loved thee!
 Ere my life was like the light
 That divides the fading sunset
 From the gathering glooms of night,
 Then my visions had been fairer,
 And my soul had known no blight,
 Had I met thee—had I loved thee!
 Ere life's sun went out in night!

TO-DAY.

As into space, from poet's prophet tongue,
 Fall cadenced thoughts, harmonious as
 the spheres;
 So by Time's voices syllabled and sung,
 The hours drop down the silent gulf of
 years!

Farewell, fleet moments! which are ours
 no more,
 How swift ye flew along the dial's way!
 And now, transfigured on that distant shore,
 Ye make the Present's solemn yester-
 day!

Wide grave, to which the morrows all are
whirled,
By Time's steep car that ne'er has
paused to rest,
Since first its wheels went circling round
our world,
Wearing deep furrows in its rocky
breast.

Through the long yesterday of cycles past,
We grope, to find a self-illumined page,
Which like a star within a dreary vast,
Reveals but darkness of a by-gone age.

We read that man who turned aside from
God,
Begot a loathsome leprosy within;
Incarnadined his hands with brother's
blood,
And made foul sacrifice to new-born sin.

Death and destruction followed in his path;
Fair Knowledge shrieked and hid her
from his gaze;
The slave of Ignorance, man's cruel wrath
Stamped with red guilt those early evil
days.

This night of horror past, the dawning came;
Now, beauteous feet of Wisdom walk
the Earth;
On Freedom's altar burns a heavenly flame,
The world rejoices in its second birth!

Fair sons of Science, revel in the light!
Your star shall pierce all hidden depths
of things;
Teacher and Toiler, your task unite,
And crowns shall prove the empty dream
of kings.

The watch-words, "Peace, Good-will" from
man to man,
Those golden lessons by the Meek One
taught,
Which down the serried lines of ages ran,
Until To-day's blessed liberty they
wrought.

"Peace and Good-will!" transcendent
words of power,
Written in stars upon the azure way;
Guides of the year, and guardians of the
hour,
Our promise yesterday—our hope To-
day!

SLEEP.

I SAID to Sleep,
That dreamy-lidded seraph of delight,
Stealing from caves
Where muffled darkness laves
The haunted shores of night—
Come, thou, and let us keep
The silences together; on thy breast
This weary heart would rest,
The world's corroding cares forgetting quite.

Thy balmy breath
Shall bathe each sense in slumber—as the
dew,
Falling on flowers,
Through all the curtained hours,
Lends them a fresher hue,
And holds them back from death—
So thy harmonious dreams shall rain on me,
In floods of melody,
Till all the springs of life shall gush anew.

Bear me away
To that mist-curtained and enchanted land,
Where all the isles
Are dimpled deep with smiles
Of rippling verdure, fanned
By spicy gales the day,
Where stars illumine the blue concave
skies,
As love-enkindled eyes
The face of beauty, by Jehovah planned.

There, in the bowers
Thick-lined with moss, and twinkling starry
blooms,

O'erarched with leaves,
 The arrowy sunlight cleaves,
 Gilding the emerald glooms,
 Couched on the dew-lipped flowers,
 Let me lie, listening to the breezy chimes
 Among the glistening limes,
 While yawning night the heavenly day en-
 tombs.

Snatch me from earth !
 Shut out all sights of horror, guilt's quick
 pains,
 The sufferer's cries,
 Oppression's monstrous lies !
 Wherewith it gilds its chains ;
 The home defiled—the hearth,
 Where innocence and love united dwelt,
 And low-voiced prayer knelt,
 Till slid the serpent in those fair domains.

All evil things
 That crawl and trail their slime along the
 leaves
 And blooms of life—
 The scorns, the hates, the strife
 For power, the mildewed sheaves,
 Unwholesome contact,—stings
 That hide their venom 'neath a mocking
 smile,
 Distilling death the while,
 Like poisonous vapors on the starry eves.

The day is long—
 How long, O God ! when ignorance and
 sin

In its fair light
 Plan deeds of darkest night—
 When vice and folly win
 The plaudits of the throng,
 While lowly worth and virtue shrink aside
 From bloated, boasted pride,
 Who paves the stony way for human
 wrong !

The day is long !
 When blush its roses in the orient skies,

The world awakes !
 And as the morning breaks,
 Thousands of tearful eyes,
 That weep misfortune's wrong,
 Lift up their piteous orbs to heaven above,
 Despairing of his love,
 Who notes the humble sparrow when it
 dies.

Then, from narrow street
 And dingy alley—from the deepened walls
 Of loathsome dens,
 Fouler than green-webbed fens—
 The human earth-worm crawls !
 Dragging his listless feet
 Through the broad thoroughfares of blaz-
 ing day,
 His palm outstretched alway
 For pity's scanty mite that coldly falls.

For all who earn
 By sweat and pain, their wretched crust of
 bread

The day is long !
 Labor unto the strong,
 The well, the clad, the fed,
 Is blessed ; the weak and worn
 Shrink from the toil ; their miseries no
 name,
 Allied to grief and shame,
 Could half express the height, and depth,
 and dread.

Deal kindly, Sleep !
 With these forsaken ones—dry up their
 tears.

Let sweet repose
 Lap them from hungry woes
 Which feed on their young years !
 Through thy dear watches keep
 The grin, devouring phantom from thy
 breast,
 That all the tides of rest
 May flow in lulling calmness o'er their
 fears.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CUTTER was born in Kentucky, we believe, though precisely where or when, we have been unable to ascertain. Nor, though his life has been eventful, have we found any source of facts and figures from which to make it appear significant on paper. The reader must therefore content himself with what vague information we can give him. Mr. Cutter appears to be about forty-five years old; is large, well proportioned, and imposing, and has a full, flush countenance, whose handsome expression the small-pox, doing its worst, has but little impaired. He is a lawyer by profession, and was at one time a member of the Indiana Legislature. But both the appearance of the man and the spirit of his poetry evince too strong a temperament for the tame, "even tenor" of a civilian's life; and accordingly, when the Mexican war broke out, he joined the army as a Captain of volunteers, and served a brilliant campaign; a spirited reminiscence of which he has given us in the poem of "Buena Vista," which he is said to have written on the field after the battle. Mr. Cutter has been twice married; first to Mrs. Alexander Drake the actress; and next to "Althea," whose portrait is the frontispiece of his last volume. We believe he is at present a member of the Washington bar.

The volume entitled "Poems, National and Patriotic," published in 1857, at Philadelphia, contains perhaps all the poems that Mr. Cutter has thought worthy of preservation, though there are extant two other previous collections of his writings. This is a book of two hundred and seventy-nine pages, consisting of quite a lengthy preface and sixty-nine poems, of which latter, "The Captive" is first in order and extent, but not first in rank, by any means. It is an Indian poem, and, like most Indian poems, is very un-Indian indeed—making Tecumseh, the secretive and reticent savage, talk page after page of heavy tragedy, as though he had learned the whole civilized art of *how not to say it*. Tecumseh shows himself versed, too, in ancient mythology, when he says,

"All goddess—like the fabled birth
Of Pallas from the brain!"

And,

"When softly rose the Queen of Love
All glowing from the sea!"

A classic Indian was Tecumseh, truly—aye, and a traveled Indian, forsooth; else how should he fancy that

"The moon was piled like a broken wreath
Of snow on an Alp of cloud?"

But, by these little phenomena of Tecumseh in "The Captive," we are led at once to the fact that Mr. Cutter is not a poet of art, but a poet born. It is not his business, any more than it is the bobolink's, to construct sweet tones into consistent tunes. The

tones may come of themselves, and link themselves together, and sing themselves, if they will; but they get little help from Mr. Cutter, that is clear. The poetic spirit with which he is possessed, takes him and does with him whatsoever it will. He *feels* more poetry than he writes. Now and then the pent lightning within him flashes forth full into the dark of language, and dazzles all; but for the most part he has not half told himself, because he has never *studied* expression. Poetry may be born, it is true; but it is not born into language: expression is an achievement of high art, wherein "there is no excellence without great labor." And, from the manifestations of genius in Mr. Cutter's poems, there can be no doubt that, had he patiently and assiduously applied this labor, America could have boasted a real, live lyric poet. "The Song of Steam," penned in an hour of such high inspiration as sometimes comes with a power of miracles, is, we think, a fair indication of his capacity. And this opinion is corroborated by "The Song of Lightning," and by passages all through his writings—horizon-flashes of that lightning which wanted but the fit medium of language in order to illumine and electrify the world. Many of these passages are equal, as far as they go, to "The Song of Steam," but they do not go far; they are not sustained; the divine element of patience is not in them—the principle "to labor and to wait."

"The Song of Steam" has been as popular perhaps as any other lyric of the century; and it will be popular as long as steam itself is popular. It is the whole sublime power of that element wrought out into thunderous verse. Sublimity, indeed, is Mr. Cutter's forte. Hence war and the glorious fatherland are his principal themes. It is the subtle electricity of poetry and the hot energy of battle mingling in his veins. He loves, in his own language, to be

"Where muskets ring and sabers flash
And round the mingling squadrons reel!"

For, he says,

"There is stern pleasure in the shock of war,
The wheeling squadron and the bayonet's jar,
When martial lines their gleaming fronts enlarge,
And the earth reels beneath their fiery charge!"

And let us cite a few other examples of Mr. Cutter's sublimity:

"And they shook the black and starless air
With a wild and fearful yell!"

"We'll view the glittering iceberg roll
Where the ocean is frozen white,
As we slacken sail at the sunless pole
By the glare of the northern light."

"And when the latest trump of God,
Dissolving death's mysterious chain,
Shall rend the marble and the sod,
To give each form its soul again;

There's not within this broad domain
 A single rood of sea or earth,
 But, dyed with many a murderer's stain,
 Will give a slaughtered Indian birth!"

"Father of light, and life, and form!
 Who dwelt before the birth of time,
 When chaos, like a mighty storm,
 Starless and boundless, rolled sublime."

And for a striking instance of sustained grandeur, see the poem "Invocation." But we need not multiply citations; the reader will at once see the predominance of this element in all Mr. Cutter's poems.

There is another trait closely allied to genuine sublimity, which distinguishes most of Mr. Cutter's poetry, and that is perspicuity: you can see through it and tell what he is driving at. Now, this is a great excellence, and a rare excellence, too. The transcendental, the mystic prettytudes of the modern school have not affected him; the Tennysonophobia has not reached his blood at all. He has gone to Burns, and Byron, and Dante, and the Grand Old Masters. Though his muse is unequal—sometimes prosy—yet he is always intelligible; never talks in riddles like an insane sibyl. His dreamy mystery of delicious words, so prevalent in all latter-day poetry, saying much to signify nothing, has no adaptation to Mr. Cutter's genius: it would have emasculated his sublimity entirely. A school of poetry which is all expression, he had not, as we have said, the patience to excel in.

Next to "The Song of Steam," which is Mr. Cutter's masterpiece, his best poem is "The Song of Lightning," composed in the same vein. Indeed, there is little to choose between the two; and if the latter had been published first, it is doubtful which would have attained the greater popularity.

"E Pluribus Unum," another of Mr. Cutter's most popular poems, shows that, if he had given the study and labor he ought, he might have produced us the one great national song which we yet lack.

Mr. Cutter is the most intensely patriotic poet we have. The poem "Never" might be profitably read and reread by the political madmen of these times. And as further lessons in the same doctrine, "Washington's Birthday," and "God and Liberty."

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Cutter is *all* patriot and warrior; no, to be poet, he must be lover, too. These two stanzas show what our poet feels about that subject:

"Who hath not knelt at beauty's feet,
 And felt the very air more mild,
 The sky more soft, the earth more sweet,
 When woman sighed—when woman smiled?"

"Who hath not felt love's sway sublime,
 Till joy could only speak in tears—
 And tasted, in a breath of time,
 The rapture of a thousand years?"

And for further limits of the warrior-poet's heart, read "Love's Remonstrance," "To —," "Fanny Lemoine," and "To Althea."

On the whole, it may be concluded, that Mr. Cutter has the sufficiency; but not the efficiency, of a great poet. The sufficiency is of nature, but the efficiency, of art; and while the poet who, like Mr. Cutter, though instinct with the one, is impatient of the other, may, in felicitous moments, write certain immortal verse, yet the name which outlasts the centuries—the name whose letters do not fall back into the alphabet for thousands of years—must have something more than a mere verse or two to sustain it,—must have magnified itself by patience, and apotheosized itself by the omnipotence of toil.

SONG OF STEAM.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein:
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay conceal'd from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's
speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could not but think how the world would
feel,
As these were outstripp'd afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing
keel,
Or chain'd to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-
blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
O then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurra! hurra! the waters o'er
The mountain's steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power;
The world! the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly west,
Or the orient floods divine!

The ocean pales where'er I sweep—
I hear my strength rejoice;
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his god-like mind;
The mind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.
In the darksome depths of the fathomless
mine,
My tireless arm doth play;

Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day,
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I put into print,
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

— — —

NEVER! NEVER!*

YOU ask me when I'd rend the scroll
Our fathers' names are written o'er;
When I would see our flag unroll
Its mingled stars and stripes no more;
When with a worse than felon hand
Or felon counsel, I would sever
The Union of this glorious land;
I answer: Never—never—never!

Think ye that I could brook to see
The banner I have loved so long,
Borne piecemeal o'er the distant sea;
Torn, trampled by a frenzied throng;

Divided, measured, parcel'd out;
Tamely surrender'd up for ever,
To gratify a soulless route
Of traitors? Never—never—never.

Give up this land to lawless might,
To selfish fraud and villain sway;
Obscure those hopes with endless night
That now are rising like the day;
Write one more page of burning shame
To prove the useless, vain endeavor
Our race from ruin to reclaim,
And close the volume? Never—never!

On yonder lone and lovely steep,
The sculptor's art, the builder's power,
A landmark o'er the soldier's sleep,
Have rear'd a lofty funeral tower;
There it will stand until the river
That rolls beneath shall cease to flow,
Aye, till that hill itself shall quiver
With nature's last convulsive throes.

Upon that column's marble base,
That shaft that soars into the sky,
There still is room enough to trace
The countless millions yet to die!
And I would cover all its height
And breadth, before that hour of shame,
Till space should fail whereon to write
Even the initials of a name.

Dissolve the Union! mar, remove
The last asylum that is known,
Where patriots find a brother's love,
And truth may shelter from a throne!
Give up the hopes of high renown,
The legacy our fathers will'd!
Tear our victorious eagles down
Before their mission is fulfilled!

Dissolve the Union—while the earth
Has yet a tyrant to be slain!
Destroy our freedom in its birth,
And give the world to bonds again!

* "I may be asked, as I have been asked, when I am for the dissolution of the Union? I answer: Never—never—never!"—HENRY CLAY, United States Senate.

Dissolve the Union! God of Heaven!
 We know too well how much it cost:
 A million bosoms shall be riven
 Before one golden link is lost.

Nay, spread aloft our banner folds
 High as the heavens they resemble,
 That every race this planet holds
 Beneath their shadow may assemble,
 And with the rainbow's dazzling pride
 Or clouds that burn along the skies,
 Inscribed upon its margin wide,
 Hope, Freedom, Union, Compromise.

— — —
 E PLURIBUS UNUM.

THO' many and bright are the stars that
 appear
 In that flag, by our country unfurl'd;
 And the stripes that are swelling in majesty
 there
 Like a rainbow adorning the world;
 Their light is unsullied, as those in the sky,
 By a deed that our fathers have done;
 And they're leagued in as true and as holy
 a tie,
 In their motto of "Many in one."

From the hour when those patriots fear-
 lessly flung
 That banner of starlight abroad,
 Ever true to themselves, to that motto they
 clung
 As they clung to the promise of God:
 By the bayonet traced at the midnight of
 war,
 On the fields where our glory was won,
 O perish the heart or the hand that would
 mar
 Our motto of "Many in one."

Mid the smoke of the contest—the can-
 non's deep roar
 How oft it has gathered renown;

While those stars were reflected in rivers
 of gore,
 When the Cross and the Lion went down;
 And tho' few were the lights in the gloom
 of that hour,
 Yet the hearts that were striking below
 Had God for their bulwark, and truth for
 their power,
 And they stopp'd not to number the foe.

From where our Green Mountain tops
 blend with the sky,
 And the giant St. Lawrence is rolled,
 To the waves where the balmy Hesperides
 lie,
 Like the dream of some prophet of old,
 They conquer'd; and dying, bequeath'd to
 our care,
 Not this boundless dominion alone,
 But that banner where loveliness hallows
 the air,
 And their motto of "Many in one."

We are "Many in one" while there glit-
 ters a star
 In the blue of the heavens above;
 And tyrants shall quail mid their dungeons
 afar,
 When they gaze on that motto of love.
 It shall gleam o'er the sea, mid the bolts
 of the storm—
 Over tempest and battle and wreck—
 And flame where our guns with their thun-
 der grow warm,
 'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

The oppress'd of the earth to that stand-
 ard shall fly,
 Wherever its folds shall be spread;
 And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky
 Where its stars shall float over his head;
 And those stars shall increase till the full-
 ness of time
 Its millions of cycles has run—
 Till the world shall have welcomed its mis-
 sion sublime,
 And the nations of earth shall be one.

Though the old Alleghany may tower to
heaven,

And the Father of waters divide,
The links of our destiny cannot be riven
While the truth of those words shall abide.
Then, O! let them glow on each helmet
and brand,

Tho' our blood like our rivers should run:
Divide as we may in our own native land,
To the rest of the world we are one!

Then up with our flag! Let it stream on
the air!

Tho' our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike—they
had souls that could dare—

And their sons were not born to be slaves,
Up, up with that banner! Where'er it
may call,

Our millions shall rally around;
And a nation of freemen that moment shall
fall,

When its stars shall be trail'd on the
ground.

— — —
BUENA VISTA.

BUENA VISTA! thou hast smil'd
Like the shores of orient waves,
But now thou art a dreary wild—
A fearful waste of graves.
All blackened is the verdure there
Where fell the purple rain;
The vulture sniffs the tainted air,
The wolf howls o'er the slain.

And where thy hacienda rose,
Amidst the linden leaves,
The weary pilgrim sought repose
Beneath its friendly eaves;
Where the aloe and the orange bloom
With fragrance filled the air,
The willow and thy cypress gloom
Now wave in silence there.

No more that hospitable grove
In all thy vale is found;
No voice but of the mourning dove,
Now breaks the silence round;
The very roof-tree of the hall
Is level with the hearth;
The fragments of thy chapel wall
Are strewn upon the earth.

We saw thee when the morning spread
Her purple wings on high—
Beheld at dawn thy mountains dread,
Like clouds against the sky;
And we marked thy fairy meadows,
And thy streamlet's silver sheen,
Beneath their lofty shadows,
Along the dark ravine.

But ah! we saw another hue
Spread o'er thy lordly dell,
When cannon shook thy sky of blue,
And war's dread lightning fell;
When darkness clothed the morning ray,
And dimmed thy mountains high;
When the fire that kindled up the day
Went out upon the sky.

Upon their arms that weary night
Our soldiery had lain,
And many dreamed those visions bright
They ne'er shall dream again:
Of maidens of the snowy brow,
Of sisters pale with care,
Of wives who for our safety bow
Their loveliness in prayer;

Of venerable sires, who stand
Beneath the cares of state;
The mothers of our native land;
Our children's artless prate:
Of quiet vales, of sacred domes,
Far o'er the heaving sea;
The cheerful hearts, the happy homes,
Our own proud land, of thee!

But sudden on each drowsy ear,
O'er thy dark caverns roll'd

The notes of death to craven fear—
 The music of the bold.
 The foe ! the foe ! along thy pass,
 His locust horde appears ;
 We saw the sheen of his cuirass—
 The glitter of his spears.

As stars that stud the milky way,
 His glittering lances shine ;
 And the banners of his long array,
 Were as the sun's decline.
 The sky grew darker o'er them,
 And murmured low and dread ;
 And the solid earth before them,
 Was clouds beneath their tread.

We gazed upon the iris streams—
 The stars, whose diamond ray
 Upon our Union banner beams—
 Shall they come down to-day ?
 No ! by our country's sacred call !
 No ! by thy graceful waves !
 No ! no ! thy stars shall never fall
 But on our shroudless graves !

Then with one fearful, wild hurra,
 The solemn hills ring out ;
 And Echo, from her caves afar,
 Sent back the startling shout :
 The foe recoiled, his glittering ranks
 O'er all that vale were bright,
 Like a stream that floods its lofty banks
 Beneath the starry night.

They halt, and forth on foaming steeds,
 And banners flowing white ;
 St. Ana's herald forward speeds
 A parley to invite :
 "Our General, in his meekness
 And mercy, hath designed,
 In pity of your weakness,
 To treat you very kind.

"He knows how feeble is your strength—
 How poorly armed ye are ;
 'Tis certain ye must yield at length,
 Or madly perish there !

To end at once your foolish hopes,
 To make this statement clear,
 Know that three thousand chosen troops
 Are posted in your rear.

"He hath four and twenty cannon here,
 And twenty thousand men,
 To pour the lava tide of war
 Along this narrow glen :
 Then yield ye, prisoners of his grace,
 And spare the loss of blood,
 Or he'll sweep you from before his face,
 As foam before the flood."

"Here, May, go thou invite him ;
 Ye need not tarry long ;
 Tell him that I would fight him
 Were he fifty times as strong."
 Thus answered Rough and Ready ;
 One hurra rent the sky !
 And our ranks grew firm and steady
 Beneath his eagle eye.

Then came their cymbal's ringing clash,
 Shrill fife, and rolling drum ;
 The opening cannon's thunder-crash,
 The wildly rending bomb ;
 Up rose their sable flag, and cast
 Its stain upon the breeze,
 Like that which from the rover's mast
 Sheds terror o'er the seas.

We saw it, and we inly swore
 By Him in whom we trust,
 Though red with our last drop of gore,
 To trail it in the dust.
 How well that promise has been kept,
 Ye who would seek to know,
 Go ask the kindred who have wept,
 O'er trampled Mexico.

The trumpet sounds ; the foe moves on
 Along the mountain crag ;
 Then burst thy earthquake, Washington !
 And roared thy thunder, Bragg !

Then swift thy wheels, O'Brien, came
 Along the deep defile;
 And soon before their lightning flame
 Lay many a ghastly pile!

Then Lincoln of the fiery glance,
 Bestrode his matchless steed;
 And May, who ever fells a lance
 As lightning fells a reed;
 And veteran Wool the heady, fight
 As nobly did sustain,
 As if the glow of Queenstown Height
 Had fired his soul again.

There Marshall urged his foaming steeds,
 With spur and flowing rein—
 And many a lancer flying bleeds,
 And many bite the plain;
 And there brave Mississippi stands
 Amidst the sheeted flame,
 And rapid fall their ruthless bands,
 Before her deadly aim.

The cloud that threatened in the sky,
 Has burst upon the plain—
 And channels, that so late were dry,
 Are swollen, but not with rain;
 Young Indiana holds the height,
 Brave Illinois has charged,
 And Arkansas within the fight
 Her glory has enlarged.

Still downward from the dizzy height,
 Their gleaming masses reel,
 A Niagara in resistless might—
 An avalanche of steel;
 Still on their mighty columns move,
 The plain is covered o'er—
 The sky is black with clouds above,
 The earth is red with gore.

Then gleamed aloft thy polished brand,
 O loved and lost McKee!
 And we heard thy steady, clear command,
 "Kentucky, charge with me!"

As o'er the crackling forest spread
 Volcanic fires of old,
 With flaming steel and bounding tread,
 Our ranks upon them roll'd.

Then deeper still the cannon peal'd,
 And flamed the musketry;
 And redder blushed the crimson field,
 And darker grew the day;
 But soon before our fiery check
 The iron storm rolled back,
 And left, O God! a mournful wreck
 Along its fearful track!

With brows in death more gloomy,
 Amidst the sanguine dews,
 Lay the Guards of Montezuma,
 And the Knights of Vera Cruz;
 And many a cloven helmet,
 And shattered spear around,
 And drum, and crimsoned bayonet,
 And banner, strewed the ground.

Still our standard in its glory
 Waved o'er the sulphur storm;
 But 'neath it, stiff and gory,
 Lay many a noble form.
 Mingled in death's cold embrace
 Their friend and foe appears,
 While o'er them bends full many a face
 That streams with burning tears.

Oh God! who could but weep to see
 On the red and trampled lawn
 Thy form, impetuous, brave McKee,
 And thine, heroic Vaughn,
 As gathered up our little bands
 Their comrades where they fell,
 And bore along, with gory hands,
 A Lincoln, Hardin, Yell!

And oh! what language can impart
 The sorrow of that day—
 The grief that wrung each manly heart
 For thee, young Henry Clay!

The memory of that glorious strife
 Will live in future years,
 To us the darkest page of life—
 The deepest source of tears.

We saw thee when the countless horde
 Closed round thee from afar,
 And through the smoke thy gleaming
 sword

Became our guiding star;
 We followed till before their might
 Our feeble ranks were riven;
 Even then thy face was beaming bright
 As if 'twere lit from heaven.

We saw their steel above thy head
 Flash like a radiant crown;
 And, like a bolt by lightning sped,
 Thy saber cleave them down;
 And where the fiery tempest pour'd
 Thy hand still waved us on;
 There still thy trumpet voice was heard;
 There still thy sword was drawn.

And when the shout of victory
 Rang in thy warrior ears,
 'Twas a triumph to the foe to see
 Thy blood upon their spears;
 But a mournful shade came back again
 Upon their features wild,
 To see the gory heaps of slain
 Thy single arm had piled.

O Buena Vista! when the sun
 Set o'er the battle cloud,
 The sulphur vapors, dark and dun,
 Lay o'er thee like a shroud;
 And the wounded and the dying
 O'er all thy hills were strewn,
 And the red path of the flying
 Was lighted by the moon.

THE PRESS.

SOUL of the world! the Press! the Press!
 What wonders hast thou wrought!
 Thou rainbow realm of mental bliss;
 Thou starry sky of thought!
 As dew unto the thirsty flowers;
 As the blessed light of heaven;
 And widely as the summer showers,
 Thy silent aid is given.

Yet canst thou flame upon the earth
 Like the dread volcano's glow;
 And tyrants tremble at thy birth
 As at an earthquake's throe.
 Hast thou not lit the darkest land,
 And broke the fellest chain
 The despot's red accursed hand
 Shall never forge again?

Another sun! thy brightness rose
 O'er the dark benighted world,
 And on thy panic-stricken foes
 Thy lightning flashes hurled.
 Dark superstition crouched where'er
 Thy thunder scathing fell,
 And the murd'rous bigot quaked with fear,
 As at the flames of hell.

And priestly craft and kingly power
 Have striven to bind thee down;
 But ah, how low beneath thee cower
 The miter and the crown!
 Thy nod can lop the proudest head;
 The world thy scepter owns;
 The path thou dost to glory tread,
 That path is paved with thrones.

Yet art thou gentle as the breeze—
 The latest breath of day;
 But chainless as the mighty seas,
 In thy resistless sway.
 At thy command the seals were broke
 That bound the silent deep,
 And liberty and truth awoke
 From centuries of sleep.

Then first to every sinful shore,
 That man in darkness trod,
 Thy bright and speeding pinions bore
 The beacon words of God.
 The sage's lamp, the muse's lyre,
 Thou brought'st o'er ocean's foam;
 The stellar light of vestal fire;
 The eloquence of Rome.

Then music rose in Runic chimes,
 And the isles of barbarous seas
 First heard Athenia's words sublime—
 Thy words, Demosthenes!
 And Plato's lore and Sappho's lay,
 O'er other lands were borne,
 Where late was heard the wild foray,
 And savage hunter's horn.

Thou flag of truth! thy folds have stream'd
 O'er many a field of blood;
 And o'er the wreck of empires gleamed,
 Like the rainbow o'er the flood;
 The patriot's eye still turns to thee,
 And hails thee from afar,
 As the wanderer of the trackless sea
 Hath hailed his guiding star.

Thou torch of hope, thy blaze shall burn
 O'er millions yet to be,
 And flame above the funeral urn
 Of crimson monarchy!
 The world already hails thy light,
 As the Chaldeans of old,
 When flashing o'er the clouds of night
 The star of Bethlehem rolled.

Like letters on the Persian's wall,
 But plainer to be read,
 Is thy ever bright and burning scroll,
 That tyrants mark with dread.
 O'er scepter, throne and diadem
 Hangs thy portentous glare—
 Like the sword o'er lost Jerusalem,
 Suspended in the air.

While to the hearth-stone of the hall,
 And to the cottage hearth,

Thou bring'st a daily festival
 Of nameless, priceless worth;
 Thou lightest up the pallid cheek
 Of the deserted poor,
 And to the captive, worn and weak,
 Openest the prison door.

O! ever in thy columns bright,
 Let truth and virtue blend!
 Be ever, ever in the right!
 Be ever labor's friend.
 His strong and honest arm shall be
 Thy bulwark in distress;
 God bless the land of liberty!
 God save our country's Press!

• SONG OF LIGHTNING.

AWAY! away! through the sightless air
 Stretch forth your iron thread!
 For I would not dim my sandals fair
 With the dust ye tamely tread!
 Aye, rear it up on its million piers—
 Let it circle the world around—
 And the journey ye make in a hundred years
 I'll clear at a single bound!

Tho' I cannot toil, like the groaning slave
 Ye have fetter'd with iron skill
 To ferry you over the boundless wave,
 Or grind in the noisy mill,
 Let him sing his giant strength and speed!
 Why, a single shaft of mine
 Would give that monster a flight indeed,
 To the depths of the ocean's brine!

No! no! I'm the spirit of light and love!
 To my unseen hand 'tis given
 To pencil the ambient clouds above
 And polish the stars of heaven!
 I scatter the golden rays of fire
 On the horizon far below,
 And deck the sky where storms expire
 With my red and dazzling glow.

The deepest recesses of earth are mine;
 I traverse its silent core;
 Around me the starry diamonds shine,
 And the sparkling fields of ore;
 And oft I leap from my throne on high
 To the depths of the ocean caves,
 Where the fadeless forests of coral lie
 Far under the world of waves.

My being is like a lovely thought
 That dwells in a sinless breast;
 A tone of music that ne'er was caught;
 A word that was ne'er expressed!
 I dwell in the bright and burnish'd halls
 Where the fountains of sunlight play,
 Where the curtain of gold and opal falls
 O'er the scenes of the dying day.

With a glance I cleave the sky in twain;
 I light it with a glare,
 When fall the boding drops of rain
 Through the darkly-curtain'd air!
 The rock-built towers, the turrets gray,
 The piles of a thousand years,
 Have not the strength of potter's clay
 Beneath my glittering spears.

From the Alps' or the Andes' highest crag,
 From the peaks of eternal snow,
 The blazing folds of my fiery flag
 Illumine the world below.

The earthquake heralds my coming power,
 The avalanche bounds away,
 And howling storms at midnight's hour
 Proclaim my kingly sway.

Ye tremble when my legions come—
 When my quivering sword leaps out
 O'er the hills that echo my thunder drum
 And rend with my joyous shout.
 Ye quail on the land, or upon the seas
 Ye stand in your fear aghast,
 To see me burn the stalworth trees,
 Or shiver the stately mast.

The hieroglyphs on the Persian wall—
 The letters of high command—

Where the prophet read the tyrant's fall,
 Were traced by my burning hand.
 And oft in fire have I wrote, since then,
 What angry Heaven decreed;
 But the sealed eyes of sinful men
 Were all too blind to read.

At length the hour of light is here,
 And kings no more shall bind,
 Nor bigots crush with craven fear
 The forward march of mind.
 The words of Truth and Freedom's rays
 Are from my pinions hurl'd;
 And soon the light of better days
 Shall rise upon the world.

But away! away! through the sightless air
 Stretch forth your iron thread!
 For I would not dim my sandals fair
 With the dust ye tamely tread!
 Aye! rear it up on its thousand piers—
 Let it circle the world around—
 And the journey ye make in a hundred years
 I'll clear at a single bound.

TO ALTHEA.*

"FORGET me not!" as soon the sun
 At morning shall forget to rise,
 The streams forget their course to run,
 The moon forget the starry skies;
 As soon the flowers forget to blow,
 The magnet shall forget the pole,
 The hills forget the summer's glow,
 The ocean waves forget to roll.

"Forget me not!" O it were well,
 Thou gentle one, perchance for me,
 If I could break the pleasing spell
 That binds my every thought to thee;

* On being presented by her with a flower commonly called the "Forget-Me-Not."

'Twere well if from my aching heart
 The memory of thy smiles would flee,
 As sun-tints from the sky depart,
 As ripples from the halcyon sea.

For while my breast with anxious art,
 Has treasured every look of thine,
 How can I hope thy gentle heart
 Will e'er retain one thought of mine;
 Too long, alas! the seat of gloom,
 Of silent pain and wasting care!
 I scarce could wish thy girlish bloom
 Its dark and lonely thoughts to share.

And yet this little purple flower
 Is far more welcome to my eyes,
 More priceless than the richest dower
 That fortune's favored minions prize;
 And O if but one earnest prayer
 Were granted to my humble lot,
 I'd send thee one as fresh and fair,
 To say to thee "Forget me not!"

I'd have from art its beauteous mould
 With every costly gem arrayed;
 The stem should be of virgin gold,
 The leaves of rarest emerald made,
 That it might hail thy sunny gaze
 Through life, in hours of gloom or glee,
 And tell thee with its fadeless blaze
 "Forget me not," eternally.

FAREWELL TO THE LYRE.

ONE strain, my harp, and then farewell
 For ever to thy sounding chords!
 A sigh perchance this heart may swell,
 Pain'd by our final parting words;
 This brow may own a shade of care,
 This changing cheek my grief betray,
 When on the passing breeze afar
 I hear thy latest tones decay;

For oh, I deem'd not when my touch
 Of late upon thy strings was laid,
 Thy tones beneath my wilder'd clutch
 So soon should turn to throbs of pain—
 That thou shouldst be as now thou art,
 Companion of my early years,
 Discordant as my breaking heart,
 And wet with my descending tears.

Alas for pleasure's rosy hours!
 Alas that time and grief and care,
 So soon should teach these hearts of ours
 How fleeting and how false they are!
 The soft and fleecy clouds of night
 That float around the silver moon,
 The rainbow's arch of painted light,
 Survive their most enduring boon.

As insubstantial as the hue
 Of shadows o'er a flowing stream,
 The evanescent drops of dew,
 The fleeting music of a dream:
 And what the spell that can recall
 One precious hour of joy that's fled?
 As soon beneath the sable pall
 Ye may reanimate the dead.

But let that pass, it boots not now,
 'Tis for the feeble to complain,
 And manhood should in silence bow
 To whatsoe'er the fates ordain,
 Should bear him like the stately oak
 That does in storms but stronger grow,
 And e'en survive the lightning's stroke
 That lays his lofty honors low.

What tho' the false delusive glare,
 The phantom hopes of youth decline,
 The strength that's yielded by despair,
 The might of sorrow still is mine;
 And if thy wild untutor'd strain
 Has made one bosom happier swell,
 Thy chords were not invoked in vain—
 My gentle harp, farewell, farewell!

HENRY W. ELLSWORTH.

HENRY WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, a grandson of Oliver Ellsworth, formerly Chief Justice of the Federal Supreme Court, and son of Henry L. Ellsworth, late Commissioner of Patents of the United States, was born at Windsor, Connecticut, in the year 1814. He graduated at Yale College in 1834, and removed to Indiana in 1835, to reside permanently. In 1844 he was appointed by President Polk Minister of the United States to Sweden and Norway, and remained in Europe from the fall of 1845 to 1850, discharging the duties of the mission. On his return from Europe, Mr. Ellsworth was retained by Benjamin F. Morse as leading counsel in various suits, involving the validity of his telegraph patents. During his residence in Europe, Mr. E. was a constant contributor to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. While in Sweden, and from his family, he wrote the lines, "To an Absent Wife," which have been widely circulated, both in this country and in England. His "Cholera King," which has enjoyed almost equal popularity, was written at a later date, and first appeared in the *Knickerbocker*. Mr. Ellsworth is now a citizen of Indianapolis.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

SHALL we meet again together
As in happy days of old,—
Where around our winter fireside,
Many merry tales were told?
Where the yule-log sparkled brightly,
And still brighter every eye,
As we recked not of the tempest,
In its wild wrath shouting by?

Shall we meet again together,
On the green and sunny plain,
With the tall grass round us waving,
And the billowy ripened grain,—
Where we scared the timid rabbit,
And the speckled prairie hen,—
From the morning till the twilight,
Shall we wander there again?

Shall we hear once more together
The soft ripple of that stream,

Whose tones were wont to gladden us
Like the music of a dream?
Where, in forest paths, we lingered,
Or with arm in arm stole on,
Till the silver stars had faded,
And the witching moonlight gone?

Shall we meet again, sweet mother,
With that dear one by our side,
Whom our hearts have loved to cherish,
In the fullness of their pride;
Whom we oft have watched together,
In each sunny hour of glee,
While we blessed the glorious Giver,
That such gentle ones could be?

Shall we weep again together,
For the loved and early gone,
As with noiseless step we linger,
Near each dear, sepulchral stone;—
Watching long till evening draweth
Her dark pall around their bed,

And, with folded hands above them,
Breathe our blessings on the dead?

Shall we meet yet, love, together,
In that spirit clime on high,
Where the blessed of earth are gathered,
And the heart's best treasures lie;—
Where each deathless soul retaineth
All it knew or loved of yore;—
Shall we—father, son and mother—
Meet above to part no more?

THE CHOLERA KING.

HE cometh, a conqueror proud and strong!
At the head of a mighty band
Of the countless dead, as he passed along,
That he slew with his red right hand;
And over the mountains, or down the vale,
As his shadowy train sweeps on,
There stealeth a lengthened note of wail,
For the loved and early gone!

He cometh! the sparkling eye grows dim,
And heavily draws the breath
Of the trembler, who whispers low of him,
And his standard-bearer, death,—
He striketh the rich man down from power,
And wasteth the student pale,
Nor 'scapes him the maid in her latticed
bower,
Nor the warrior armed in mail!

He cometh! through ranks of steel-clad
men
To the heart of the warrior band;
Ye may count where his conquering step
hath been
By the spear in each nerveless hand.
Wild shouteth he where on the battle plain,
By the dead are the living hid,
As he buildeth up from the foemen slain
His skeleton pyramid!

There stealeth 'neath yonder turret's height,
A lover, with song and lute,
Nor knoweth the lips of his lady bright
Are pale, and her soft voice mute,—
For he dreameth not, when no star is dim,
Nor cloud in the summer sky,
That she, who from childhood loved him,
Hath laid her down to die!

She watcheth! a fond young mother dear!
While her heart beats high with pride,
How she best to the good of life may rear,
The dear one by her side;
With a fervent prayer, and a love-kiss
warm,
She hath sunk to a dreamy rest,
Unconscious all of the death-cold form
That she claspeth to her breast!

Sail ho! for the ship that tireless flies,
While the mad waves leap around,
As she spreadeth her wings for the native
skies,
Of the wanderers homeward bound,—
Away! through the trackless waters blue;
Yet ere half her course is done,
From the wasted ranks of her merry crew
There standeth only one!

All hushed is the city's busy throng,
As it sleeps in the fold of death,
Like the desert o'er which hath passed
along
The pestilent Simoom's breath;
All hushed: save the chill and stifling
heart
Of some trembling passer-by,
As he looketh askance on the dead-man's
cart,
Where it waiteth the next to die!

The fire hath died from the cottage
hearth,—
The plow on the unturned plain
Stands still, while unreaped to the mother
earth,
Down droppeth the golden grain!

Of the loving and loved that gathered
there,

Each form to the dead hath gone,
Save the dog that howls to the midnight
air,

By the side of yon cold white stone!

He cometh! He cometh! no human
power

From his advent dread can flee,—
Nor knoweth one human heart the hour

When the tyrant his guest shall be ;

Or whether at flush of the rosy dawn,

Or at noontide's fervent heat,

Or at night, when with robes of darkness
on,

He treadeth with stealthy feet!

NEW ENGLAND.

NEW England! New England!

How beautiful thy vales,
Where summer flowers are breathing forth

Their sweets of summer gales ;—

Where soft the wild note breaketh

From out each dewy grove,

Where lone the night bird chanteth

Her even-lay of love!

Oh! far beyond the surges wild

That beat upon thy shore,

Hath swept the pæan of thy fame,

Old Ocean's vastness o'er ;—

And echoes far, the triumph song,

Of that true-hearted band,

Who gave their homes, their all, for God,

And thee, my fatherland!

Majestic are thy mountains green,

Uptowering to the sky ;

Stern monuments that God's own hand

For aye hath piled on high!

Forever may they guard thee,

As now the blessed, the free ;

Bright Eden-land of nations,
Proud home of Liberty!

And beautiful the silver streams

That ripple o'er thy breast,

In thousand forms meandering,

To seek their ocean rest ;—

Aye, beautiful! and may they twine

Forever bright as now,

A fadeless wreath of luster round

Thy clear, unruffled brow!

We love them, for their legends tell

Of deeds and daring true,

How, oft the hunter paddled there,

War-led, his dark canoe ;

And oft beside their flowery banks,

Mid scenes that linger yet,

The Indian maid—sweet nature's child—

Her Indian lover met!

And these are gone! but fairer forms

Now roam beneath thy skies,

Whose priceless worth, and trusting love,

Gleam forth from laughing eyes ;

Thy daughters! like sweet flowers of
spring,

Bloom 'neath thy fostering care,

Through coming time, as now, to be

Thy treasures, rich and rare!

Thy sons! what clime that knoweth not

The noble and the brave?

The tamers of the stubborn earth,

The rovers of the wave?

Aye! dearly do they love the land

Their fathers died to gain ;

Their pride, its glory fresh to keep,

Its honor bright from stain!

New England! New England!

God's blessings on thee be ;

And ever on those cherished ones

Fond memory links with thee!

From this fair land, whose spreading skies

Like thine a glory wear,

My spirit turns to breathe for thee

A blessing and a prayer!

CATHERINE A. WARFIELD.

CATHERINE ANN WARE was born at Washington, Mississippi, in the year 1817. Her father was Nathaniel A. Ware, of that State, a man of wealth, and a political economist of note in his day, whose "Views of the Federal Constitution" of the United States is a work of ability still extant. His wife was Sarah Percy, through whom, in Mrs. Warfield's veins, mingle Northumberland currents that have come down from the

"Home of Percy's high-born race."

Mrs. Warfield's education was commenced at her mother's knee, and finished at one of the best academies in Philadelphia. Her poetic talent first manifested itself at Cincinnati, soon after leaving school. At this early period she evinced great mastery of verse, and an aptness and force of epigrammatic satire, which she has had the good taste not to cultivate.

Miss Ware was married at Cincinnati, in the year 1833, to Elisha Warfield, jr., of Lexington, Kentucky. After several years spent in foreign travel, and a somewhat protracted residence in Paris, the young couple returned to this country, and, after living a year or two in Texas (at Galveston), settled at Lexington, where Mrs. W. has till recently been one of the chief ornaments of the wealthy, refined, and intellectual circles of that section of Kentucky. A couple of years ago, Mr. Warfield purchased a handsome country-seat on one of the pleasant undulations of Pewee Valley—a locality about sixteen miles from the city of Louisville, on the Louisville and Lexington Railroad, where the family have since resided, dispensing the charms of a refined and liberal hospitality to an attached circle of artists, poets, editors, and other persons of culture. Among her immediate neighbors are Edwin Bryant, one of the earliest American emigrants to California, and the first Alcalde of San Francisco; Noble Butler, the accomplished scholar, critic, grammarian, and teacher; William D. Gallagher, and others of like tastes, cultivation, and pursuits.

About eighteen years ago, a volume, entitled "Poems by two Sisters of the West," was published in the city of New York, which deservedly attracted much attention. Among competent critics who bestowed praise upon various portions of the collection, was Wm. C. Bryant, whose taste or judgment no one will dispute. Two years afterward a new edition of the volume was called for, which was issued from the Cincinnati press. The two sisters were Mrs. Warfield, and Mrs. Eleanor Percy Lee—a notice of whom is hereafter given. A second volume of their poems was published in 1846, which, with all the excellences of the first, has more maturity of thought, and evinces a judgment still ripening in the light of experience and observation. Mrs. Warfield is also a writer of elegant and vigorous prose, and could at will secure an honorable place among the essayists and novelists of our country.

A friend, personally acquainted with Mrs. Warfield, to whom we wrote for information concerning her literary efforts and accomplishments, concludes his reply with the following remarks, which both the writer and the subject of them must excuse us for incorporating in our sketch in full:

Although the larger portion of the two volumes published jointly by the two sisters, belonged to Mrs. Warfield, her best writings have not yet appeared in book form. Within the last two years, at the special request of the editor of the *Louisville Journal*, she has published in the columns of that widely-known and ably-conducted paper, quite a number of poems, manifesting a higher art, pervaded by a loftier spirit and moved by a deeper feeling, than most of her previous productions. One of the pieces of this period is the "Atlantic Telegraph," which has been extensively republished and justly admired; another, the graceful and beautiful verses entitled "Thunder in Spring," and a third, a touching monody on the death of a youthful and beautiful relative. But with the privilege of an old friend, I have had the pleasure of looking into the *escritoire* of Mrs. W., and it affords me great pleasure to say that the best productions of all which have yet come from her pen, are still in manuscript. The poems that speak most of her inner life, and do the most credit to her genius, are yet held sacred from the intrusion of the common eye. They breathe the spirit of a subdued will, a chastened imagination, and a beautiful repose. They throb with feeling, arouse with energy, swell with emotion, and subdue by their pathos.

A poem of much length, upon which I may take the liberty of saying that Mrs. Warfield has been engaged at times for the past two or three years, will, when published, establish her reputation among the writers of our country who stand highest in the department of poetry. It is a well-constructed story, of a simple but effective plot, filled with passages of strength and beauty, remarkable for its condensed vigor, and giving ample evidence of the possession by its author of dramatic talent, and sustaining power.

THE RETURN TO ASHLAND.

UNFOLD the silent gates,
The Lord of Ashland waits
Patient without, to enter his domain;
Tell not who sits within,
With sad and stricken mien,
That he, her soul's beloved, hath come again.

Long hath she watched for him,
Till hope itself grew dim,
And sorrow ceased to wake the frequent
tears;
But let these griefs depart,
Like shadows from her heart—
Tell her, the long expected host is here.

He comes—but not alone,
For darkly pressing on,

The people pass beneath his bending trees,
Not as they came of yore,
When torch and banner bore
Their part amid exulting harmonies.

But still and sad they sweep
Amid the foliage deep,
Even to the threshold of that mansion gray,
Whither from life's unrest,
As an Eagle seeks his nest,
It ever was his wont to flee away.

And he once more hath come
To that accustomed home,
To taste a calm life never offered yet;
To know a rest so deep,
That they who watch and weep,
In this vain world may well its peace regret.

O never more his hall
Shall echo to the fall

Of that proud step which well his soul
expressed ;

No more with outstretched hand,
There shall the master stand
To welcome coming, speed departing guest.

No more the singing tone
Shall fill that mansion lone,
Of that rich voice that stirred the inmost
soul,
And gave the words a power
They knew not till that hour :
As music strengthened by the organ's roll.

No more ! the soul is stirred
By that funereal word,
As with a grief it scarce hath strength to
bear ;
O God, if this were all,
The coffin and the pall
Might seem indeed the symbols of despair.

If of the great and just
This silent, mouldering dust
Were all remaining, what were being
worth ?
To-day, a shining star
Men worship from afar :
To-morrow, mingling with the clods of earth.

But Thou hast deigned to shed
On the path that mortals tread,
A ray of glory from Thy home divine,
And teachest those who crave
The life beyond the grave,
This very yearning marks them truly Thine.

Within his country's page,
The patriot and the sage
Shall dwell enshrined while memory holds
her throne ;
While of his country's fame
There resteth but a name,
His shall be treasured as her noblest song.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

In the gray depths of the silent sea
Where twilight reigns over mystery ;
Where no signs prevail of the tempest's
mood,

And no forms of the upper life intrude ;
Where the wrecks of the elder world are
laid

In a realm of stillness, of death, of shade,
And the mournful forests of coral grow—
They have chained the lightning and laid
it low !

Life of the universe ! Spirit of fire !
From that single chord of thy living lyre,
Sweep us a strain of the depths profound—
Teach us the mysteries that gird thee
'round—

Make us to know through what realms
unsought
By the mariner's eye, or the poet's thought,
Thy thrilling impulse flows free and strong,
As the flash of soul, or the stream of song !

Say, does the path of the lightning lie
Through desolate cities still fair and high ?
With their massive marbles and ancient
state—

Though the sea-snake coils at the temple's
gate ?

Or lays his length in the streets of sand,
Where rolled the chariot, or marched the
band—

Or where, oppressed by his martial load,
The monstrous step of the mammoth strode ?

Doth he raise for a moment his crested head
As the thrill of thought is above him sped ?
And feel the shock—through every fold—
Firing his blood—from its torpor cold ?
Till he learns to woo the mystic chain
That stirs new life in each sluggish vein
And seeks its warmth, as it works its task,
As a desert serpent in sun may bask ?

Doth that slender cord, as it threads the waves,
Stretch past the portals of mighty caves?
Places of splendor where jewels gleam
In the glare of the blue phosphoric stream
Shed by those living lamps that grow
In the lofty roof and the walls of snow;
And where the kings of the weltering brine
Hold their wild revels—by throne and shrine.

We follow fast on thy path of fire
With a dreaming fancy—oh, mystic wire;
We see the mountains and valleys gray
With plants that know not the upper day—
We see the fissures that grimly lie
Where the wounded whale dives down to die—

And more! we see, what hath stirred us more,
The wrecks that checker the ocean floor—

Ships that full freighted with life and gold,
Suddenly sank to a doom untold;
Galleons that floating from haughty Spain,
Reached not the haven of home again;
Martial vessels of power and pride
Shattered and mounted and carnage dyed;
And giant steamers that stemmed the seas
Whose fate is with ocean mysteries.

We know that our country's flag is there,
And many a form of her brave and fair—
Dost thou keep them safely, oh! lower deep,
In their changeless beauty and solemn sleep?
Or are they given to the dark decay
Of the charnel-house and the bed of clay?
'Tis a holy charge that thou hast in trust—
Our stately vessels—our sacred dust!

Full many a message of haste and love
Shall quiver the broken mast above,
Or flash by those shapes, erect and pale,
With loaded feet and with shrouding sail,
That "stand and wait" without hope or dread,
For the great sea to give up its dead—

When those long parted by land and wave
Shall meet in the glory beyond the grave.

Sad thoughts are these that will have their hour,

Let them pass in the tide of exulting power!
In the stream of praise and the anthem free,

To the mighty Maker of earth and sea,
Who hath granted skill to a finite race,
To conquer time and to cancel space—
And through a human hand hath thrown
His grappling-iron from zone to zone.

THE SHADOW OF A TOMB.

WHEN earth's pervading vanity,
Its gloss of empty state,
Fade from my darkened heart and eye,
And leave me desolate;
When phantom-like the dancers pass
Within the echoing hall,
And darkness o'er the sparkling mass
Seems gathering like a pall;

When on the flatterer's honied lip
The words seem changed to sneers,
And darkly o'er my spirit sweep
The memories of years;
When seems the present but a dream,
A mirage vain to be,
Then breaks my soul its bondage dim,
And lives again in thee.

In thee, the lost, the beautiful,
The true, the proud, the just;
In thee, whose ear is cold and dull,
Whose stately form is dust;
Aye! darkly, coldly, to my heart,
Where anguish inly yearns,
The consciousness of what thou wert,
Of what thou art, returns!

Yet 'twas for these—earth's vanity,
 The word of hollow praise,
 The flatterer's fixed and fawning eye,
 The world's enchanted gaze :
 For these, which to my world-sick eyes
 Seem dark and loathsome guiles,
 That I forsook our early ties,
 And thine approving smiles.

Thou, whose young life was all mine own,
 Whose worship was a flame
 Too pure for aught save heaven's throne,
 And God's undying name ;
 Thou wert forsaken to a doom
 Of sick and lone despair :
 The shadow of thine early tomb
 Falls o'er me every where !

Yet, unforgotten one, I crave
 Thy pillow for my head ;
 Better the still, the silent grave,
 Than life, with torture fed.
 Would that my weary lips had quaffed
 Their deep and sacred part
 Of that profound, oblivious draught,
 That made thee what thou art !

SPRING THUNDER.

WE know by the breath of the balmy air,
 By the springing grass and the sunshine
 fair—

By the soft rain falling—as if in love
 The sleeping blossoms and bulbs above—
 By the tint of green on the forest brown,
 By the fallen tassels of Aspen down,
 By the lilac bud and the tufted larch—
 That we have done with the wayward
 March.

We know by the call of the nestling bird,
 As she feels her mother impulse stirred,

By the venturing forth of the lonely bee
 (Like the dove sent out o'er the olden
 sea),

By the croak of the frog in his willowy
 pond,

By the dove's low moan in the copse
 beyond,

By the quickening pulse and the thrilling
 vein,

That April laughs into life again.

But not the sunshine, the breeze, the
 showers,

The tender green on the embryo flowers,
 The voices of birds or the quickened
 sense,

Appeal with such startling eloquence
 To the heart that yearns for the summer's
 reign

(Weary and earth-sick from winter's chain),
 As that sound which seems through space
 to ring

The first low Thunder of wakened Spring !

O marvel not that the men of old
 Deemed its deep music by gods con-
 trolled,

And, by the power that within them
 strove,

Called it the wrath of the mystic Jove—

For we are stirred with an awe profound

By that mysterious and sullen sound—

Nor give we faith to the birds and bloom

'Till we hear that fiat of Winter's doom.

So in the Spring of our life's career

We stand and gaze on the opening year,

We feel the sunshine, we drink the breeze,

But no source of feeling is stirred by
 these ;

Not till the voice of the stormy soul

Swells like the sound of the thunder's roll—

Not till the floodgates of sorrow break

In passionate tears—doth our Summer
 wake !

THE SAME CALM BROW.

SHE met me with the same calm brow
She bore in other years ;
I marveled then, I marvel now,
Where slept her blinding tears.

She spoke not once of that lost star,
That perished from her sky :
Her words were all of matters far
From that great agony !

She marked my dim and tearful eyes,
My broken speech she heard ;
And dark and bitter memories
Within her heart were stirred.

A sudden shudder, quick and sharp,
Shook her with quiverings,
As visibly as when a harp
Is swept o'er all its strings.

An ashen pallor veiled her cheek ;
Cold damps stood on her brow ;
And when at last she strove to speak,
Her words were whispered low ;

But soon that firm, undaunted will,
That never strove in vain,
Said to the inward storm, "Be still !"
And she was calm again.

Calm ! Aye, with that despair which
knows
The vanity of tears,
She patiently awaits the close
Of her appointed years ;

Thankful alike, when breaks the dawn,
Or sunlight fades in gloom ;
Because each day her steps are drawn
Still nearer to the tomb !

NEVER, AS I HAVE LOVED THEE.

NEVER, as I have loved thee,
Shalt thou be loved again ;
With affections deep, unchanging,
Through time, through grief, through
pain.

None shall e'er watch above thee
With such a tender care ;
With such unwearied vigils,
Such patient hope and prayer !

Never, as I have known thee,
Shalt thou again be known ;
I studied every feature,
I pondered every tone ;

I weighed each sacred feeling,
That made thy heart its shrine ;
I read my precious volume,
Warily, line by line !

Never, as I have trusted,
Shalt thou be trusted more ;
The world hath dark suspicions,
Wrung from its bitter core.

Thy frank and joyous bearing,
Thy glad and open smile,
Shall seem, to hollow spirits,
The mark of perfect guile.

Yet, if the love I gave thee,
And if the faith divine
Have added but a moment
To happiness of thine,

I shall not all regret them,
Nor deem those offerings vain,
Which leave my own existence
A bleak, a barren plain !

ELEANOR PERCY LEE.

ELEANOR PERCY WARE, sister of Catherine A. Warfield, the subject of the preceding biographic notice, was born at Natchez, on the Mississippi river, about the year 1820. She was educated at Philadelphia with her sister, and then for several years resided at Cincinnati. In the volume of poems by "Two Sisters of the West," published at New York, in 1843, were two or three pieces from her pen which have been much admired and widely circulated. To the "Indian Chamber and other Poems," published at Cincinnati, in 1846, she contributed "The Stormy-Petrel," "The Natchez Light-House," "The Sun-Struck Eagle," and several lighter poems, which are characterized by peculiar gracefulness of thought and sprightliness of versification.

Miss Ware was married at Cincinnati to H. W. Lee, of Vicksburg, Mississippi. She died in Natchez, when about thirty years of age.

TO THE STORMY-PETREL.

I've marked thee through the livelong day,

Lone wanderer on the ocean's breast;

I've seen in sunshine stretched away,

That wing that never stoops to rest.

They tell me, o'er the waters wide,

Thy pinions still forever move,

Where'er may sweep the ocean tide,

Where'er the ocean wind may rove.

The crested wave leaps high before,

The wild breeze gathereth strength behind;

Thy form above the waves will soar,

Thy wing outstrips the ocean wind.

Each plume that waves above the deep

Flies landward from the swelling breeze,

Save thine! whose fate is still to sweep

Forever o'er the stormiest seas!

Is there no terror on thee shed,

No fear within thy quivering form,

When thy wild ruffled wing is spread

Forth, on the bosom of the storm?

When o'er the waves the lightnings flash,

And many a gallant bark is riven;

And solemnly the thunder's crash

Peals from the darkened face of heaven?

The mariner's cold cheek is pale,

The locks upon his brow are wet;

He curbs the helm, he furls the sail

In vain!—the storm is mightier yet.

The sailor's wife shall strain to-night,

Her gaze across the foaming brine;

No form shall greet her aching sight,

No voice be heard mid waves, but thine.

Tell her (if speech be thine, dark bird),

Tell her, you watched him to the last;

Tell her you caught his latest word,

When clinging to the broken mast;

Tell her, how peacefully the wave

Above the cherished head shall sweep;

Tell her, thou only know'st his grave—

Oh, Stormy-Petrel of the deep!

And thou, hast thou no binding ties

To curb thy flight with silken chain?

To call thee from the raging skies
 Back to the spreading earth again?
 Hast thou no sweet and silent nest,
 Wherein to watch thy little brood?
 No spot of earth, where thou canst rest,
 When thou art sick of solitude?

No home! no home! Oh, weary one!
 And art thou like the dove of yore,
 Who found no spot to rest upon,
 Wandering the waste of waters o'er?
 And hath thy slender wing the might,
 Day and night on the lonely sea,
 To bear thee on th' eternal flight
 That makes thy life a mystery?

A weary doom! a weary doom!
 For evermore to range!
 Never again to fold thy plume
 In the peace which knows no change.
 There rests on many a human thing
 The shadow of thy fate;
 In hearts forever wandering,
 Alone and desolate.

They who bear on from land to land
 Some deep and restless grief—
 Some agony, whose withering hand
 Hath crushed a joy too brief—
 They, who go wandering, wandering yet,
 O'er mount, and plain, and sea,
 Seeking forever to forget,
 They only rove like thee.

They hurry through the tempest's wrath,
 And know not that it raves;
 They hurry on the lightning's path,
 And o'er the midnight waves.
 Yet, though the way be drear and dark,
 And weary be the breast,
 The arrow hurries to its mark,
 The worn heart to its rest.

I will not muse on things like these,
 For it is idle now.
 Fling back, fling back, oh, ocean breeze!
 The dark locks from my brow;

So I may watch the whirling flight
 Of the bird of the stormy hour—
 The Petrel—on whose path of light
 Blooms not one earthly flower.

Unresting one, thou'rt fading fast
 From the eyes that gaze on thee;
 Thy pinion like a dream hath past
 Far o'er the dark blue sea.
 Go, and when our pennon streams
 Beyond the tropic line,
 Bear to some other heart the dreams
 Which thou hast borne to mine.

THE NATCHEZ LIGHT-HOUSE.

LOFTY and lone it stood,
 That towery light-house, on my native
 shore;
 And from the impending cliff looked on
 the flood,
 To light the waters o'er.

Oft from that river low,
 I've upward gazed into the heavens' breast,
 And deemed that turret's bright and steady
 glow
 An orb that lit the west.

Often, returning far
 From my young wanderings over shore
 and sea,
 I've deemed that beacon blaze a glorious
 star,
 By angels lit for me.

But with the passing years,
 I saw that old, dark tower was of the earth;
 Yet loved I it, even unto gushing tears—
 It lit my place of birth!

There, there alone had I
 A right to stretch my arms toward the clay

That held my mother's dust, and let the cry
From my deep soul have way.

And evermore I turned,
With a true heart, unto the old dark tower,
To see, if yet its heaven-borne fires burned
As in my natal hour.

But at the last I came,
And darkness found; upon that lonely spire
New lights had come, and put the old to
shame:

They quenched thee, faithful fire.

Extinguished beacon! yet
Unto my soul still dear thy gloomy tower—
Thou wert a star, I cannot all forget,
To me in childhood's hour.

Thus to my place of birth,
My heart still turns with fervor to the last:
Though all her glory were extinct on earth,
My love would hold her fast.

Though on that spot again,
My kindred's steps should never more be
known,
My birthplace holds my spirit in her
chain—
For am I not her own?

Never, again, shalt thou,
Light-house! shine bright over that cliff
so bold;
Never shall childhood's eye, far, far below,
Vigils of deep love hold.

A faithful watch both kept:
Yet thee they yield, with all thy fires, to
gloom;
But in my breast immortal life hath leapt,
And such is not its doom.

Yes, thou and I have burned
With a wild flame, awhile to soar on high:
Thou unto darkness hast thy visage turned,
To heavenly glory I.

THE SUN-STRUCK EAGLE.

I SAW an eagle sweep to the sky—
The godlike! — seeking his place on
high,

With a strong, and wild, and rapid wing—
A dark, and yet a dazzling thing;
And his arching neck, his bristling crest,
And the dark plumes quivering upon his
breast;
And his eye, bent up to each beam of
light,
Like a bright sword flashed with a sword
in fight.

I saw him rise o'er the forest trees;
I saw his pinion ride the breeze;
Beyond the clouds I watched him tower
On his path of pride—his flight of power.
I watched him wheeling, stern and lone,
Where the keenest ray of the sun was
thrown,
Soaring, circling—bathed in light:
Such was that desert eagle's flight.

Suddenly, then, to my straining eye,
I saw the strong wing slack on high,
Failing, falling to earth once more,
The dark breast covered with foam and
gore,
The dark eyes' glory dim with pain,
Sick to death with a sun-struck brain!
Reeling down from that height divine,
Eagle of heaven, such fall was thine!

Even so we see the sons of light,
Up to the day-beam steer their flight;
And the wing of genius cleaves the sky,
As the clouds rush on when the winds are
high;

Then comes the hour of sudden dread—
Then is the blasting sunlight shed,
And the gifted fall in their agony,
Sun-struck eagle, to die like thee!

LOIS BRYAN ADAMS.

LOIS BRYAN, daughter of John and Sarah Bryan, is a native of Moscow, Livingston county, New York. She was born there on the fourteenth day of October, 1817. Her father, a prosperous carpenter, emigrated to Michigan when Lois was six years old. Her early education was acquired at district schools, in a new settlement. On the sixteenth day of April, 1841, Miss Bryan was married, at Constantine, Michigan, to James Randall Adams, a newspaper editor and publisher. Mr. Adams died at Kalamazoo in 1848. His widow, being left without pecuniary resources, devoted herself to school-teaching. She spent three years in Kentucky as a teacher.

Returning to Michigan, she became a regular contributor to the *Michigan Farmer*. In 1853 Mrs. Adams decided to make Detroit her place of permanent residence, and in 1856, she took a proprietary interest in the *Farmer*, since which period she has devoted all her time and talents to its literary and business affairs.

During twenty years Mrs. Adams has been a contributor to the newspaper literature of Michigan, and has written occasionally for New York periodicals of wide circulation.

A SONG FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

AWAY with thoughts of pall and bier,
And cypress bough and funeral tear,
And wailings for the dying year.
Our household fires shall burn to-night
With warmer glow, while children bright
Dance round us in the rosy light.

Life was not given for tears and groans,
The godlike gift of speech for moans,
Or faces made for church-yard stones.
Hang the green holly on your walls,
And let the children's laughing calls
Re-echo through the lighted halls.

Those who have killed the year may weep,
And low in dust and ashes creep,
With wild laments and anguish deep;
But we have loved him best while here,
Can bid him go with festal cheer,
And lights and garlands round his bier.

He came to us a helpless child
Amid the snows of winter wild—
Our hearths with blazing logs we piled,
We gave him shelter from the storm,
And closely wrapped his shivering form
In softest wools and ermine warm.

We fed him from our garden store—
The richest fruits our orchards bore,
And nuts from many a foreign shore.
Our corn and wine his strength supplied,
Till, grown to boyhood by our side,
We gloried in his youthful pride.

We gave him flocks and fertile lands,
We bowed our heads to his commands,
And tilled his fields with willing hands,
When lo, to crown his manhood's morn,
The ripening wheat and tasseled corn
Were of our loving labor born.

Through all the summer's noontide heat,
We toiled amid the clover sweet,

And piled its fragrance at his feet.
We reaped his fields of waving grain,
Then plowed o'er all the vale and plain
And sowed the hopeful seed again.

And when the autumn's withered leaves
Fell rustling round our household eaves,
We gathered in his golden sheaves;
We bound his furrowed brow with maize,
And honored his declining days
With jubilees of grateful praise.

His work is done; his harvest home
Is gathered where no blight can come;
And his sealed lips are sweetly dumb
From the full perfectness of bliss,
The rapture-trance that ever is
Just where the heavenly life meets this.

We want for him no death-bell slow,
No sable plumes and hearse of woe,
With mourners wailing as they go.
But bring in place of tolling knells,
The music of your merry bells,
And cheerful songs for sad farewells.

Hang the green holly on the walls,
Let social mirth and music calls
Ring through your festal-lighted halls.
Life from the Old Year's death is born—
Let brightening hopes with smiles adorn
The breaking of the New-Year's Morn.

HOEING CORN.

Out in the earliest light of the morn
Ralph was hoeing the springing corn;
The dew fell flashing from the leaves of
green,
Wherever his glancing hoe was seen,
While dark and mellow the hard earth
grew
Beneath his strokes so strong and true.
And steadily still, hill after hill,

As the sun went up, he swung the hoe,
Hoe, hoe, hoe—row after row,
From the earliest light of the summer
morn,
Till the noonday sound of the dinner-horn.

What was Ralph thinking of all the morn,
Out in the summer heat hoeing corn,
With the sweat and dust on his hands and
face,
And toiling along at that steady pace?
A clear light beamed in his eye the while,
And round his lips was a happy smile,
As steadily still, hill after hill,
While the sun went down, he swung the
hoe,
Hoe, hoe, hoe—row after row,
Faster toward nightfall than even at morn
He hastened his steps through the spring-
ing corn.

Across the road from this field of corn,
Was the stately home where Ralph was
born;
Where his father counted his stores of gold,
And his lady-mother so proud and cold,
Lived but for the satins and gauze and
lace
That shrouded her faded form and face;
While steadily still, hill after hill,
Unthought of went Ralph, and swung his
hoe,
Hoe, hoe, hoe—row after row,
Day after day through the springing corn,
Toward the humble home of Isabel Lorn.

This he was thinking of all the morn,
And all day long as he hoed the corn—
"How sweet it will be, when the shadows
fall
Over the little brown cottage wall,
To sit by the door 'neath the clustering
vine,
With Isabel's dear little hand in mine!
So cheerily still, hill after hill,

From morning till night I'll swing my hoe,
 Hoe, hoe, hoe—row after row,
 Knowing each step that I take through the
 corn,
 Is bringing me nearer to Isabel Lorn ! ”

O glad was he then that the growing corn
 Shielded his steps from his mother's scorn ;
 And glad that his father's miser hand
 Had barred all help from his fertile land.
 So safely he kept his forest-flower,
 And dreamed of her beauty hour by hour,
 As steadily still, hill after hill,
 Through the field so broad he swung his
 hoe,
 Hoe, hoe, hoe—row after row,
 Knowing each step through the growing
 corn,
 Was bringing him nearer to Isabel Lorn.

But months passed on, and the ripened corn
 Was laid on the ground one autumn morn,
 While under the sod in the church-yard
 bless'd
 Are two low graves where the aged rest.
 The father has left broad lands and gold,
 And the mother her wealth of silks untold,
 And sweet Isabel—why need I tell
 What she said to Ralph, when without his
 hoe
 He sought her side? It was not “No !”
 That made her the mistress, one summer
 morn,
 Of the stately home by the field of corn.

THE PICTURE BRIDE.

ONE day a lonely artist spread
 His canvas by his cottage door:
 “I'll paint me such a bride,” he said,
 “As never mortal had before.
 “All artless in her matchless charms,
 Her face her guileless love shall speak ;

No pride shall fill me with alarms,
 No anger flush her maiden cheek.

“Pure as the snow-flake in the air
 Her intellectual brow shall be ;
 In ringlets bright her auburn hair
 Shall wave o'er neck and bosom free.

“And heaven's own purest blue shall bless
 The depths of those soft-beaming eyes,
 Where all of woman's tenderness
 In half unconscious slumber lies.

“Bright as the blush of early morn
 The rose-tints o'er her cheek shall play ;
 But not like morning's blush be born,
 To fade with each departing day.

“Long as I live, my Picture Bride
 Shall stand beside my cottage door,
 A purer, truer, more beloved
 Than ever mortal had before.

“Forever on her lips shall be
 That smile of angel loveliness,
 That speaks to me and only me,
 A welcome to her loved caress.”

And day by day the Picture Bride
 In all her blooming beauty stood,
 The idol of the artist's pride,
 Beside his cottage in the wood.

When morning oped her dewy eye,
 He knelt in worship half divine,
 And when the noonday sun was high,
 Again he bent before the shrine.

And when his weary toils were o'er,
 And night o'erspread the landscape sweet,
 He sought his beauteous bride once more,
 To pay his homage at her feet.

Full oft those glowing lips he pressed,
 Bright lips, that only met his own,
 Full oft those dewy eyes he blessed,
 That beamed on him and him alone.

And when he slept and when he dreamed,
 One form in all his visions rose,
 And still her angel beauty seemed
 The guardian of his sweet repose.

Thus calm and blissful, months and years
 Rolled onward in their circles true,
 Nor dread of death, nor jealous fears
 Could mar the joy the artist knew.

But once, alas! in careless haste,
 Such as is sometimes known to all,
 His hand reversed his bride's sweet face,
 And left her smiling on the wall.

When to his bower at evening dim,
 With glad but weary step he came,
 No pictured beauty smiled on him,
 From out her silver-tissued frame.

But cold and dark the dwelling seemed,
 No lips were there where beauty slept,
 No eyes where love and fondness gleamed—
 The artist sat him down and wept.

"Ah me; my weary life," he cried,
 "My all of joy on earth is o'er.
 My lost, my loved, but faithless bride,
 Thy smile will cheer my heart no more!"

Thou simple artist, raise thy hand,
 And turn again that frame-work slight,
 So shall thy bride before thee stand,
 In all her changeless beauty bright.

'Tis thus that many a loving heart
 Hath turned its joy to bitterness,
 Thy own impatience points the dart,
 That wounds thee in thy deep distress.

If e'er thou'rt shrined in woman's heart,
 The idol of her holiest care,

O! tremble lest thou break the spell
 That keeps thy worshiped image there.

But shouldst thou in a thoughtless hour,
 Unconscious, cause the loved one pain,
 Remember 'tis the self-same power
 Can win her back to smiles again.

LILLIAN GRAY.

By yon low grave, where Lillian sleeps,
 And where the willow o'er her weeps,
 The wild birds love to stay;
 They meet around her in the night,
 They sing of her at morning light,
 I hear them all the day;
 But O, it seems a weary song,
 To hear them singing all day long,
 "We mourn for Lillian Gray."

Within that grave my Lillian sleeps,
 Above her head the willow weeps,
 She has no sculptured stone;
 But, day by day, an artist old
 Is gravings with his fingers cold,
 My heart, to marble grown;
 And all the name he traces there,
 From dewy morn to evening fair,
 Is "Lillian Gray" alone.

Beneath the tree that o'er her weeps,
 I'll lay me where my Lillian sleeps,
 To guard her while I may;
 For sterner seemed that form of fear,
 That traced the name of Lillian dear
 Upon my heart to-day;
 I'm dying—and the wild birds sing
 Above the monument I bring
 To thee, my Lillian Gray!

HORACE P. BIDDLE.

HORACE P. BIDDLE is the youngest of a family of nine children. His father was one of the adventurous pioneers who early made the Western country their home. He migrated to Marietta in 1789. After residing on the Muskingum river until 1802, he removed to Fairfield county, Ohio, where Horace P. was born, about the year 1818. He received a good common school education, to which he afterward added a knowledge of the Latin, French and German languages. He read law with Hocking H. Hunter, of Lancaster, and was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Ohio, at Cincinnati, in April, 1839. In October of the same year he settled in Logansport, Indiana, where he has since resided.

Mr. Biddle has made several excellent translations from French and German poets. His version of Lamartine's beautiful poem, "The Swallow," was copied in many leading journals. At an early age he commenced writing rhymes. One of his pieces, printed when he was fifteen years old, contained merit enough to induce another poet to claim it as his own. In 1842 he became a contributor to the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Since that time he has furnished occasional articles, prose as well as poetical, to the *Ladies' Repository*, Cincinnati, and to other literary periodicals. A collection of his poems was published in a pamphlet form, in 1850, under the title "A Few Poems." Two years later a second edition appeared. It attracted the attention of Washington Irving, who, in a letter to the author, said, "I have read your poems with great relish: they are full of sensibility and beauty, and bespeak a talent well worthy of cultivation. Such blossoms should produce fine fruit." In 1858, an enlarged edition was published at Cincinnati,* with an essay entitled "What is Poetry?" The author elaborately discusses the definitions that have been given by eminent thinkers, and then decides that "poetry is beautiful thought, expressed in appropriate language—having no reference to the useful."

An active and prosperous professional life has not prevented Mr. Biddle from being drawn into the political arena. On the nomination of Henry Clay for the presidency, he advocated his election, and was placed upon the electoral ticket. In 1845 he became a candidate for the Legislature, but was defeated. He was elected Presiding Judge of the Eighth Judicial Circuit Court in December, 1846, in which office he continued until 1852. He was a member of the Indiana Constitutional Convention, which assembled in 1850. Although the district was against his party, he received a majority of over two hundred votes. In 1852 he was nominated for Congress, but failed to receive the election. He was elected Supreme Judge in 1857, by a large majority, but the Governor, Ashbel P. Willard, refused to commission him, for the reason that no vacancy in the office existed. The Republican party again, in 1858,

* A Few Poems. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co., 1858. 12mo, pp 240.

brought him forward as a candidate for the same position, but the ticket was not successful.

Mr. Biddle leads a somewhat retired life at his residence, "The Island Home," near Logansport, but has not altogether abandoned the practice of law. He has a well-selected library and a good collection of musical instruments, which occupy a large portion of his leisure hours. He has frequently delivered lectures on literary and scientific topics. It is understood that he is preparing for the press a work on the musical scale, for which original merit is claimed.

HAPPY HOURS.

THEY say that Time, who steals our hours,
Will never bring them back,
But bears them off like faded flowers
That strew his endless track.

But when I think of childhood's dreams
That round my pillow cling,
And dream them o'er again, it seems
He never stirred his wing.

And when I hear my father praise
His little urchin boy,
It calls to mind those halcyon days,
When all I knew was joy.

And yet I feel the fervent kiss
My mother gave her son;
Again I share a mother's bliss,
Forgetting that she's gone.

And when I call back friends again,
That erst I loved to greet,
And hear each voice's well-known strain,
Again we seem to meet!

Time hallows every happy hour;
While fading in the past,
E'en grief and anguish lose their power,
And cease to pain at last.

Although he thins our locks so dark,
And silvers them with gray,
His crumbling touch can never mark
The spirit with decay.

He gathers all the fadeless flowers,
And weaves them in a wreath,
And with them twines our well-spent hours
To blunt the dart of death.

As after music's tones have ceased,
We oft recall the strain,
So when our happy hours are past,
They come to us again.

Though Time may mingle thorns with
flowers,
And gloomy hours with gay,
He bring us back the happy hours,
And bears the sad away.

Then let us gather only flowers
Along the path we tread,
And only count the happy hours,
Forgetting all the sad.

And if we yet should feel a woe,
Fond hope soon comes to prove,
That though 'tis sometimes dark below,
'Tis always bright above!

THE ANGEL AND THE FLOWER.

I SAW a child—a lovely flower,
 Spring to the Summer's breath;
 I looked again—'twas but an hour—
 And lo, 'twas laid in death!

I asked an angel why it was so,
 Why such to earth were given?
 The angel said, "They spring below,
 But have their bloom in heaven!"

LOVE AND WISDOM.

WHEN hearts are giving sigh for sigh,
 And pouring out their treasure,
 When the fond breast is beating high
 With Love's delicious pleasure,
 Oh, why should Wisdom ever come
 To cast a shade o'er feeling,
 Oh, why should Wisdom ever come,
 Life's sweetest pleasure stealing!

When lip to lip is warmly pressed,
 And heart to heart is leaning,
 Feeling what cannot be expressed,
 Though Love divines the meaning;
 Oh, why should Wisdom ever come
 To cast a shade o'er feeling,
 Oh, why should Wisdom ever come,
 Life's sweetest pleasure stealing!

We cannot love and still be wise—
 This truth is past concealing;
 • Wisdom must see; Love has no eyes,
 But trusts alone to feeling;
 Then why should Wisdom ever come
 To cast a shade o'er feeling,

Oh, why should Wisdom ever come,
 Life's sweetest pleasure stealing!

If Wisdom, then, casts Love away,
 As fruit discards the blossom,
 Oh, take old Wisdom, let Love stay,
 He's dearer to my bosom;
 For why should Wisdom ever come
 To cast a shade o'er feeling,
 Oh, why should Wisdom ever come,
 Life's sweetest pleasure stealing!

BIRTH OF CUPID.

A TEAR-DROP fell from an angel's eye,
 And lodged in the cup of a flower;
 While trembling there, 'twas embraced by
 a sigh,
 And Cupid was born in the bower.

Thus sprang from embraces, so sweetly
 impress'd,
 The child of a sigh and a tear,
 And reared on the sweets of a flower's
 breast,
 Why marvel he's wayward, sweet, ten-
 der, and dear?

IDOLA.

HER cheek is pale, her eye of blue so full
 You see the tear-drop start;
 She is too tender and too beautiful
 For death's unerring dart;
 Yet God receives the dutiful—
 Be still, my heart!

SARAH J. HOWE.

SARAH J. HOWE, wife of Hammond Howe, for many years a resident of Newport, Kentucky, was a frequent contributor to the newspapers and magazines of Cincinnati, between 1839 and 1849. In 1847 Robinson & Jones, Cincinnati, published a dramatic poem from her pen entitled "Boleslas II., or the Siege of Kiow." It was founded on incidents in the history of Poland. At that time a volume of poems by Mrs. Howe was advertised, but never published. Her best poems were contributed to the *Ladies' Repository*.

"LET US GO UP." *

"LET us go up." There's many a field,
Broad, bright, and lovely, lies untill'd,
And many a gushing fount, from which
Our empty pitchers may be filled!
There, in that fair and glorious land,
O'er which the saints in heaven have trod,
With gentle wave, the crystal stream
Flows from the "City of our God!"
"Let us go up." The Lord will be
Our rock, our fortress, and our shield!
Though many foes should hedge our way,
The Lord's right arm shall make them yield!
There shines the sun with chastened beam—
No envious cloud obscures his light—
And in that pure and perfect day,
We shall forget that e'er 'twas night!
"Let us go up." Invincible
Are those who in Jehovah trust.
Our arms must conquer—faith and prayer—
They who resist us are but dust!
There God will wipe away our tears,
And life shall own no sorrowing stain—
In Jesus we shall all be one—
United—an unbroken chain!

* "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." Numbers xiii. 30.

BEND SOFTLY DOWN.

BEND softly down, ye gentle skies,
Bend softly down to me;
That I may see those spirit-eyes,
If spirit-eyes they be—
Bend gently down, for I have dreamed
That there were forms above
In every pearly star that beamed,
Made up of light and love.

Bend softly down, ye gentle stars,
And lift the azure veil,
That I may see your pearly brows
That ne'er with sorrow pale.
There must be hearts in that blue realm
That throb with fearful bliss,
They cannot be so dull and cold,
So pulseless as in this.

Oh! I have set my weary heart
On love this earth hath not,
And mine through life must ever be
A sad and lonely lot.
Bend softly down, ye gentle skies,
Bend softly down to me;
That I may see those spirit-eyes,
If spirit-eyes they be!

HYMN OF THANKFULNESS.

I BLESS thee, Father, that thy breath has
given

Existence unto me, a broken reed;
That 'midst the griefs by which life's ties
are riven,

Thou hast bestowed me strength in time
of need!

Thy hand upheld me when my heart was
fraught

With griefs, that wrung my full heart to
the core;

Tho' I perceived not, 'twas thy hand that
brought

The "balm of Gilead" to the festering
sore!

I bless thee, Father, for the well upspring-
ing—

A well of pleasant thoughts, within my
breast,

That e'er hath been like April violets,
flinging

Their pleasant odor o'er the traveler's
rest—

A well which often cheered my weary
hours,

And led my spirit upward to thy throne—

A fairy gift, that strew'd my path with
flowers,

And brighten'd those that lay beside my
own!

I bless thee, Father, for the sunlight stream-
ing,

Like golden showers, on forest, hill and
dome!

And for the blessed stars, like watch-fires
gleaming

On heaven's high walls, to light us to
our home;

And for each little flower that lifts its cup
Of gentle beauty thro' the emerald sod,

Sending its perfume—nature's incense—up
Unto thy throne, I bless thee, O my God!

I bless thee, Father, for the light which
shineth

Clear and unbroken on life's rugged
way—

A ray from thy pure throne, which ne'er
declineth,

But ever brightens till the perfect day;

That thou hast taught my heart to be con-
tent—

My weary soul to suffer and be still—

A pilgrim I, who patiently must wait

Till I have done on earth my Master's
will!

AFTER A TEMPEST.

THE stars had come out from their homes
of bright blue—

Eternity's watchers—the pure and the
true!—

As I wander'd abroad 'neath the beautiful
moon

That lit up the skies of our radiant June,
There lay the proud oak that had shelter-
ed the vine

Through winter's dark tempests and sum-
mer's warm shine.

It lay in the pomp of its towering pride,
The vine's gentle tendrils all crushed to its
side,

The vine flowers scattered, still bright in
their bloom,

And yielding in dying their richest per-
fume!

As I gazed on the ruin the tempest had
wrought—

The blossoms of spring with such promises
fraught,

I saw by my side in the cleft of a rock,
A flower unscathed by the hurricane's
shock,

Still blooming so sweetly, its delicate form
Defying the wrath of the pitiless storm!

I looked at the flower, and I turned to the sky,
And thought of the "Rock that is higher
than I."

LEWIS J. CIST.

LEWIS J. CIST is the eldest son of Charles Cist, who is well known throughout the West as the editor of *Cist's Advertiser*, which was published in Cincinnati from 1844 to 1853—and as the author of three volumes of “Annals of Cincinnati”—published at decennial periods, the first volume representing the Queen City in 1840.

Lewis J. in his early boyhood manifested a promising gift for making rhymes, but his father having a practical rather than a poetic turn of mind, instead of encouraging him to make authorship his profession, required him to give attention to mathematics and kindred studies, and, before he had attained his majority, the young man became an esteemed clerk in the Bank of the Ohio Life and Trust Company. Banking, however, did not prevent Mr. Cist from often courting the muses. He wrote for *The Hesperian*, for his father's *Advertiser*, and for other newspapers, a large number of poems, from which, in 1845, he made selections for a volume* which was published in Cincinnati. In his preface he disclaimed “pretensions to the honored title of poet, in the legitimate sense of the term,” but styling himself a versifier, declared that he had “contented himself with occasionally gleanings—here, it may be, a weed, and there, perchance, a flower—from such by-nooks and out-of-the-way corners of the field of fancy, as had been passed over by the more worthy and accredited gatherers of the golden-hued harvests of Parnassus.” Notwithstanding this modest disclaimer, the poet's book was received with words of fair encouragement by influential reviewers. His poems commemorating home affections were particularly approved. Several of them have been widely circulated.

Mr. Cist is a native of Pennsylvania. He was born on the twentieth day of November, 1818, at Harmony, a village established by George and Frederick Rapp (who afterward made “Economy” famous), on the banks of Conaquesing Creek, a small stream, rising on the confines of Butler and Venango counties, Pennsylvania, and emptying into the Beaver river about twenty miles above its confluence with the Ohio. His father removed to Cincinnati when he was a child. There Lewis J. resided till 1850, when he removed to St. Louis, in which city he is now Assistant Cashier in a leading bank. Since his residence in St. Louis he has rarely published poems, but he has devoted himself with poetic enthusiasm to the collection of autographs. He is prominent among the most devoted and successful collectors of chirographic curiosities in the United States.

* *Trifles in Verse: A Collection of Fugitive Poems*, by Lewis J. Cist. Cincinnati: Robinson & Jones, 1845. 12mo, pp. 184

OLDEN MEMORIES.

THEY are jewels of the mind ;
 They are tendrils of the heart,
 That with our being are entwined—
 Of our very selves a part.
 They the records are of youth,
 Kept to read in after-years ;
 They are manhood's well of truth,
 Filled with childhood's early tears.
 Like the low and plaintive moan
 Of the night-wind through the trees,
 Sweet to hear, though sad and lone,
 Are those Olden Memories !

Like the dim traditions, hoary,
 Of our loved and native clime ;
 Like some half-forgotten story,
 Read or heard in olden time ;
 Like the fresh'ning dew of even
 To the parched and drooping flower ;
 Like peaceful thought of heaven,
 In life's tempest-stricken hour ;
 Like the cadence of a song ;—
 Yet, oh ! sweeter far than these
 Are the thoughts that round us throng
 With those Olden Memories !

In the solitude of even,
 When the spirit, lone and dreary,
 Turns from earth away to heaven,
 As the refuge of the weary ;
 In the dreary twilight hour,
 When the world is calm and still,
 And light zephyrs fragrance shower
 Over dewy vale and hill,
 Oh ! then, sweeter than perfume
 Borne on aromatic breeze,
 To the softened spirit come
 Those dear Olden Memories !

In our days of mirth and gladness,
 We may spurn their faint control,
 But they come, in hours of sadness,
 Like sweet music to the soul ;

And in sorrow, o'er us stealing
 With their gentleness and calm,
 They are leaves of precious healing,
 They are fruits of choicest balm.
 Ever till, when life departs,
 Death from dross the spirit frees,
 Cherish, in thine heart of hearts,
 All thine Olden Memories !

TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER ! they say to me, that thou
 Beginnest to grow old ;
 That time, in furrows on thy brow,
 Hath placed his impress cold.
 'Tis so ! yet dost thou still appear
 As young and fair to me,
 As when an infant, mother, dear,
 I played upon thy knee !

They tell me, mother, that thy cheek
 Hath lost that ruddy glow,
 Of which so oft I've heard those speak
 Who knew thee long ago.
 It may be so ! yet will I press
 That cheek with love as strong
 As when in childhood's first embrace,
 Upon thy neck I hung !

They tell me many a charm, once fair,
 Beginneth to decay ;
 That thy once glossy, raven hair
 Is turning fast to gray.
 Yet I each hoary tress revere,
 Each charm, by thee possessed,
 As fair to me doth still appear,
 As first my sight it blessed !

And yet I know 'tis even so,
 For time is hurrying on ;
 And those who live to bless us now,
 Alas ! will soon be gone.

And, mother, dear, it grieves my soul
To think that, day by day,
Thou'rt reaching nearer to thy goal,
And soon must pass away!

Mother! in sooth it filleth me
With sorrow sharp and keen,
When I look back and think, to thee
How wayward I have been.
Oh! could I but live o'er again
My life from infancy,
I think how much of care and pain,
Mother, I'd spare to thee!

Ah, vain the wish! for time, once gone,
Can never more return;
And as it still is hurrying on,
Still onward we are borne.
And deeds once done, are done for aye,
Whate'er they may betoken;
And we may utter words to day,
Can never be unspoken!

But, mother, though I cannot now
Recall the years long past,—
Remove the shadows from thy brow,
That time and grief have cast,—
Yet it may be my sweetest care,
Each care of thine t' assuage,
And soothe thine every future year
Of earthly pilgrimage!

LOVE AT AUCTION.

O YES! O Yes! O Yes!—For sale,
At auction to the highest bidders,
Without reserve—pray list the tale,
Ye “nice young men,” and tender wid-
ows,—
A lot of sundries, of all sorts
Of gentle gifts, of love the token;—
Rings, chains and cupids, darts and hearts,
Some sound and whole, some cracked
and broken;

Watch-guards, watch-papers, and watch-
seals;

Rings, plain and fanciful, in plenty;
Breast-pins, pen-wipers, and grace-quills;
With miniatures, perhaps some twenty;
Pincushions, fifty odd, or more;
Slippers, with love-knots, several pair;
Of valentines, at least a score;
And some few hundred locks of hair!

And to begin the sale:—Here's this
Small lot—a ring, with chain and locket,
All of pure pinchbeck—from a Miss
Who once drew largely on my pocket:
To balls, to concerts, to the play,
And rides I freely used to treat her;
The cut direct, the other day,
She gave me, when I chanced to meet
her!

Here is a little fancy seal,
With Cupid flying to his mam, on;
The motto French—*Toujours fidele!*
That's French, I take it, for “all gam-
mon!”

The girl who gave it me, next day
Denied my suit with jest and laughter;
And with her cousin ran away—
Toujours fidele!—some three weeks
after!

This was the gift of one I loved,
God knows how fervently and truly!
I should have so, if she had proved
One half the thing I thought her wholly;
She turned out but a fair coquette,
And when she laid me on the shelf,
With this dark braid—I have it yet—
Her gift, I thought to hang myself:—

I didn't though! I laid it by
Until, with years, my love is cool;
And looking now upon it, I
Can wonder I was such a fool.
Poor girl! she's wedded since, to one
Who loved her dearly—for her pelf!

The wretch to Texas late has gone,
And left her now to hang herself!

This valentine was sent by one
Whose name's "a poet's passion," Mary.
Once graceful as a bounding fawn,
And mischievous as any fairy:
She's married, too, and fat—ye gods!
I scarcely can contain my laughter,
When in the street I sometimes meet
Her, with her ducklings waddling after!

A miniature! of her, my first,
My warmest love—perhaps my only!
How has my heart her image nursed,
A light unto my pathway lonely!
She weds another soon—her vow
To me all lightly hath she broken;
Her gift—aye, let it go, for now,
'Tis of her falsehood but the token!

This tress of hair of golden hue
(Some call it red—'tis not, 'tis auburn!
For the distinction 'twixt the two,
A poet ask, or ask Grant Thorburn!)
Belonged to one—a glorious girl—
I loved as brother may a sister;
Smoothed o'er her brow each sunny curl,
And sometimes chid, and sometimes—
kissed her!

Ah, those were happy days to me!—
Dear Ella, do you ne'er regret them?—
Yet hopeless though the task may be,
How have I striven to forget them!
The bitterest sting in love that's lost,
Is memory of its by-gone pleasures;
But how must that lone heart be crossed
Which longs to yield thus up such treasures!

No more!—the sale must close, lest I
Each firm resolve should reconsider;
Throw in one lot the rest—who'll buy?
I'll knock it to the highest bidder;

I thought it not so hardly done,
Each long-cemented tie to sever;
But now they're "going—going—gone!"
And Love and I here part—forever!

OHIO'S PILGRIM BAND.

NEW ENGLAND well may boast
The band that on her coast,
Long years ago,
Their Pilgrim anchor cast—
Their Pilgrim bark made fast—
Mid winter's howling blast
And driven snow.

Long since hath passed away
Each Pilgrim, hoar and gray,
Of that lone band:
Yet, where their ashes lie,
Sprang seeds that shall not die,
While ever yon blue sky
Shall arch our land!

Sons of that Pilgrim race
Were they from whom we trace
Our Buckeye blood:
Ohio's Pilgrim band,
Lo! on yon shore they stand,
Their footsteps on the land,
Their trust in God!

Not with the bold array
Of armies dread, came they
Proud conquest on;
Through a long warfare rude,
With patient hardihood,
By toil, and strife, and blood,
The soil was won.

Won from the Red-man's lair,
To be an Eden fair
To us and ours:
Won, as the peaceful home
Of age, and beauty's bloom,

While day shall chase night's gloom,
While time endures !

God of the high and free !
Our fathers' God—to thee
Our thanks be given ;
Thanks for the true and brave—
Sires of all that sons might crave—
Their forms are in the grave,
Their souls in heaven !



THE BLIND GIRL TO HER SISTER.

COME home, dear sister ! Sad and lonely-
hearted,
As o'er another ray of light withdrawn,
As for the sunshine of her home departed,
The blind girl sits and weeps, to mourn
thee gone.
Gone !—the companion of her mirth and
sadness,
The friend and playmate of her childish
years ;
Life, in thy absence, loseth half its glad-
ness,
And this deep darkness doubly dark ap-
pears :
The long, long day is more than night
without thee—
Thrice welcome night ! for all sweet dreams
about thee !
Come home, sweet sister ! Ah, how much
I miss thee—
All thy kind shielding from life's rude
alarms—
From day's first dawn, when erst I sprang
to kiss thee,
Till night still found me nestling in thine
arms.
My lips may speak not ; but the heart's
deep feeling,
The spirit's sadness, and the low-voiced
tone,

The round full drops that will not brook
concealing,

These tell of one deep grief—I am
alone !

Alone !—Without thee, dearest, what to me
Were even life's best gift—the power to
see !

Come home, dear sister ! Can the far-off
stranger,

How kind soever, yield thee love like
mine ?

Can fairest scenes, through which thou
rov'st, a ranger,

Give to thee joys like those which home
enshrine ?

Think how for thee my lonely spirit pineth,
Through the long weary hours, as day
by day,

Slowly the sun down yonder west declineth,
Whilst thou, my sun of life, art far
away !

Thou canst not dream how this full heart
is yearning

For that blessed day which sees thee home
returning !

Come home, sweet sister ! Like a dove,
all lonely,

My heart sits brooding in its silent nest,
O'er joys departed. Come ! thy presence
only

Can make our home with cloudless sun-
shine blessed !

E'en as the bird, whose gentle mate has
perished,

Droopeth, no more to notes of rapture
stirred—

So I pine now, amid the scenes we've cher-
ished ;

I cannot sing, where ever once were
heard

Our strains commingled, ere thy steps did
roam ;

My song is hushed ! Sister, sweet mate,
come home !

THE BEATEN PATH.

I.

THAT Beaten Path!—that Beaten Path!

It goeth by the door;
And many a tale to tell it hath
Of the days that are no more!
For o'er that path, in weal or woe,
Earth's weary ones have trod;
And many a hurried step, or slow,
Hath pressed its time-worn sod.
There childhood's mirth, and youth's glad
shout
Have each a merry peal rung out;
Of gentle woman's graceful tread,
In fairy motion o'er it sped;
While manhood's care-surcharged breast
A weightier step hath on it pressed;
And age's palsied footsteps slow,
There last, perchance, abroad
Have feebly tottered forth to show
Threescore-and-ten prepared to go—
Life's journey trodden here below,
To stay its steps with God!

II.

See'st thou yonder smiling boy,
Just escaped his mother's arms?
With what eager, gushing joy—
Heedless of her fond alarms,
Out upon that path he springs,
Light as a bird with feathered wings
Running now a frolic race,
Walking then with sober pace;
And, anon, with childish grace,
Casting down his weary form,
With unused exertion warm,
On the grassy margin green,
Of the pathway he is in;
Of that path, which thus, a child,
Treads he first, with spirits wild,—
Of that path which he shall tread,
Oft in manhood's darker day—
When his weary, aching head
Gladly would he seek to lay

With the care-forgetting dead,
'Neath its grassy turf for aye!

III.

Ring out! ring out! a joyous shout,
For the fair and gentle bride!
Make room! make room! for the gallant
groom,
In his dashing and manly pride!
For his bridal's done—he hath wooed and
won
The flower of the country rare;
And worthy he of his lady—she
The fairest of England's fair!

Ring out! ring out! a pealing shout!
Let vassal to vassal call,
Each servant gay, in his best array,
Attend in the ancient hall;
For the bridal train rideth on amain,
And the lord of that hall doth come;
By that path where, a boy, he wandered in
joy,
He bringeth his fair bride home!

IV.

A toll! a sad and a muffled toll
Of a deep church-bell, for a parted soul!
The child, that in glee o'er that pathway
sped—
The youth, that in beauty and manhood
wed—
The aged lord of the castle is dead!
Hath rested the body in solemn state,
And now 'tis borne from the castle gate;
Sad its retainers, as, mournfully slow,
Over that Beaten Path they go—
That path through which, when a child he
sped;
That path by which his fair bride he led;
That path o'er which they now bear him
—dead!
Pause they now at yon church-yard's door,
And now—'tis entered—the pathway o'er;
That Beaten Path will he pass no more!

ALICE CARY.

ALICE CARY, now conceded to be one of the most eminent writers, in prose and verse, which this country has produced, is a native of Ohio, having been born in Hamilton county, near Cincinnati, in April, 1820. She is descended from a worthy stock, on her father's side being of Huguenot, Puritan and Revolutionary blood. During the fearful persecution of the Huguenots in France, waged in the latter part of the sixteenth century, Walter Cary, with his wife and son, escaped into England. Being a person of some means, the father was enabled to educate his son—named also Walter—liberally at Cambridge. After taking his degrees, Walter, jr. emigrated to America—then the land of promise to all entertaining his views—and located himself at Bridgewater, sixteen miles distant from the parent colony of Plymouth. There he essayed the office of teacher, opening a “grammar-school”—the first in America. Walter had seven sons. One, John, settled at Windham, Connecticut. He had five sons,—the youngest, Samuel, being great-grandfather to Alice and Phœbe Cary. Samuel was liberally educated at Yale College; and, having studied medicine, practiced successfully in Lynn, Connecticut, where, in 1763, the grandfather of the sisters was born. At eighteen he answered the call “to arms!” and served his country faithfully through the momentous struggle of the Revolution. After peace was declared, with thousands of others scarred and bruised in their country's cause, he was turned upon the world with no other wealth than an honor unsullied and a stout, brave, hopeful heart. He took his government “promise to pay” in lands in the then Northwestern Territory—settling, after much “prospecting,” at what is still the homestead in Hamilton county, where the father of the sisters still lives, enjoying the honored regard of that “Clovernook” neighborhood which Alice has so exquisitely daguerreotyped in her “Clovernook Papers,” and “Clovernook Children” and “Country Life.”

Of the mother of the sisters, long since dead, Alice writes: “My mother was of English descent—a woman of superior intellect, and of a good, well-ordered life. In my memory she stands apart from all others, wiser and purer, doing more and loving better than any other woman.”

In the quiet, almost cloistered, life at “Clovernook,” Alice passed the years up to 1850. Educational privileges were, in her girlhood, vastly more restricted than at the present moment; but, to one of her temperament and thoughtful cast of mind, her daily life was a text-book, and communion with nature a sermon, which served to interpret the profound mysteries of being and feeling more effectively than “schooling” could have done for her. For a companion of her early years, she had an elder sister to whom she thus refers:—“A beloved (elder) sister shared with me in work and play and study; we were never separated for a day. She was older than I, more cheerful and self-reliant. I used to recite to her my rude verses, which she praised; and she in turn told me stories of her own composing, which I at the time thought evinced

wonderful ability; and I still think that sister was unusually gifted. Just as she came into womanhood—she was not yet sixteen—death separated us, and that event turned my disposition, naturally melancholy, into almost morbid gloom. To this day she is the first in memory when I wake, and the last when I sleep. Many of my best poems refer to her. Her grave is near by the old homestead, and the myrtles and roses of my planting run wild there.” Then followed years of loneliness which few can appreciate who have not been similarly endowed mentally, and similarly circumstanced. She says: “In my memory there are many long, dark years of labors at variance with my inclinations, of bereavement, of constant struggle, and of hope deferred.” That this life of sacrifice and denial should serve to depress a highly poetic temperament is not strange. In those years of self-struggle we find the source of the sad tone which pervades her earlier, as well as some of her later, productions.

The date of Miss Cary’s first efforts at rhythmic composition we have not. At the age of eighteen her verses were first given to the public, by the Cincinnati press. Their reception was enthusiastic, surprising more than all others the timid author. She resolved to be worthy of her evident talent, and entered upon a patient and thorough study of authors and works calculated to develop her taste and to promote her knowledge of the world and its people. During those years of study she continued, from time to time, to give her poems to the press. They served to command an increasing attention; and, as has been said, “occasional words of cheer came to her quiet retreat from some poet of fame, who, not knowing her, still wrote kindly, approvingly—as one bird answers another across the waters.”

She thus gracefully and gratefully refers to those years of study and mental experience: “The poems I wrote in those times, and the praises they won me, were to my eager and credulous apprehension the prophecies of wonderful things to be done in the future. Even now, when I am older, and should be wiser, the thrill of delight with which I read a letter full of cordial encouragement and kindness from the charming poet, Otway Curry, is in some sort renewed. Then the voices that came cheerfully to my lonesome and obscure life from across the mountains, how precious they were to me! Among these the most cherished are Edgar A. Poe and Rufus W. Griswold.”

In 1850, Alice and Phœbe left their “Clovernook” home for the more varied and active life of the metropolis, New York, and there they have since resided, successfully pursuing the career of authorship, and proving themselves worthy of their first high promise.

Their first volume of poems was given to the public from Philadelphia, in 1850. No “first volume,” by any American writer, experienced a more satisfactory reception.

In the year following Alice produced the first series of “Clovernook Papers.” Its success was somewhat remarkable. Several large editions sold in this country, and also in Great Britain, where the name of the author has since become a household word. We may be permitted to remark that these papers possess the merit of *originality*—a merit now becoming rare—the characters being drawn with a power and perception which show how profoundly the writer has studied the human heart, and

how rare is her appreciation of the relations of life. Those early years of reticacy and self-denial were not without good fruits!

In 1852, "Hagar; a Story of To-day," was published.* In 1853 a second series of the "Clovernook Papers"—equally characterized as the first series by originality and beauty. A leading journal, remarking upon these "Papers," says: "Several editions were published in England, where they are regarded as second only to Cooper's delineations of American life and character. The volumes would occupy the same place in home estimation, if a present generation was capable of a *disinterested* judgment of authors familiar from personal and literary associations."

In 1853, "Lyra, and other Poems," was published by Redfield, of New York. This volume silenced contention as to the *relative* standing to be accorded the author. Mr. Poe had asserted for her a *leading* position, and this volume substantiated the claim. "Lyra," "In Illness," "Hymn to Night," "Winter," etc., were poems pronounced inferior to none written in America, in pathos, beauty of imagery, exquisite sensibility, and grace of utterance. The sad tone of the poems served to impress the mind somewhat unpleasantly, when read in series; but, judged as we are bound to judge of every production, by *its own* intrinsic merits, no just critic could refrain from according to Miss Cary the honor of being one of the "leading" women in our literature.

The "Clovernook Children" was published in 1854, by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. It is one of the most delightful volumes in our literature for young folks, and has had a large sale. In 1855 the same house brought out a more complete edition of the poems of Alice. The volume embraced all of "Lyra and other Poems," together with others of a brief character, written subsequently to 1853; and also contained a poem, of a more elaborate, if not of a more ambitious, character than any the lady had yet given to the public, called "The Maiden of Tlascala," occupying seventy-two pages of the volume. It is one of the best of the few successful narrative poems yet produced in this country.

In 1856 Derby & Jackson, of New York, brought out Miss Cary's "Married, not Mated." It embodied many of the excellencies of "Clovernook"—the characters being drawn with wonderful fidelity and force. In 1859 the same house issued her "Pictures of Country Life"—composed of contributions to leading periodicals during the years 1857-'8 and '9. The volume achieved new honors for the author abroad. In a notice of several columns in length the *London Literary Gazette* takes occasion to say: "Every tale in this book might be selected as evidence of some new beauty or unhackneyed grace. There is nothing feeble, nothing vulgar, and, above all, nothing unnatural or melodramatic. To the analytical subtlety and marvelous naturalness of the French school of romance, she has added the purity and idealizations of the home affections and home life belonging to the English; giving to both the American richness of color and vigor of outline, and her own individual power and loveliness."

We have lately perused a note, from Miss Cary to a friend, from which we take the liberty of making the following quotation: "I am ashamed of my work. The

*It was written for and first appeared in the *Cincinnati Commercial*.

great bulk of what I have written is poor stuff. Some of it, it may be, indicates ability to do better—that is about all. The public has given me more encouragement than I have had reason to expect. Notwithstanding my dissatisfaction with what I have done, I have still faith and hope in myself. I am not discouraged nor disheartened a whit; and, in my own estimation at least, I grow a little from year to year. Not that every thing is better this year than some things were last. I report *myself*—my observations and reflections more, books and their suggestions less. This is more especially true of my verse. In my prose I seldom ventured off my native soil, even in my earlier efforts. I think I am more simple and direct—less diffuse and encumbered with ornament than in former years—all probably because I have lived longer and thought more.”

We give this personal expression because it seems to us, in its latter position, a very happy and appropriate characterization; while its denial of merit, in its first position, is an unconscious admission of her unassuming nature and betokens the almost entire absence, in her disposition, of that egotism which renders some of our present race of poets often unpleasant as companions and correspondents. Miss Cary is simple in her tastes, unostentatious in her style of living, confiding in her disposition, hearty in her appreciation of goodness, charitable in her judgments to a remarkable degree, hopeful in faith, agreeable as a companion, disposed to constant deeds of charity, practicing self-denial as a privilege, and living the life of a pure, truly Christian woman.

BALLAD OF JESSIE CAROL.

I.

At her window, Jessie Carol,
As the twilight dew distils,
Pushes back her heavy tresses,
Listening toward the northern hills.
“I am happy, very happy,
None so much as I am blest;
None of all the many maidens
In the valley of the West,”
Softly to herself she whispered;
Paused she then again to hear
If the step of Allen Archer,
That she waited for, were near.
“Ah, he knows I love him fondly!—
I have never told him so!—
Heart of mine be not so heavy,
He will come to-night, I know.”

Brightly is the full moon filling
All the withered woods with light,
“He has not forgotten surely—
It was later yesternight!”
Shadows interlock with shadows—
Says the maiden, “Woe is me!”
In the blue the eve-star trembles
Like a lily in the sea.
Yet a good hour later sounded,—
But the northern woodlands sway —
Quick a white hand from her casement
Thrust the heavy vines away.
Like the wings of restless swallows
That a moment brush the dew,
And again are up and upward,
Till we lose them in the blue,
Were the thoughts of Jessie Carol,—
For a moment dim with pain,
Then with pleasant waves of sunshine,
On the hills of hope again.

"Selfish am I, weak and selfish,"

Said she, "thus to sit and sigh;
Other friends and other pleasures

Claim his leisure well as I.

Haply, care or bitter sorrow

'Tis that keeps him from my side,

Else he surely would have hastened

Hither at the twilight tide.

Yet, sometimes I can but marvel

That his lips have never said,

When we talked about the future,

Then, or then, we shall be wed!

Much I fear me that my nature

Cannot measure half his pride,

And perchance he would not wed me

Though I pined of love and died.

To the aims of his ambition

I would bring nor wealth nor fame.

Well, there is a quiet valley

Where we both shall sleep the same!"

So, more eves than I can number,

Now despairing, and now blest,

Watched the gentle Jessie Carol

From the Valley of the West.

II.

Down along the dismal woodland

Blew October's yellow leaves,

And the day had waned and faded,

To the saddest of all eves.

Poison rods of scarlet berries

Still were standing here and there,

But the clover blooms were faded,

And the orchard boughs were bare.

From the stubble-fields the cattle

Winding homeward, playful, slow,

With their slender horns of silver

Pushed each other to and fro.

Suddenly the hound upspringing

From his sheltering kennel, whined,

As the voice of Jessie Carol

Backward drifted on the wind,

Backward drifted from a pathway

Sloping down the upland wild,

Where she walked with Allen Archer,

Light of spirit as a child!

All her young heart wild with rap-
ture

And the bliss that made it beat—

Not the golden wells of Hybla

Held a treasure half so sweet!

But as oft the shifting rose-cloud,

In the sunset light that lies,

Mournful makes us, feeling only

How much farther are the skies,—

So the mantling of her blushes,

And the trembling of her heart

'Neath his steadfast eyes but made
her

Feel how far they were apart.

"Allen," said she, "I will tell you

Of a vision that I had—

All the livelong night I dreamed it,

And it made me very sad.

We were walking slowly, seaward,

In the twilight—you and I—

Through a break of clearest azure

Shone the moon—as now—on high;

Though I nothing said to vex you,

O'er your forehead came a frown,

And I strove but could not sooth you—

Something kept my full heart down;

When, before us, stood a lady

In the moonlight's pearly beam,

Very tall and proud and stately—

(Allen, this was in my dream!)

Looking down, I thought, upon me,

Half in pity, half in scorn,

Till my soul grew sick with wishing

That I never had been born.

'Cover me from woe and madness!'

Cried I to the ocean flood,

As she locked her milk-white fingers

In between us where we stood,—

All her flood of midnight tresses

Softly gathered from their flow,

By her crown of bridal beauty,

Paler than the winter snow.

Striking then my hands together,

O'er the tumult of my breast,—

All the beauty waned and faded

From the Valley of the West!"

In the beard of Allen Archer
Twisted then his fingers white,
As he said, "My gentle Jessie,
You must not be sad to-night;
You must not be sad, my Jessie—
You are over kind and good,
And I fain would make you happy,
Very happy—if I could!"
Oft he kissed her cheek and forehead,
Called her darling oft, but said,
Never, that he loved her fondly,
Or that ever they should wed;
But that he was grieved that shadows
Should have chilled so dear a heart;
That the time foretold so often
Then was come—and they must part!
Shook her bosom then with passion,
Hot her forehead burned with pain,
But her lips said only, "Allen,
Will you ever come again?"
And he answered, lightly dallying
With her tresses all the while,
Life had not a star to guide him
Like the beauty of her smile;
And that when the corn was ripened
And the vintage harvest press'd,
She would see him home returning
To the Valley of the West.

When the moon had veiled her splendor,
And went lessening down the blue,
And along the eastern hill-tops
Burned the morning in the dew,
They had parted—each one feeling
That their lives had separate ends;
They had parted—neither happy—
Less than lovers—more than friends.
For as Jessie mused in silence,
She remembered that he said,
Never, that he loved her fondly,
Or that ever they should wed.

'Twas full many a nameless meaning
My poor words can never say,
Felt without the need of utterance,
That had won her heart away.

O the days were weary! weary!
And the eves were dull and long,
With the cricket's chirp of sorrow,
And the owl's mournful song.
But in slumber oft she started
In the still and lonesome nights,
Hearing but the traveler's footstep
Hurrying toward the village lights.
So, moaned by the dreary winter—
All her household tasks fulfilled—
Till beneath the last year's rafters
Came the swallows back to build.
Meadow-pinks, like flakes of crimson,
Over all the valleys lay,
And again were oxen plowing
Up and down the hills all day.
Thus the dim days dawned and faded
To the maid, forsaken, lorn,
Till the freshening breeze of summer
Shook the tassels of the corn.
Ever now within her chamber
All night long the lamp-light shines,
But no white hand from her casement
Pushes back the heavy vines.
On her cheek a fire was feeding,
And her hand transparent grew—
Ah, the faithless Allen Archer!
More than she had dreamed was true.

No complaint was ever uttered,
Only to herself she sighed,—
As she read of wretched poets
Who had pined of love and died.
Once she crushed the sudden crying
From her trembling lips away,
When they said the vintage harvest
Had been gathered in that day.
Often, when they kissed her, smiled
she,
Saying that it soothed her pain,
And that they must not be saddened—
She would soon be well again!
Thus nor hoping nor yet fearing,
Meekly bore she all her pain,
Till the red leaves of the autumn
Withered from the woods again;

Till the bird had hushed its singing
 In the silvery sycamore,
 And the nest was left unsheltered
 In the lilac by the door;
 Saying, still, that she was happy—
 None so much as she was blest—
 None, of all the many maidens
 In the Valley of the West.

III.

Down the heath and o'er the moorland
 Blows the wild gust high and higher,
 Suddenly the maiden pauses
 Spinning at the cabin fire,
 And quick from her taper fingers
 Falls away the flaxen thread,
 As some neighbor entering, whispers,
 "Jessie Carol lieth dead."
 Then, as pressing close her forehead
 To the window-pane she sees
 Two stout men together digging
 Underneath the church-yard trees.
 And she asks in kindest accents,
 "Was she happy when she died?"—
 Sobbing all the while to see them
 Void the heavy earth aside;
 Or, upon their mattocks leaning,
 Through their fingers numb to blow,
 For the win'try air is chilly,
 And the grave-mounds white with
 snow;
 And the neighbor answers softly,
 "Do not, dear one, do not cry;
 At the break of day she asked us
 If we thought that she must die;
 And when I had told her, sadly,
 That I feared it would be so,
 Smiled she, saying, 'Twill be weary
 Digging in the church-yard snow!'"
 'Earth,' I said, 'was very dreary—
 That its paths at best were rough;'
 And she whispered, she was ready,
 That her life was long enough.
 So she lay serene and silent,
 Till the wind that wildly drove,

Soothed her from her mortal sorrow,
 Like the lullaby of love."
 Thus they talked, while one that loved
 her
 Smoothed her tresses dark and long,
 Wrapped her white shroud down, and
 simply
 Wove her sorrow to this song!

IV.

Sweetly sleeps she! pain and passion
 Burn no longer on her brow—
 Weary watchers, ye may leave her—
 She will never need you now!
 While the wild spring bloomed and faded,
 Till the autumn came and passed,
 Calmly, patiently, she waited—
 Rest has come to her at last!
 Never have the blessed angels,
 As they walked with her apart,
 Kept pale Sorrow's battling armies
 Half so softly from her heart.
 Therefore, think not, ye that loved her,
 Of the pallor hushed and dread,
 Where the winds like heavy mourners,
 Cry about her lonesome bed,
 But of white hands softly reaching
 As the shadow o'er her fell,
 Downward from the golden bastion
 Of the eternal citadel.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 Is one of a dim old forest,
 That seemeth the best of all.
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
 Dark with the mistletoe,
 Not for the violets golden,
 That sprinkle the vale below;
 Not for the milk-white lilies,
 That lean from the fragrant hedge,

Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
 And stealing their golden edge;
 Not for the vines on the upland
 Where the bright red berries rest,
 Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
 It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
 With eyes that were dark and deep—
 In the lap of that old dim forest
 He lieth in peace asleep;
 Light as the down of the thistle,
 Free as the winds that blow,
 We roved there, the beautiful summers,
 The summers of long ago;
 But his feet on the hills grew weary,
 And, one of the Autumn eves,
 I made for my little brother
 A bed of the yellow leaves.
 Sweetly his pale arms folded
 My neck in a meek embrace,
 As the light of immortal beauty
 Silently covered his face.
 And when the arrows of sunset
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
 He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
 Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 The one of the dim old forest
 Seemeth the best of all.

HARVEST TIME.

God's blessing on the reapers! all day
 long
 A quiet sense of peace my spirit fills,
 As whistled fragments of untutored song
 Blend with the rush of sickles on the
 hills;
 And the blue wild flowers and green brier-
 leaves
 Are brightly tangled with the yellow
 sheaves.

Where straight and even the new furrows
 lie,

The cornstalks in their rising beauty
 stand;

Heaven's loving smile upon man's industry
 Makes beautiful with plenty the wide
 land.

The barns, pressed out with the sweet hay,
 I see,
 And feel how more than good God is to
 me!

In the cool thicket the red robin sings,
 And merrily before the mower's scythe
 Chirps the green grasshopper, while slowly
 swings,

In the scarce-swaying air, the willow
 lithe;
 And clouds sail softly through the upper
 calms,

White as the fleeces of the unshorn lambs.

Outstretched beneath the venerable trees,
 Conning his long, hard task, the school-
 boy lies,

And, like a fickle wooer, the light breeze
 Kisses his brow, then, scarcely sighing,
 flies;

And all about him pinks and lilies stand,
 Painting with beauty the wide pasture-
 land.

Oh, there are moments when we half for-
 get

The rough, harsh grating of the file of
 Time;

And I that believe angels come down yet
 And walk with us, as in Eden clime,
 Binding the heart away from woe and
 strife,

With leaves of healing from the Tree of
 Life.

And they are most unworthy who behold
 The bountiful provisions of God's care,

When reapers sing among the harvest-gold,
 And the mown meadow scents the quiet
 air,
 And yet who never say, with all their
 heart,
 How good, my Father, oh, how good thou
 art!



LYRA.

MAIDENS, whose tresses shine,
 Crownéd with daffodil and eglantine,
 Or, from their stringéd buds of brier-roses,
 Bright as the vermeil closes
 Of April twilights after sobbing rains,
 Fall down in rippled skeins
 And golden tangles low
 About your bosoms, dainty as new snow;
 While the warm shadows blow in softest
 gales
 Fair hawthorn flowers and cherry blos-
 soms white
 Against your kirtles, like the froth from
 pails
 O'er brimmed with milk at night,
 When lowing heifers bury their sleek
 flanks
 In winrows of sweet hay or clover banks—
 Come near and hear, I pray,
 My plainéd roundelay.
 Where creeping vines o'errun the sunny
 leas,
 Sadly, sweet souls, I watch your shining
 bands,
 Filling with stainéd hands
 Your leafy cups with lush red strawber-
 ries;
 Or deep in murmurous glooms,
 In yellow mosses full of starry blooms,
 Sunken at ease—each busied as she likes,
 Or stripping from the grass the beaded
 dews,

Or picking jagged leaves from the slim
 spikes
 Of tender pinks—with warbled interfuse
 Of poesy divine,
 That haply long ago
 Some wretched borderer of the realm of
 woe,
 Wrought to a dulcet line;—
 If in your lovely years
 There be a sorrow that may touch with
 tears
 The eyelids piteously, they must be shed
 For Lyra, dead.
 The mantle of the May
 Was blown almost within the Summer's
 reach,
 And all the orchard trees,
 Apple, and pear, and peach,
 Were full of yellow bees,
 Flown from their hives away.
 The callow dove upon the dusty beam,
 Fluttered its little wings in streaks of
 light,
 And the gay swallow twittered full in
 sight;
 Harmless the unyoked team
 Browsed from the budding elms, and thrill-
 ing lays
 Made musical prophecies of brighter days;
 And all went jocundly. I could but say,
 Ah! well-a-day!—
 What time spring thaws the wold,
 And in dead leaves come up sprouts of
 gold,
 And green, and ribby blue, that after-hours
 Encrown with flowers;
 Heavily lies my heart
 From all delights apart,
 Even as an echo hungry for the wind,
 When fail the silver-kissing waves to un-
 bind
 The music bedded in the drowsy strings
 Of the sea's golden shells—
 That, sometimes, with their honeyed mur-
 murings
 Fill all its underswells;—

For o'er the sunshine fell a shadow wide
 When Lyra died.
 When sober Autumn, with his mist-bound
 brows,
 Sits drearily beneath the fading boughs,
 And the rain, chilly cold,
 Wrings from his beard of gold,
 And as some comfort for his lonesome
 hours,
 Hides in his bosom stalks of withered
 flowers,
 I think about what leaves are drooping
 round
 A smoothly shapen mound;
 And if the wild wind cries
 Where Lyra lies,
 Sweet shepherds softly blow
 Ditties most sad and low—
 Piping on hollow reeds to your pent
 sheep—
 Calm be my Lyra's sleep,
 Unvexed with dream of the rough briers
 that pull
 From his strayed lambs the wool!
 Oh, star, that tremblest dim
 Upon the welkin's rim,
 Send with thy milky shadows from above
 Tidings about my love;
 If that some envious wave
 Made his untimely grave,
 Or if, so softening half my wild regrets,
 Some coverlid of bluest violets
 Was softly put aside,
 What time he died!
 Nay, come not, piteous maids,
 Out of the murmurous shades;
 But keep your tresses crownéd as you may
 With eglantine and daffodillies gay,
 And with the dews of myrtles wash your
 cheeks,
 When flamy streaks,
 Uprunning the gray orient, tell of morn—
 While I, forlorn,
 Pour all my heart in tears and plaints, in-
 stead,
 For Lyra, dead.

CONTRADICTIONARY.

WE contradictory creatures
 Have something in us alien to our birth,
 That doth suffuse us with the infinite,
 While downward through our natures
 Run adverse thoughts, that only find delight
 In the poor, perishable things of earth.

Blindly we feel about
 Our little circle—ever on the quest
 Of knowledge, which is only, at the best,
 Pushing the boundaries of our ignorance
 out.

But while we know all things are miracles,
 And that we cannot set
 An ear of corn, nor tell a blade of grass
 The way to grow, our vanity o'erswells
 The limit of our wisdom, and we yet
 Audaciously o'erpass
 This narrow promontory
 Of low, dark land, into the unseen glory,
 And with unhallowed zeal
 Unto our fellow-men God's judgments deal.

Sometimes along the gloom
 We meet a traveler, striking hands with
 whom,
 Maketh a little sweet and tender light
 To bless our sight,
 And change the clouds around us and above
 Into celestial shapes, and this is love.

Morn cometh, trailing storms,
 Even while she wakes a thousand grateful
 psalms,
 And with her golden calms
 All the wide valley fills;
 Darkly they lie below
 The purple fire—the glow,
 Where, on the high tops of the eastern
 hills,
 She rests her cloudy arms.

And we are like the morning—heavenly
light
Blowing about our heads, and th' dumb
night
Before us and behind us; ceaseless ills
Make up our years; and as from off the
hills
The white mists melt, and leave them bare
and rough,
So melt from us the fancies of our youth,
Until we stand against the last black truth
Naked, and cold, and desolate enough.

—◆—
WORSHIP.

I HAVE no seasons and no times
To think of heaven—often at night
I go up on a stair of rhymes,
And find the way exceeding bright;
And for some accidental good
Wrought by me, saints have near me stood.

I do not think my heart is hard
Beyond the common heart of men,
And yet sometimes the best award
Smites on it like a stone, and then
A sunbeam that may brightly stray
In at my window, makes me pray.

The flower I've found in some chance nook,
Giving its wild heart to the bee,
Has taught me meekness like a book
Of written preaching; and to see
The corn-fields ripe, an orchard red
Has made me bow in shame my head.

When mostly in God's works I see
And feel his love, I make my prayers,
And without form or formulæ
My heart keeps Sabbath unawares,
And by the peace that comes, I know
My worship is accepted so.

A LOVER'S PASTIME.

BEFORE the daybreak, I arise,
And search, to find if earth or air
Hold any where
The likeness of thy sweet, sweet eyes!

In nature's book,
Where semblances of thee I trace,
I mark the place,
With flowers that have a bleeding look,
For pity, gentleness and grace,
With lilies white;
And roses that are burning bright
I take for blushes: then I catch
The sunbeams from the jealous air,
And with them match
The amber crowning of thy hair.

The dewes that shine on withering wood,
Or thirsty lands,
Quietly busy doing good,
Are like thy hands.

The brown-eyed sunflower, all the day
Looking one way,
I take for patience, made divine
By melancholy fears, like thine.

Ere break of day
I'm up and searching earth and air,
To find out where,
If find I may,

Nature hath copied to her praise
The beauty of thy gracious ways.

The wild sweet-brier
Shows through the brook in many a place;
But for the smiling in thy face,
She would not have her good attire.

Sometimes I walk the stubbly ways
That have small praise,
But spy out, ne'ertheless,
Some patch of moss, all softly pied,
Or rude stone, with a speckled side,
Telling thy loveliness.

I make believe the brooks that run
 With pleasant noise,
 From sun to shade, and shade to sun,
 Mimic thy murmured joys.

So, dearest heart,
 I cheat the cruelty
 That keeps us all too long apart,
 With many a poor conceit of thee.

The songs of birds,
 Floating the orchard tops among,
 Echo the music of thy tongue;
 And fancy tries to find what words
 Come nestling to my breast
 With melody so excellently dress'd.

Before the daybreak, I arise,
 And search through earth, and sky, and air,
 But find I never any where

The likeness of thy sweet, sweet eyes,
 My modest lady, my exceeding fair.

TO THE MARCH FLOWERS.

KEEP your muddy covers close, flowers,
 Nor dare to open your eyes,
 For all this month your lover, the Sun,
 Will only tell you lies!

He will only tell you lies, flowers,
 Pretty, and undesigned,
 For through this rough and cloudy month
 He never knows his mind.

The daffodil may look at him
 With her bright and angry eyes,
 But pinks that come with their hearts in
 their mouths
 Must wait for warmer skies.

O daisies, stay in your grassy house,
 Ye poor deluded things,

And keep your little white fingers shut
 Away from his golden rings.

Ye meadow lilies, leopard-like,
 Under the mould, so deep,
 Crouch close, and keep your spotted cubs
 For a month yet, fast asleep.

Trust not, ye modest violets,
 His promises to you,
 Nor dare upon his fickle smile
 To broaden your kerchiefs blue.

Ye little twinkling marigolds,
 'Tis wise sometimes to doubt,
 And though the wind should shake his
 moans
 To music, look not out.

'Tis a rough and churlish month, flowers,
 So heed ye my advice,
 Else you will wake, to go to sleep
 With cheeks as cold as ice.

PENITENCE.

O, I AM sick of what I am! Of all
 Which I in life can ever hope to be;
 Angels of light be pitiful to me,
 And build your white wings round me like
 a wall;
 And save me from the thought of what has
 been,
 In days and years I have no pleasure in.
 Disabled, stalled in habit's deep-worn rut,
 My labor is a vain and empty strife—
 A useless tugging at the wheels of life
 After the vital tendons all are cut:
 I have no plea, no argument to make—
 Only your love can save me for love's sake.

The evil I have done I do deplore,
And give my praise to whom it doth be-
long

For each good deed that seemeth out of
wrong

An accidental step, and nothing more.
Treasure for heavenly investment meant,
I, like a thriftless prodigal, have spent.

I am not in the favor of men's eyes,
Nor am I skilled immortal stuff to
weave;

No rose of honor wear I on my sleeve,
To cheer the gloom when that my body
lies

An unrigged hulk, to rot upon life's ford—
The crew of mutinous senses overboard.

What shall I bring thy anger to efface,
Great Lord? The flowers along the
summer brooks

In bashful silence praise Thee with sweet
looks,

But I, alas! am poor in beauty's grace,
And am undone—lost utterly, unless
My faults thou buriest in thy tenderness.

A FRAGMENT.

It was a sandy level wherein stood
This old and lonesome house,—far as
the eye

Could measure, on the green back of the
wood,

The smoke lay always, low and lazily.

Down the high gable windows, all one way,
Hung the long, drowsy curtains, and
across

The sunken shingles, where the rain would
stay,

The roof was ridged, a hand's breadth
deep, with moss.

The place was all so still you would have
said,

The picture of the Summer, drawn,
should be

With golden ears, laid back against her
head,

And listen to the far, low-lying sea.

But from the rock, rough-grained and ice-
encrowned,

Some little flower from out some cleft
will rise;

And in this quiet land my love I found,

With all their soft light, sleepy, in her
eyes.

No bush to lure a bird to sing to her—

In depths of calm the gnats' faint hum
was drowned,

And the wind's voice was like a little stir
Of the uneasy silence, not like sound.

No tender trembles of the dew at close

Of day,—at morn, no insect choir;

No sweet bees at sweet work about the rose,
Like little housewife fairies round their
fire.

And yet the place, suffused with her, seemed
fair—

Ah, I would be immortal, could I write

How from her forehead fell the shining
hair,

As morning falls from heaven—so bright!
so bright!

FAITH AND WORKS.

NOT what we think, but what we do,

Makes saints of us—all stiff and cold,

The outlines of the corpse show through
The cloth of gold.

And in despite the outward sin—

Despite belief with creeds at strife,

The principle of love within
Leavens the life.

For, 'tis for fancied good, I claim,
That men do wrong, not wrong's desire,
Wrapping themselves, as 'twere, in flame
To cheat the fire.

Not what God gives, but what he takes,
Uplifts us to the holiest height;
On truth's rough crags life's current breaks
To diamond light.

From transient evil I do trust
That we a final good shall draw;
That in confusion, death and dust
Are light and law.

That He whose glory shines among
The eternal stars, descends to mark
This foolish little atom swung
Loose in the dark.

But though I should not thus receive
A sense of order and control,
My God, I could not disbelieve
My sense of soul.

For though alas, I can but see
A hand's breadth backward, or before,
I am, and since I am, must be
Forevermore.

MY CREED.

I DO not think the Providence unkind
That gives its bad things to this life of
ours,
They are the thorns whereby we travelers
blind,
Feel out our flowers.

I think hate shows the quality of love,
That wrong attests that somewhere there
is right:

Do not the darkest shadows serve to prove
The power of light?

On tyrannous ways the feet of Freedom
press—
The green bough broken off, lets sun-
shine in;
And where sin is, aboundeth righteousness,
Much more than sin.

Man cannot be all selfish—separate good
Is nowhere found beneath the shining
sun:
All adverse interests, truly understood,
Resolve to one!

I do believe all worship doth ascend,
Whether from temple floors by heathen
trod,
Or from the shrines where Christian prais-
es blend,
To the true God:

Blessed forever—that His love prepares
The raven's food—the sparrow's fall doth
see;
And, simple, sinful as I am, He cares
Even for me.

BLESSED LOVE.

"LOVE! blessed Love! if we could hang
our walls with
The red coats of a thousand rosy Mays,
Surely they would not shine so well as thou
dost,
Lighting our dusty days.

"Without thee, what a dim and woeful story
Our years would be, oh, excellence sub-
lime!
Slip of the life eternal, brightly growing
In the low soil of time!"

EXTRACTS FROM VARIOUS POEMS.

"YON lake, in her valley bed lying,
Looks fair as a bride,
And pushes, to greet the sun's coming,
Her mist sheets aside."

—
"The attempt
Is all the wedge that splits its knotty way
Betwixt the impossible and possible."

—
"I would scorn
The weakness of submission, though to
that
Life's miserable chance were narrowed up."

—
"Tis not the outward garniture of things
Which, through the senses, makes creation
fair,
But the out-flow of an indwelling light
That gives its lovely aspect to the world."

—
"Wake, Dillie! the white vest of morning
With crimson is laced;
And why should delights of God's giving
Be running to waste?"

—
"The bird may fly in its own atmosphere;
But from the long dead reaches of black
space
Its free wings fall back baffled. So it is
With Gods and men: each have their at-
mosphere
Which they are free to move in, and to
which
From ampler quests they needs must flound-
der down."

—
"The sweetest sound would tire to-night—
the dew-drops
Setting the green ears in the corn and
wheat,

Would make a discord in the heart at-
tuned to
The bridegroom's coming feet."

—
"Now in the field of sunset, twilight gray,
Sad for the dying day,
With wisps of shadows binds the sheaves
of gold,
And Night comes shepherding her starry
fold
Along the shady bottom of the sky."

—
"For sometimes, keen, and cold, and piti-
less truth,
In spite of us, will press to open light
The naked angularities of things,
And from the steep ideal the soul drop
In wild and sorrowful beauty, like a star
From the blue heights of heaven into the
sea."

—
"The old astrologers were wrong: nor star,
Nor the vexed ghosts that glide into the
light
From the unquiet charnels of the bad,
Nor wicked sprite of air, nor such as leap
Nimbly from wave to wave along the sea,
Enchanting with sweet tongues disastrous
ships
Till the rough crews are half in love with
death,
Have any spell of evil witchery
To keep us back from being what we
would,
If wisdom temper the true bent of us."

—
"Borders and plaits of red and sapphirine
Are pretty in the robe of royalty;
But to the drowning man, who strives against
The whelming waves, the gaud were cum-
bersome,
And straightway shredded off, and wet,
wild rocks
Hugged to his bosom with a closer clasp

Than the young mother to her baby gives.
 When from his steady footing hungry
 Death
 Goes moaning back, the time has come to
 pluck
 The honorable gear."

—
 "Nay, down with youth are my de-
 sires—

Life has no pain I fear to meet;
 Experience, with its awful fires,
 Melts knowledge to a welding heat.

"And all its fires of heart or brain,
 Where purpose into power was wrought,
 I'd bear, and gladly bear again,
 Rather than be put back one thought.

* * * * *

"For, could you mould my destiny
 As clay, within your loving hand,
 I'd leave my youth's sweet company,
 And suffer back to where I stand."

—
 "What though I yet have my gown to
 spin?
 He'll kiss my shoulders, and hide them in
 Ripples of rose-red blushes—
 And I shall be dressed with blushes."

—
 "You must not leave me thus, Jenny—
 You will not, when you know
 It is my life you're treading on
 At every step you go.

"Ah, should you smile as now, Jenny,
 When the win'try weather blows,
 The daisy, waking out of sleep,
 Would come up through the snows."

—
 "Wait yet a little longer! hear me tell
 How much my will transcends my feeble
 powers:
 As one with blind eyes, feeling out in
 flowers
 Their tender hues, or with no skill to spell

His poor, poor name, but only makes his
 mark,

And guesses at the sunshine in the dark,
 So I have been. A sense of things di-
 vine,

Lying broad above the little things I knew,
 The while I made my poems for a sign
 Of the great melodies I felt were true."

—
 "Come, Poesy, and with thy shadowy
 hands

Cover me softly, singing all the night—
 In thy dear presence find I best delight;
 Even the saint that stands

Tending the gate of heaven, involved in
 beams

Of rarest glory, to my mortal eyes
 Pales from the bless'd insanity of dreams
 That round thee lies.

Unto the dusky borders of the grove
 Where gray-haired Saturn, silent as a
 stone,

Sat in his grief alone,
 Or, where young Venus, searching for her
 love,
 Walked through the clouds, I pray,
 Bear me to-night away.

"Or wade with me through snows
 Drifted in loose fantastic curves aside,
 From humble doors where Love and
 Faith abide,

And no rough winter blows,
 Chilling the beauty of affections fair,
 Cabined securely there,—

Where round their fingers winding the
 white slips

That crown his forehead, on the grand-
 sire's knees,

Sit merry children, teasing about ships
 Lost in the perilous seas;

Or listening with a troublous joy, yet deep,
 To stories about battles, or of storms,
 Till weary grown, and drowsing into sleep,
 Slide they from out his arms."

PHŒBE CARY.

PHŒBE CARY was born in the year 1825, at the old "Clovernook" homestead, in Hamilton county, Ohio. There she lived up to womanhood—a companion of her sister Alice—living apart from the great world—learning life and nature in their actualities,—feeling much, dreaming much, hoping much, but realizing little of the satisfaction which springs from the consciousness of merit recognized, of worth appreciated. The history of Phœbe's life is written in the life of Alice Cary;—their lives ran together like the chords of the duet, and their hearts gleaned like lessons from their common experiences.

Phœbe commenced writing for the press in her seventeenth year. Her early efforts showed the influence of a home-life and a constant communion with nature;—they were filled with tenderness, and pervaded with the true poetic *apprehension*. No inconsiderable success followed upon her earlier efforts, and caused her to be regarded with such favor that the "poet-sisters" was the expression used to characterize her and the elder sister.

When, in 1850, the sisters removed to New York—as stated in the sketch of the life of Alice—their fame had preceded them. They became the object of much notice in literary circles, and, by their united labors, fulfilled the expectations excited by the brilliancy of their western *debüt*.

The first volume by the sisters, was given to the public in 1849. It embraced the poems of both Alice and Phœbe which already had been published in the papers and magazines of the day. Up to 1854 Phœbe continued to write for the press, always with acceptance to the public. In that year her volume, "Poems and Parodies," was given publicity by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. It first informed the public as to the authorship of parodies on popular poems, which had excited much attention and had had an extensive republication.

The poems of the volume were chiefly short compositions, embodying sentiment and fancy rather than the higher forms of ideality, in their musical rhythm. They served to show the poet in a pleasing light. The parodies, however, were too "representative" to bear any other than a reputation for unique and original characterization. While they preserved the form and likeness of the originals, they still possessed such humor and quaint sentiment quaintly expressed, as to render them perfect poems of the ludicrous in themselves; and they will, doubtless, long remain among the best parodies in our literature. While we are disposed to question the taste and propriety of these travesties of the beautiful, their own inherent humor, satire and ludicrous imagery cannot be denied the tribute of a very broad smile, if not of a hearty, chest-born laugh; therefore we will be excused for inserting here the most "characteristic" of those parodies—on Bayard Taylor's "Manuela, a Ballad of California"—Henry W. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life"—and "The Day is Done;"—Oliver Goldsmith's "When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly," and James Aldrich's "Death-Bed."

MARTHA HOPKINS.

A BALLAD OF INDIANA.

From the kitchen, Martha Hopkins,
As she stands there making pies,
Southward looks, along the turnpike,
With her hand above her eyes :
Where, along the distant hill-side,
Her yearling heifer feeds,
And a little grass is growing
In a mighty sight of weeds.

All the air is full of noises,
For there isn't any school,
And boys, with turned-up pantaloons,
Are wading in the pool ;
Blithely frisk unnumbered chickens,
Cackling, for they cannot laugh ;
Where the airy summits brighten,
Nimble leaps the little calf.

Gentle eyes of Martha Hopkins !
Tell me wherefore do ye gaze
On the ground that's being furrowed
For the planting of the maize ?
Tell me wherefore down the valley
Ye have traced the turnpike's way,
Far beyond the cattle-pasture,
And the brick-yard, with its clay ?

Ah ! the dogwood-tree may blossom,
And the door-yard grass may shine,
With the tears of amber dropping
From the washing on the line,
And the morning's breath of balsam
Lightly brush her freckled cheek,—
Little recketh Martha Hopkins
Of the tales of Spring they speak.

When the Summer's burning solstice
On the scanty harvest glowed,
She had watched a man on horseback
Riding down the turnpike-road ;
Many times she saw him turning,
Looking backward quite forlorn,
Till amid her tears she lost him,
In the shadow of the barn.

Ere the supper-time was over,
He had passed the kiln of brick,
Crossed the rushing Yellow River,
And had forded quite a creek,
And his flat-boat load was taken,
At the time for pork and beans,
With the traders of the Wabash,
To the wharf at New Orleans.

Therefore watches Martha Hopkins,
Holding in her hand the paws,
When the sound of distant footsteps
Seems exactly like a man's ;
Not a wind the stove-pipe rattles,
Nor a door behind her jars,
But she seems to hear the rattle
Of his letting down the bars.

Often sees she men on horseback,
Coming down the turnpike rough,
But they come not as John Jackson,
She can see it well enough ;
Well she knows the sober trotting
Of the sorrel horse he keeps,
As he jogs along at leisure,
With his head down like a sheep's.

She would know him 'mid a thousand,
By his home-made coat and vest ;
By his socks, which were blue woolen,
Such as farmers wear out west ;
By the color of his trowsers,
And his saddle, which was spread
By a blanket which was taken
For that purpose from the bed.

None like he the yoke of hickory
On the unbroken ox can throw,
None amid his father's cornfields
Use like him the spade and hoe ;
And at all the apple-cuttings,
Few indeed the men are seen,
That can dance with him the Polka,
Touch with him the violin.

He has said to Martha Hopkins,
And she thinks she hears him now,
For she knows as well as can be,
That he meant to keep his vow,
When the buckeye-tree has blossomed,
And your uncle plants his corn,
Shall the bells of Indiana
Usher in the wedding morn.

He has pictured his relations,
Each in Sunday hat and gown,
And he thinks he'll get a carriage,
And they'll spend a day in town ;
That their love will newly kindle,
And what comfort it will give,
To sit down by the first breakfast,
In the cabin where they'll live.

Tender eyes of Martha Hopkins!
 What has got you in such scrape?
 'Tis a tear that falls to glitter
 On the ruffle of her cape.
 Ah! the eye of love may brighten,
 To be certain what it sees,
 One man looks much like another,
 When half hidden by the trees.

But her eager eyes rekindle,
 She forgets the pies and bread,
 As she sees a man on horseback,
 Round the corner of the shed.
 Now tie on another apron,
 Get the comb and smooth your hair,
 'Tis the sorrel horse that gallops,
 'Tis John Jackson's self that's there!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not in idle jingle,
 Marriage is an empty dream,
 For the girl is dead that's single,
 And things are not what they seem.

Married life is real, earnest;
 Single blessedness a fib;
 Ta'en from man, to man returnest,
 Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Nearer brings the wedding-day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
 And our hearts, if there we search,
 Still like steady drums are beating
 Anxious marches to the church.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a woman, be a wife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act,—act in the living Present:
 Heart within, and Man ahead!

Lives of married folks remind us
 We can live our lives as well,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Such examples as will tell;—

Such examples, that another,
 Sailing far from Hymen's port,
 A forlorn, unmarried brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us then be up and doing,
 With the heart and head begin;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor, and to win!

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and darkness
 From the wing of night is loos'd,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From a chicken going to roost.
 I see the lights of the baker
 Gleam through the rain and mist.
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
 That I cannot well resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
 That is not like being sick,
 And resembles sorrow only
 As a brickbat resembles a brick

Come, get for me some supper,—
 A good and regular meal,

That shall soothe this restless feeling,
 And banish the pain I feel.

Not from the pastry baker's,
 Not from the shops for cake,
 I wouldn't give a farthing
 For all that they can make.

For, like the soup at dinner,
 Such things would but suggest
 Some dishes more substantial,
 And to-night I want the best.

Go to some honest butcher,
 Whose beef is fresh and nice
 As any they have in the city,
 And get a liberal slice.

Such things, through days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
For sad and desperate feelings,
Are wonderful remedies.

They have an astonishing power
To aid and re-enforce,
And come like the "Finally, brethren,"
That follows a long discourse.

Then get me a tender sirloin
From off the bench or hook,
And lend to its sterling goodness
The science of the cook.

And the night shall be filled with comfort,
And the cares with which it begun
Shall fold up their blankets like Indians,
And silently cut and run.

"WHEN LOVELY WOMAN."

WHEN lovely woman wants a favor,
And finds, too late, that man wont bend,
What earthly circumstance can save her
From disappointment in the end?

The only way to bring him over,
The last experiment to try,
Whether a husband or a lover,
If he have feeling, is, to cry!

THE WIFE.

HER washing ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And passed the long, long night away,
In darning ragged hose.

But when the sun in all its state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed about the kitchen grate,
And went to making pies.

Miss Cary has published no volume since 1854, but has continued to write for our best magazines and weekly journals. She is one of those poets who, while their contributions do not create particular remark, still are ever welcome and popular. It is to be hoped that she will gather her later poems in the more readable and permanent form of a book. Such a volume would serve to give her distinctive position among our poets of sentiment and fancy.

Of the poet, a critic who knows her well, writes:—"Phoebe Cary is a delightful and a genial friend. She has in her nature a vein of sunny philosophy,—such a genius for seeing the world, and the people in it, in such a pleasant light, that one grows better and happier in her presence. These qualities, combined with a deep religious faith, which finds its unwavering center in the promises of God, make her a harmonious and happy woman. Instead of being frightful with wrinkles, she is radiant with dimples—has jet-black hair and eyes, and lights up gloriously. She has written many tenderly beautiful things. Her poetry, though possessing some of the characteristics of that of Alice, has a marked individuality of its own."

The extracts which follow, are chosen without particular care from those poems within our reach. They are such as almost weekly fall from her pen, and, we believe, such as will serve to show the poet's powers in their most truthful light.

EQUALITY.

Most favored lady in the land,
 I well can bear your scorn or pride;
 For in all truest wealth, to-day,
 I stand an equal by your side!

No better parentage have you—
 One is our Father, one our Friend;
 The same inheritance awaits
 Our claiming, at the journey's end.

No broader flight your thought can take—
 Faith on no firmer basis rest;
 Nor can the dreams of fancy wake
 A sweeter tumult in your breast.

You may have lovers, many score,
 To follow always at your call;
 I have one friend, so good and true,
 I would not give him for them all.

And in your most triumphant hour—
 O beauty's perfect consciousness—
 When thousand lips have praised your face,
 Or the rich flowings of your dress,

You cannot know the quiet joy,
 With which one friend my heart can thrill,
 When I have made some simple dress
 To wear, and he has praised my skill!

Life may bring to you every good
 Which from a Father's hand can fall;
 But if true lips have said to me,
 "I love you," I have known it all!

 WORSHIPING AFAR OFF.

SHINING out whitely, from the lily's white-
 ness,
 Or purple from the morning-glory's cup,
 In the pure dew-drop, I had seen God's
 brightness
 Flash proudly up.

In his great mountains, standing grand and
 hoary,
 And in the star-lamps swinging over-
 head,
 I recognized the grandeur and the glory
 About him spread.

I saw the wine gush out from full red
 presses,
 The water, that keeps singing as it runs,
 And said, how liberally the Father blesses
 His thankless sons.

In the free rain, that swells the buried
 treasure,
 In the white harvest field's thick-bearded
 crop,
 I saw, how from his good hand, without
 measure,
 His riches drop.

And I believed that he would always hear
 me,
 Care for me now, and raise me from the
 dead,
 Only he was not brought down very near
 me,
 For all I said.

I did but stand within the outer portal,
 I was below, and he was far above,—
 I loved him not, until I loved a mortal,
 As mortals love.

For, though he may trust God, and wor-
 ship purely,
 Who but his commonest blessings under-
 stands,
 The human heart is touched by him most
 surely
 With human hands.

And through its deepest love, our God unto
 us,
 Clearly and perfectly, himself reveals,
 All faith believed, and all to which hope
 drew us,
 Love knows and feels.

RECONCILED.

O, YEARS, gone down into the past;
 What pleasant memories come to me,
 Of your untroubled days of peace,
 And hours of almost ecstasy!

Yet would I have no moon stand still,
 Where life's most pleasant valleys lie;
 Nor wheel the planet of the day
 Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,
 My youth itself went with them, too;
 To-day, aye! even this very hour,
 Is the best hour I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me
 More blessings than in days gone by;
 Dropping in my uplifted hands
 All things for which I blindly cry:

But that his plans and purposes
 Have grown to me less strange and dim;
 And where I cannot understand,
 I trust the issues unto him.

And, spite of many broken dreams,
 This have I truly learned to say—
 Prayers, which I thought unanswered once,
 Were answered in God's own best way.

And though some hopes I cherished once
 Perished untimely ere their birth,
 Yet have I been beloved and blessed
 Beyond the measure of my worth.

And sometimes in my hours of grief,
 For moments I have come to stand
 Where in the sorrows on me laid,
 I felt the chastening of God's hand;—

Then learned I that the weakest ones
 Are kept securest from life's harms;
 And that the tender lambs alone
 Are carried in the shepherd's arms—

And, sitting by the way-side blind,
 He is the nearest to the light,
 Who crieth out most earnestly,
 "Lord, that I might receive my sight!"

O feet, grown weary as ye walk,
 Where down life's hill my pathway lies,
 What care I, while my soul can mount,
 As the young eagle mounts the skies!

O eyes, with weeping faded out,
 What matters it how dim ye be?
 My inner vision sweeps untired
 The reaches of eternity!

O death, most dreaded power of all,
 When the last moment comes, and thou
 Darkenest the windows of my soul,
 Through which I look on nature now;

Yea, when mortality dissolves,
 Shall I not meet thine hour unawed?
 My house eternal in the heavens
 Is lighted by the smile of God!

 THE FANTASY.

ONCE, charmed by thy most pleasant smile,
 And listening to thy praises, such
 As woman, hearing all the while,
 I think could never hear too much—

I had a pleasant fantasy,
 Of souls that meet, and, meeting, blend;
 And, hearing that same dream from thee,
 I said I loved thee, O my friend!

That was the flood-tide of my youth,
 And now its calm waves backward flow;
 I cannot tell if it were truth,
 Nor whether I do love or no.

My days and nights pass pleasantly,
Serenely on the seasons glide;
And though I think and dream of thee,
I dream of many things beside.

Most eagerly thy praise is sought;
'Tis sweet to meet and sad to part.
But all my best and deepest thought
Is hidden from thee, in my heart.

Then blame not that my love is less
Than should repay thy heart's desire;
For though I give thee only this,
I give thee all thou canst inspire.

IMPATIENCE.

Will the mocking daylight never be done?
Is the moon her hour forgetting?
O weary sun! O merciless sun!
You have grown so slow in setting!

And yet, if the days could come and go
As fast as I count them over,
They would seem to me like years, I know,
Till they brought me back my lover.

Down through the valleys, down to the
south,
O west wind, go with fleetness,
Kiss, with your kisses, his perfect mouth,
And bring to me all its sweetness.

Go when he lieth in slumber deep,
And put your arms about him,
And hear if he whispers my name in sleep,
And tell him I die without him.

O birds, that sail the air like ships,
To me such discord bringing,
If you heard the sound of my lover's lips,
You would be ashamed of your singing!

O rose, from whose heart such a crimson
rain

Up to your soft cheek gushes,
You could never show your face again,
If you saw my lover's blushes!

O hateful stars, in hateful skies,
Can you think your light is tender,
When you steal it all from my lover's eyes,
And shine with a borrowed splendor?

O sun, going over the western wall,
If you stay there none will heed you;
For why should you rise or shine at all
When he is not here to need you?

Will the mocking daylight never be done?
Is the moon her hour forgetting?
O weary sun! O merciless sun!
You have grown so slow in setting!

WANTS AND BLESSINGS.

No gift of poesy is mine,
To bring me either friends or fame;
I have not written any line
To link remembrance with my name;

No wealth, to take with open palms
Its blessings to the poor and weak—
Not of my charities and alms
Has any tongue a right to speak.

I have no beauty in my face,
Where roses bloomed not in its prime;
The brown grows darker, and I trace
Daily the deepening lines of time.

Yet to me friends, most kind and true,
A little of their love have given;
I have my blessings, though but few,
Some trust in man, much faith in heaven—

Faith that our Lord's great sacrifice
 Hath power to save us from the fall
 And hope, through God's abounding grace,
 To find forgiveness—this is all.

THE MIND'S POSSESSIONS.

THERE is no comfort in the world
 But I in thought have known,
 No bliss for any human heart
 I cannot dream my own;
 And fancied joys may often be
 More real than reality.

I have a house in which to live,
 Not grand, but very good,
 A hearth-fire always warm and bright,
 A board with daintiest food;
 And I, when tried with care or doubt,
 Go in and shut my sorrows out.

I have a father, one whose thought
 Goes with me when I roam;
 A mother, watching in some door
 To see her child come home;
 And sisters, in whose dear eyes shine
 Such fondness, looking into mine.

I have a friend, who sees in me
 What none beside can see,
 Who, looking kindly on me, says,
 "Dear, you are dear to me!"
 A friend, whose smile is never dim,
 And I can never change to him.

My boys are very gentle boys,
 And when I see them grown,
 They're truer, braver, nobler men
 Than any I have known;

And all my girls are fair and good,
 From infancy to womanhood.

So with few blessings men can see,
 Or I myself could name,
 Home, love, and all that love can bring,
 My mind has power to claim,
 And life can never cease to be
 A good and pleasant thing to me.

CHRISTMAS.

O CHILD! with spirit light and gay,
 And voice as pleasant as a bird,
 Yours is a merry Christmas-day,
 Mine is too happy for that word!

Changing and evanescent; such
 Are all your hopes and all your fears;
 My joy exceedeth yours as much
 As doth the measure of my years.

Your pleasure every chance destroys,
 It lies without your own control;
 While all my best and purest joys
 Have their deep sources in my soul.

Together, your possessions rest;
 Not some below, and some above;
 I've learned more wisely to invest
 The treasures of my hope and love.

You change from rapture to distress
 With every change; I've come to know
 The value, and the worthlessness,
 Of all that we can get below.

So have I learned, what yet you will,
 When up to mine your feet have trod;
 Trust in myself, and better still,
 Trust in His creatures, and in God.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

SARAH T. BARRITT was born at Newport, Kentucky, in the year 1820. Her father was the youngest son of Lemuel Barritt, who distinguished himself as an officer in the American War for Independence. He was an experienced soldier when the war began. When Earl of Dunmore was Governor of the Colony of Virginia, he conferred upon him the command of an exploring expedition to the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers. Mrs. Barritt, Sarah's mother, was a daughter of one of the Pendletons of Virginia, who was a cousin to James Madison.

When Sarah was about three years old, her father removed to Jennings county, Indiana. His cabin was one of the first, around which the wilderness was broken, in that part of the State. He was not well satisfied with frontier life, and while Sarah was yet a little girl, changed his residence to Madison. There his daughter was given the best education which that town afforded. Before she was fourteen years of age, she wrote verses of which her friends were proud. When not more than sixteen years old, several of her poems were published in a newspaper at Madison, which was edited by Nathaniel Bolton. Writing for the paper led to an acquaintance with the printer, and that acquaintance resulted in marriage.

In the early settlement of Indiana, Mr. Bolton had acquired valuable property, and having assumed responsibilities for others as well as for himself, during the financial disasters of 1837-38, became much embarrassed.

As described by William C. Larrabee, in a biographic notice of Mrs. Bolton written for the *Ladies' Repository* at Cincinnati:

To extricate himself from his difficulties, he opened a tavern on his farm, a short distance west of the city of Indianapolis. Mrs. Bolton, then scarcely seventeen years old, found herself encumbered with the care of a large dairy, and a public house. To aid as much as possible in relieving her husband from embarrassment, she dispensed with help, and with her own hands, often for weeks, and months, performed all the labor of the establishment. Thus, for nearly two years, this child of genius, to whom song was as natural as to the bird of the greenwood, cheerfully resigned herself to incessant toil and care, in order that she might aid her husband in meeting the pecuniary obligations which honesty or honor might impose. During those long and dreary years, of toil and self-denial, she wrote little or nothing. At last the crisis was reached, the work accomplished, and the bird, so long caged and tuneless, was again free to soar into the region of song.

When Mr. Bolton was enabled to return to Indianapolis, he took possession of a neat cottage, which has ever since been the home of the family. There Mrs. Bolton caught up her long-neglected lyre and gracefully invoked the Muse:

Come to me, gentle Muse! hast thou forsaken
The heart that trembled in thy smile so long?
Come! touch my spirit harp-string, and awaken
The spell, the soul, the witchery of song.

Too long have I been bound in Care's dominion;
Thou, only thou, canst break the strong control.

Come, with thy radiant brow and starry pinion,
And bring, again, the sunlight to my soul.

I met thee, fairest one, in childhood's hours,
And wandered with thee over dale and hill,
Conversing with the stars, the streams, the flowers;
I loved thee then, and oh! I love thee still.

Come to me! Life is all too dark and dreary
When thou, my guiding spirit, art not near;
Come! I have sought thee till my heart is weary.
And still I watch and wait. Appear! appear!

In a notice of Mrs. Bolton's poetry, written for the *Columbian and Great West* in 1850, William D. Gallagher, alluding to this "Invocation," said:

Her adjuration was answered, and since then (1845) the Muse has been her constant companion. . . . Some of her poems are among the most beautiful of the day, and are entitled to an honorable place in the poetical literature of her country. . . . She sings, not because she has a demand from either the book trade or the magazine trade, but because song is the language of her heart, and she *must* sing, or her heart must ache with its suppressed emotions. She explains all this, truthfully and beautifully, in the following graceful stanzas:

Breezes from the land of Eden,
Come and fan me with their wing,
Till my soul is full of music,
And I cannot choose but sing.

When a sparkling fount is brimming,
Let a fairy cloud bestow
But another drop of water,
And a wave will overflow.

When a thirsty flower has taken
All the dew its heart can bear,
It distributes the remainder
To the sunbeam and the air.

Her power of imitation is very strong. Of all the attempts that have been made to copy the construction and flow of Poe's "Raven," hers is the most successful by far. It occurs in a poem on *Poe's Death*, and one or two of the stanzas are equal not only to the *verse* of the "Raven," but also to its poetry.

In 1850 the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Free and Accepted Masons of Indiana presented Mrs. Bolton a silver cup, as a prize for an ode written by her, and sung at the laying of the corner-stone of Masonic Hall at Indianapolis. The presentation services were public. The largest church in Indianapolis was crowded. The Grand H. P. stated the object of the convocation, when James Morrison presented the cup, in an appropriate address. Mrs. Bolton accepted it, with a few words of thankfulness, which the *State Sentinel* said were "in the best taste, delivered in womanly style, clear and effective."

On the evening of the second of March, 1852, we heard Mrs. Bolton make a speech. Louis Kossuth was then the guest of the State of Indiana. Mrs. Bolton, who had written a stirring poem to him in 1849, manifested deep interest in his mis-

sion to America, and was chosen by the ladies of Indianapolis to present him a purse containing one hundred and fifty dollars, which they had contributed. At the close of an address by Kossuth, to a large audience, on the characteristics of the people of Hungary, a committee of ladies, among whom was the wife of Joseph Wright, then Governor of Indiana, was presented, and Mrs. Bolton, with subdued earnestness of feeling, but in clear tones, and with fitting elocution, presented the purse, in a few words which exactly represented the spirit of the last stanza of her poem to the Magyar:

And hast thou striven, with might and mind in vain?
 In vain? ah! no, the bread thy deeds have cast
 Upon the waters will be found again;
 The seed thy thoughts have sown will ripen fast,
 Dewed by a nation's tears, and when at last
 The harvest whitens, until all are free,
 True hearts will turn with reverence to the past,
 And from the countless millions yet to be.
 Will rise a pæan song, brave, true Kossuth, for thee.

In his response, Kossuth said:

You say that you have prayed for the success of freedom in my native land—I know, for yourself, you have done more than this. You have contributed to that cause your genius—a genius which it is the pleasure of your State to honor and appreciate. I know that there is a chord in the tender heart of woman that ever responds to justice, and that her impulses are against oppression in every land. I entreat you to go on and bestow your sympathy even as the mother bestows her love on her child. Human liberty is well worthy of a mother's fostering care.

Mr. Bolton was appointed consul to Geneva, Switzerland, by President Pierce, in the spring of 1855. Mrs. Bolton and her daughter, Sallie Ada, accompanied him to Europe. They spent the summer of 1856 in Italy, and the autumn of the same year in Germany. In the spring of 1857 Mrs. Bolton and daughter returned to Indiana. They had been home but a few weeks, when a letter was received from Mr. Bolton, which stated that he had been ill, but was convalescent. Mrs. Bolton had serious forebodings, and before sunrise, on the morning after the letter had been read, was on her way back to Switzerland alone. She found her husband attending to his accustomed duties, when she reached Geneva, but his health was not fully restored. In the spring of 1858 he returned with Mrs. Bolton to Indianapolis. His family and friends entertained strong hope that, in the climate to which he had nearly all his life been accustomed, he would regain his health. The hope was vain. He died, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, on the twenty-sixth of November, 1858. Mr. Bolton was a man of important influence in Indiana. He started the first paper published at Indianapolis; was an officer of the Legislature, several terms—had been Register of the Land-office, and for many years State Librarian.

Mrs. Bolton, with a son and daughter, resides still at Indianapolis. She possesses property which affords her family competent support.

While in Europe, Mrs. Bolton wrote graphic letters for the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and contributed numerous poems to its columns and to those of the *New York Home Journal*, which were suggested by observations or experiences in Switzerland. She

publishes rarely now. Her poems have never been collected. We trust she will collect them, and, before another year has elapsed, gratify her friends with a volume.

Mrs. Bolton was well described in an article written for the *New York Home Journal*, in 1850, by Robert Dale Owen:

With a finely formed head, and ample intellectual forehead, her countenance, without boasting regularity of feature, is of highly pleasing expression, especially when lighted up, as in conversation it usually is, by the bright and cheerful spirit within. Her manners are frank, lively and winning, with little of conventional form and much of genuine propriety about them.

The freedom from conventional form thus ascribed to Mrs. Bolton's manners, is a characteristic arising from the independence and force of character displayed when she abandoned poetic pleasures for domestic duties, and the spirit which then animated her, a spirit worthy of her patriotic ancestors, breathes nobly in many of her poems.

AWAKE TO EFFORT.

AWAKE to effort, while the day is shining,

The time to labor will not always last,
And no regret, repentance or repining
Can bring to us again the buried past.

The silent sands of life are falling fast;
Time tells our busy pulses, one by one,
And shall our work, so needful and so vast,

Be all completed, or but just begun
When twilight shadows veil life's dim, departing sun?

What duties have our idle hands neglected?
What useful lessons have we learned and taught?

What warmth, what radiance have our hearts reflected;
What rich and rare materials have we brought

For deep investigation, earnest thought;
Concealed within the soul's unfathomed mine,
How many a sparkling gem remains unwrought,

That industry might place on learning's shrine,

Or lavish on the world, to further God's design.

To effort! ye whom God has nobly gifted
With that prevailing power, undying song,

For human good let every pen be lifted,
For human good let every heart be strong.

Is there no crying sin, no grievous wrong
That ye may help to weaken or repress?

In wayside hut and hovel, midst the throng,

Downtrodden by privation and distress,
Is there no stricken heart that ye can cheer and bless?

Sing idle lays to idle harps no longer,
Go! peal an anthem at the gate of Heaven;

Exertion makes the fainting spirit stronger.
Sing, till the bonds of ignorance are riven,

Till dark oppression from the earth is driven.

Sing, till from every land and every sea
 One universal triumph song is given,
 To hail the long-expected jubilee,
 When every bond is broke and every vas-
 sal free.

And ye, whose birthright is the glorious
 dower

Of eloquence to thrill the immortal soul,
 Use not unwisely the transcendant power,
 To waken, guide, restrain, direct, control
 The heart's deep, deep emotions; let the
 goal

Of your ambition be a mind enshrined
 By love and gratitude within the scroll,
 Where generations yet unborn shall find
 The deathless deeds of those who loved
 and blessed mankind.

Go! use the weighty energies that slum-
 ber

Unknown, unnumber'd in the world's
 great heart;

Remove the stubborn errors that encumber
 The fields of science, literature and art.

Rend superstition's darkening vail apart,
 And hurl to earth blind bigotry, the ban
 From which a thousand grievous evils
 start

To thwart and mar the great Creator's
 plan,

And break the ties that bind the brother-
 hood of man.

And ye who sit aloft in earth's high places
 Perchance, amid your wealth, you scarce-
 ly know

That want and woe are leaving fearful
 traces

Upon the toiling multitude below.

From your abundance can ye not bestow
 A mite to smoothe the thorny paths they
 tread?

Have ye no sympathy with human woe?
 No ray of blessed hope and joy to shed
 Upon the weary hearts that pine and toil
 for bread?

Amid the gorgeous splendor that bedizens
 Your palaces, no longer idly stand,
 While dens of wickedness and loathsome
 prisons

Arise, like blighting plague-spots, o'er
 the land.

Go! speak a word and lend a helping
 hand

To rescue men from degradation's thrall,
 Nor deem a just and righteous God hath
 banned

The toiling millions, while the rain-drops
 fall,

And blessed sunbeams shine alike from
 heaven for all.

The smallest bark, on life's tempestuous
 ocean,

Will leave a track behind, forevermore;
 The lightest wave of influence, set in mo-
 tion,

Extends and widens to the eternal shore.

We should be wary, then, who go before
 A myriad yet to be, and we should take
 Our bearing carefully, where breakers
 roar

And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
 May wreck unnumbered barks that follow
 in our wake.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

VOYAGER upon life's sea,

To yourself be true,

And where'er your lot may be,

Paddle your own canoe.

Never, though the winds may rave,

Falter nor look back;

But upon the darkest wave

Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
 Stem the hardest gale,

Brave of heart and strong of arm,
 You will never fail.
 When the world is cold and dark,
 Keep an aim in view;
 And toward the beacon-mark
 Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
 To the silent shore,
 From its sunny source has gone
 To return no more.
 Then let not an hour's delay
 Cheat you of your due;
 But, while it is called to-day,
 Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denies you wealth,
 Lofty state and power,
 Honest fame and hardy health
 Are a better dower.
 But if these will not suffice,
 Golden gain pursue;
 And to gain the glittering prize,
 Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
 From the hand of fate?
 Would you write a deathless name
 With the good and great?
 Would you bless your fellow-men?
 Heart and soul imbue
 With the holy task, and then
 Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong,
 In the world's free fight?
 With a spirit brave and strong,
 Battle for the right.
 And to break the chains that bind
 The many to the few—
 To enfranchise slavish mind—
 Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
 Nothing won is lost;
 Every good deed, nobly done,
 Will repay the cost.

Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
 All you will to do;
 But if you succeed, you must
 Paddle your own canoe.

CALL THE ROLL.

Who is ready for the onset—
 Who with helmet, sword and shield,
 Will go forth to conquer Error,
 On life's battle-field?
 Who will strike at Superstition,
 In his goblin-haunted cell,
 And unloose the myriad victims
 Fettered by his spell?
 Call the roll.

Who will strive, on God relying,
 With unwar'ring faith and hope,
 To pull down the gory scaffold,
 And the gallows-rope?
 Who will break the yoke of bondage,
 And unbar the prison door,
 Saying to the trembling sinner,
 "Go and sin no more?"
 Call the roll.

Who, forgetting self, will listen
 To sweet charity's appeal—
 Who will labor for the lowly
 With untiring zeal?
 Casting bread upon the waters,
 Not for human praise,
 Trusting heaven again to find it,
 After many days?
 Call the roll.

Who will put what God has given
 Wisely to the noblest use;
 Who will clothe the homeless orphan,
 Fill the widow's cruse,
 And, like him of old Samaria,
 Help the stranger in his need,

Reckless of his name and nation,
Reckless of his creed?
Call the roll.

Who, that finds a child of sorrow,
 Heir to penury and woe,
 Will not tarry to inquire
 What has made them so,
 Ere he freely shares a pittance
 From his meager, hard-earned store,
 Or bestows a cup of water,
 If he can no more?
 Call the roll.

Who, when slander's tongue is busy
With an absent neighbor's name,
Will excuse the faults and failings,
And defend his fame?
Who will view poor human nature
Only on the brightest side,
Leaving God to judge the evil
Charity would hide?
Call the roll.

WHERE IS THY HOME?

WHERE is thy home? Where summer
 skies are flinging
 Rich, mellow light o'er some sea-girded
 isle—
 Where, in the orange-groves, bright birds
 are singing,
 And stars are wooing the flowers with
 their smile;
 Where the soft south wind strays
 And palm-leaves quiver,
 Through the long pleasant days,
 By some bright river—
 Is thy home there?

Where is thy home? Where gallant men
are braving
Danger and death on the red battle-
plain—
Where, in the cannon's smoke, banners
are waving,

And the wild war-horse is trampling
the slain;
Where the dead soldier sleeps—
Wrapped in his glory;
Where the cold night dew steeps
Faces all gory—
Is thy home there?

Where is thy home? Where ivy-wreaths
are climbing
Over old ruins all moss-grown and
gray—
Where, at the vesper hour, deep bells
a-chiming,
Summon the toil-weary spirit to pray—
Where, as the darkness falls,
Over the gloaming,
Through the dim cloister halls
Pale ghosts are roaming—
Is thy home there?

Where is thy home? Where mountain
waves are swelling,
Over the caves of the fathomless deep—
Where, in their coral bowers, Nereids are
knelling
Dirges where beauty and chivalry
sleep—
Where the storm's lurid light,
Fitfully gleaming,
Startles at dead of night,
Men from their dreaming—
Is thy home there?

No, dearest, no—Where pleasant words
are spoken,
In a sweet cottage half hidden by
flowers,
Where the dear household band never is
broken,
Where hope and happiness wing the
glad hours—
From care and strife apart,
Never more roving,
In my adoring love,
Faithful and loving—
There is thy home.

IF I WERE THE LIGHT OF THE BRIGHTEST STAR.

IF I were the light of the brightest star,
That burns in the zenith now,
I would tremble down from my home afar,
To kiss thy radiant brow.
If I were the breath of a fragrant flower,
With a viewless wing and free,
I would steal away from the fairest bower,
And live, love, but for thee.

If I were the soul of bewitching song,
With a moving, melting tone,
I would float from the gay and thoughtless throng,
And soothe thy soul alone.

If I were a charm, by fairy wrought,
I would bind thee with a sign;
And never again should a gloomy thought
O'ershadow thy spirit's shrine.

If I were a memory, past alloy,
I would linger where thou art;
If I were a thought of abiding joy,
I would nestle in thy heart.
If I were a hope, with the magic light
That makes the future fair,
I would make thy path on the earth as bright
As the paths of angels are.

THE FLOWER AND THE STARLIGHT.

FROM its home on high, to a gentle flower,
That bloomed in a lonely grove,
The starlight came at the twilight hour,
And whispered a tale of love.

Then the blossom's heart so still and cold,
Grew warm to its silent core,
And gave out perfume, from its inmost fold,
It never exhaled before.

And the blossom slept through the summer night,
In the smile of the angel-ray,

And the morn arose with its garish light,
And the soft one stole away.

Then the zephyr wooed, as he wandered by
Where the gentle floweret grew,
But she gave no heed to his plaintive sigh;
Her heart to its love was true.

And the sunbeam came, with a lover's art,
To caress the flower in vain;
She folded her sweets in her thrilling heart
Till the starlight came again.

DIRGE FOR THE OLD YEAR.

TOLL, toll, toll,
Where the winter winds are sighing;
Toll, toll, toll,
Where the somber clouds are flying;
Toll, toll, toll,

A deeper, sadder knoll,—
Than sounds for a passing soul,—
Should tell of the Old Year, dying.
Spirits of beauty and light,
Goblins of darkness and night,

From your sunny paths, in the azure sky,
From the Stygian shores, where the shadows lie,

From your coral homes, in the ocean caves,
From the frigid north, where the tempest raves,

Come to the pale one dying.
Hark! to the falling of phantom feet,
Beat, beat, beat, beat,
Like the solemn sounds, when the surges meet,

On the shores of a mighty river—
They are folding the dead in his winding-sheet,
To bear him away forever.

A rush of wings on the midnight wind—
 The fall of a shadowy portal—
 And the good Old Year, so true and kind,
 Passed to his rest, but left behind
 The record of deeds immortal.

IN MY SLEEP I HAD A VISION.

In my sleep I had a vision,
 Of a brighter world than this;
 Of a realm, whose vales Elysian,
 Wooed the soul to endless bliss.
 Hope could sing of nothing fairer
 Than this soft, bewitching isle;
 Fancy dreamed of nothing rarer,
 And she furled her wings awhile.

It had crystal streams and fountains,
 Glens and grottos, cool and deep,
 Where the shadows of the mountains
 Lay on violets, asleep.
 It had labyrinths of flowers,
 Arching 'neath a summer sky,
 And to tread those fairy bowers
 There were only thou and I—

Thou and I together straying
 Through each shady glen and grove;
 Two enraptured souls a-Maying,
 In the Eden-land of love.
 Then our hearts forgot the sorrow,
 Toil and care of by-gone years,
 And the prospect of the morrow
 Brought us neither doubts nor fears.

If a memory came to darken
 Those bright moments all our own,
 Trusting love refused to hearken
 To the Sybil's chiding tone.
 Joy that would not brook concealing,
 From thine eyes like sunlight stole,
 And the iris wreath of feeling
 Was the cestus of my soul.

Words of love, though wild and burning,
 Seemed but trite and feeble things,
 And I learned thy fond heart's yearning,
 By the trembling of its strings.
 Never can our waking senses
 Such ecstatic joy receive,
 For an hour like this condenses
 All the pleasure life can give.

MONT BLANC.

O WORSHIPER in heaven's far courts! sub-
 lime
 Gleams thy white forehead, bound with
 purple air.
 Thou art coeval with old gray-haired Time,
 Yet thy colossal features are as fair
 As when the Omniscient set his signet
 there.
 Wrapped in a royal robe, that human art
 Could never weave, nor mortal monarch
 wear,
 Thou sitt'st enthroned in majesty apart,
 Folding eternal rest and silence in thy
 heart.

When the Almighty Mind went forth, and
 wrought
 Upon the formless waters; when he
 hung
 New worlds on their mysterious paths, and
 brought
 Light out of brooding darkness; when
 the young,
 Fair earth at his command from chaos
 sprung
 To join the universal jubilee;
 When all the hosts of heaven his triumphs
 sung,
 God left his footsteps on the sounding sea,
 And wrote his glorious name, proud mon-
 ument, on thee:

Tell us, earth-born companion of the stars,
Hast thou beheld when worlds were
wrecked and riven?

Hast seen wild comets in their red simars
O'er the far fields of space at random
driven?

Seest thou the angels at the gate of heaven?
Perchance they lend that glory to thy
brow,

Which burns and sparkles there this sum-
mer even!

Perchance their anthems float around
thee now—

They worship God alway, and so, Mont
Blanc, dost thou.

Solemn evangel of almighty power,

The pillars of the earth support thy
throne;

Ages unknown, unnumbered, are thy dower,
Sunlight thy crown, the clouds of heaven
thy zone.

Spires, columns, turrets, lofty and alone;
Snow-fields, where never bird nor beast
abode;

Caverns unmeasured, fastnesses unknown;
Glaciers where human feet have never
trod—

Ye are the visible throne, the dwelling-
place of God.

What is the measure of our threescore
years—

What the duration of our toil and care?

What are our aspirations, hopes, and fears,
The joys we prize, the ills we needs must
bear—

The earthly goals we win, the deeds we
dare?

Our life is but a breath, a smile, a sigh;
We go, and Time records not that we were;
But thou wilt lift thy giant brow on high,
Till Time's last hour is knolled, lost in
eternity.

And we, beholding thee, do turn aside
From all the little idols we have wrought;

Self-love, ambition, wealth, fame, power
and pride

Keep silence before thee; and we are
taught

A nobler aim, a more enduring thought.

Our souls are touched by the celestial
fire

That glows on holier altars; what we
sought

With thought, heart, mind, seems dust,
and we aspire

To win some sure good, some guerdon ho-
lier, higher.

Thou art an altar, where the human soul

Pays God the tribute of its prayer and
praise;

Feelings, emotions, passing all control

Are born of thee; wondering, subdued,
we gaze,

Till soul and sense are lost in still amaze,
And the full-gushing heart forgets to
beat.

We feel the invisible, we seem to raise

The inner vail, to stand where two
worlds meet,

Entranced, bewildered, rapt, adoring at thy
feet.

LAKE LEMAN.

THOU art beautiful, Lake Leman,

When thy starry waves are sleeping,
Sleeping in the fond embraces

Of the summer moon's soft light;

When thy waters seem to listen

To the blue Rhone, sadly weeping

As she parts from thee forever,

Murmuring tenderly, Good-night!

Thou art glorious, when the morning,

Nature's radiant evangel,

Lays her cheek upon thy bosom,

With her tresses all undone;

When the snowy mists that bound thee
 Like the drapery of an angel,
 Are woven into rainbows,
 In the pathway of the sun.

Thou art peerless, when the twilight
 Of a quiet summer even
 Binds the eastern sky with shadows,
 As the day goes down to rest;
 When the gold and crimson curtains,
 Looped around the gates of heaven,
 And the pathway of the angels
 Are painted on thy breast.

Thou art lovely, when the vine-hills
 Are pictured in thy waters;
 Or when storm-winds from the Jura
 Crown thy waves with starry foam;
 And the children of thy valleys,
 Helvetia's sons and daughters,
 When they leave thee, lake of beauty,
 Never find another home.

But I dwell by thee a stranger,
 Of my exile grown so weary
 That my soul is sick with sighing,
 Waiting, longing to depart;
 And the music of thy voices
 Makes me homesick, makes me dreary;
 O! I cannot learn to love thee,
 While my own land fills my heart.

I have climbed the snow-capped mount-
 ains,
 Sailed on many a storied river,
 And brushed the dust of ages
 From gray monuments sublime;
 I have seen the grand old pictures
 That the world enshrines forever,
 And the statues that the masters
 Left along the paths of Time.

But my pilgrim feet are weary,
 And my spirit dim with dreaming
 Where the long, dead Past has written
 Misty, hieroglyphic lore;

In a land whose pulses slumber,
 Or only beat in seeming,
 And the pathway of the Cæsars
 Is a ruin evermore.

Bear me back, O mighty ocean!
 From this Old World, gray and gory,
 To the forests and the prairies,
 Far beyond thy stormy waves;
 To the land that Freedom fostered
 To gigantic strength and glory,
 To my home-land, with its loved ones,
 And its unforgotten graves.

Give me back my little cottage,
 And the dear old trees I planted,
 And the common, simple blossoms
 That bloomed around my door;
 And the old, familiar home-songs
 That my children's voices chanted,
 And the few who used to love me,
 And my heart will ask no more.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

HOPE on, hope ever; if thy lot
 Be forlorn and lowly,
 Thou mayst gain a brighter spot,
 Though thy steps move slowly.
 Reckless of the rich man's scorn,
 On thyself relying,
 Strive to win, though lowly born,
 Name, renown undying.
 In the path that heaven assigned,
 Rest thee idly never;
 Work with might and soul and mind,
 And hope on, hope ever.

Hope on, hope ever, while the day
 On thy path is shining;
 Let no moment bear away
 Murmurs of repining.

SIDNEY DYER.

SIDNEY DYER was, at the age of sixteen years, a "bold drummer boy" in the American army. He was then ignorant of the rudiments of a common English education. He was a sprightly, intelligent boy, however, and attracted the notice of a benevolent woman, through whose persuasion he was induced to give to study those hours which his companions spent in idleness or dissipation. Kind influences clustered around him, as he became more and more deeply interested in the pursuit of knowledge, and, at length, he determined to consecrate himself to the Christian ministry. He has celebrated in pleasant lines these important changes in his pursuits and purposes:

I mingled with the coarse and rude,
And heard the ribald jest;
And thought to die as they will die,
Unhonored and unblessed.

But there was one who saw my grief,
Just bordering on despair;
She sought me out, and angel-like,
Made all my woes her care.

Oh! then my soul o'erflowed with bliss,
My step was light and free,
While my full heart with joyance beat
Its first glad "Reveille!"

My feet were turned on wisdom's "March!"
And on my raptured sight
The dawning broke, and since that hour
Has poured increasing light.

When now I think of "auld lang syne,"
Of present, past employ,
I scarce can make myself believe
I was that "Drummer Boy."

Mr. Dyer connected himself with the Baptist Church, and, we believe, began his career as a preacher in Kentucky, about the year 1845. In 1849 he published a volume of poems* in Louisville, Kentucky, and, in 1855, consented to the publication of "An Olio of Love and Song," delivered by him before the Athenian Society of Indiana University, on the thirty-first day of July, in that year. Since 1850, Mr. Dyer has been the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Indianapolis. He has written a large number of very popular songs. He is quite successful in expressing domestic sentiments and emotions in words well-adapted to music, and he has turned a number of hopeful proverbs to happy advantage in songs which have been sung in all parts of our country.

* *Voices of Nature, and Thoughts in Rhyme.* Louisville: J. V. Cowling and G. C. Davies, 1849. 12mo, pp. 156.

SONG OF THE SUNBEAM.

I'm the bright sunbeam!
 I fit as a dream,
 Which gently comes down from the skies,
 When sleep with delight,
 Holds infancy bright,
 To close up its soft silken eyes.

O'er lake and o'er sea,
 As tripping with glee,
 Reflected my beauties I trace;
 So rapt is the wave,
 As lightly I lave,
 It trembles as still we embrace.

I lie in the rose,
 When freshly uncloze
 Its leaves to the sun and the breeze;
 I skip o'er the plain,
 And ripe waving grain,
 Or glide o'er the leaves of the trees.

I shun not the cot,
 Where poverty's lot
 Holds often the wise and the good;
 Through thatch and through pane,
 I leap in again,
 A gift all unsullied from God.

I shrink from the halls,
 And thick curtained walls,
 Where wealth lies in sorrow all day;
 But in at the door
 Where dwelleth the poor,
 A daily warm visit I pay.

I never will shrink
 From the cataract's brink,
 But paint on its moisture my bow;
 And down on the stream
 With radiance gleam,
 As stars flashing up from below.

On Death's pallid cheek
 I often will seek

To glow with the beauty of even;
 But finding has fled
 The soul of the dead,
 Will mount with it gladly to heaven!

The night for awhile
 May shadow my smile,
 Then Nature in sorrow will reek;
 I'll come o'er the lawn
 At first peep of dawn,
 And wipe each sad trace from its cheek.

In each opened grave
 I'll pour in my wave,
 To show there is light in the tomb;
 And smiling will say,
 Come, this is the way
 To where I eternally bloom!

THE EVENING ZEPHYR.

'Tis born within a buttercup,
 And scented by a rose;
 It lives where trellised vine climbs up,
 And murmuring streamlet flows.

It steals a kiss from every flower,
 And treads, with airy feet,
 Its noiseless path from wood to bower,
 Where sighing lovers meet.

In graceful waves it moves the bough
 And undulating grain,
 While Echo's voice, with silvery flow,
 Murmurs a soft refrain.

And at the gorgeous verge of day
 It wings its evening flight,
 Where sleeping valleys stretch away
 In pensive, dreamy light.

It wantons with each fair one's cheek,
 Untwists the truant curl,
 And nestling in some bosom meek,
 Its viewless wings will furl.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

OH! how I long to meet thee, love,
 Our arms to fondly twine,
 With lip to lip, and heart to heart,
 As when I called thee mine.
 Then hopes were clustering thick around,
 Like dew-gems on the spray,
 For life had cast no darkling shade,
 Across our flowery way.

Oh! how I long to meet thee, love,
 As when thy love for me,
 Unclasped thee from a mother's neck,
 A doating father's knee,
 And won thy trembling heart from home,
 Thy love and faith to twine
 In closer folds around a heart,
 That ne'er was worthy thine!

Oh! how I long to meet thee, love,
 As by the river's side,
 We met to stray at twilight's hour,
 And watch the silvery tide;
 How soon it was forgotten, love,
 And left to glide unseen,
 That we might view love's stainless wave,
 That flowed our hearts between.

Oh! how I long to greet thee, love,
 As when beneath the hill,
 We sat around our cottage hearth,
 And drank of bliss our fill;
 Ah! 'twas an hour too bright to last,
 Its glow soon passed away,
 Misfortune's cloud hath intervened,
 And overcast our way.

But we shall meet again, my love,
 And find affection's power
 Can quick dispel each darksome cloud,
 And glow as in youth's hour.
 Ah! sweeter then shall be the voice
 Of love's enchanting strain,
 And all those fondly cherished scenes,—
 We'll live them o'er again!

THE LEAF'S COMPLAINT.

A LEAF, that chanced to fall one day,
 Down by the garden wall,
 Began to mourn, in pensive strains,
 Its sad, untimely fall.

"And must I lie on this cold earth,
 With dying things around,
 And lose the bloom which graced my youth,
 And sink into the ground?

"My parent was yon monarch tree,
 The loftiest top in air;
 And though I am so lowly now,
 'Twas proud to have me there.

"The birds oft lit upon my stem,
 Their sweetest songs to sing,
 And ever called, me in their lays,
 The fairest leaf of Spring.

"The dews of night lay on my breast,
 And drank the fragrance there,
 Which morning's orient beams exhaled,
 Perfuming all the air.

"When Sol's fierce rays had scorched my charms,
 And droopingly I hung,
 Refreshing showers came to my aid,
 And coolness round me flung.

"Soft zephyrs rocked my native spray,
 And vigils round me kept,
 When all the stars came out at night,
 To smile as Nature slept.

"Aye, when I grew and proudly waved
 Upon my native bough,
 All came obsequious to my will,
 But all forsake me now!

"The winds that came so soft and bland
 To lull me to repose,
 Now heap vile rubbish on my form,
 With every breath that blows.

"The rains, that once refreshing came
As nectar from the gods,
Now seek to press me lower still,
Beneath these filthy clods.

"The gentle dews, once soft and mild,
Now chill my shrinking form;
And here I lie, a friendless one,
For vilest things to scorn!

"E'en vulgar weeds, so lately proud
To dwell beneath my shade,
Now rudely cry 'Away! away!'
If near their roots I'm laid.

"Ah! why do all forsake me now,
When most I stand in need,
And rend with keener pangs a heart
Already made to bleed?

"Earth's friendships ever thus are false
As baseless visions are;
When naught is craved, they all would give,
When much, they've naught to spare!

"But cease; I will no more complain,
Though friendless now and riven;
For those who suffer most on earth,
Enjoy the most of heaven!"

HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

THIS world is no hive where the drone may
repose,
While others are gleaning its honey with
care;
Nor will he succeed who is dealing his
blows
At random, and recklessly hits every
where.
But choose well your purpose, then breast
to the strife,
And hold to it firmly, by rectitude led;

Give your heart to that duty, and strike
for your life,
And with every stroke, hit the nail on
the head.

If fate is against you ne'er falter nor fret,
'Twill not mend your fortunes nor light-
en your load;
Be earnest, still earnest, and you will for-
get
You e'er had a burden to bear on the
road.
And when at the close, what a pleasure to
know,
That you, never flinching, however life
sped,
Gave you heart to your duty, your strength
to each blow,
And with every stroke, hit the nail on
the head.

MY MOTHER'S EASY CHAIR.

THE days of my youth have all silently
sped,
And my locks are now grown thin and
gray;
My hopes, like a dream in the morning,
have fled,
And nothing remains but decay;
Yet, I seem but a child, as I was long
ago,
When I stood by the form of my sire,
And my dear mother sung, as she rocked
to and fro
In the old easy chair by the fire.
Oh, she was my guardian and guide all the
day,
And the angel who watched round my
bed;
Her voice in a murmur of prayer died
away
For blessings to rest on my head.

Then I thought ne'er an angel that heaven
could know,

Though trained in its own peerless choir,
Could sing like my mother, who rocked to
and fro

In the old easy chair by the fire.

How holy the place as we gathered at
night,

Round the altar where peace ever dwelt,
To join in an anthem of praise, and unite
In thanks which our hearts truly felt.

In his sacred old seat, with his locks white
as snow,

Sat the venerable form of my sire,
While my dear mother sung, as she rocked
to and fro

In the old easy chair by the fire.

The cottage is gone which my infancy
knew,

And the place is despoiled of its charms,
My friends are all gathered beneath the
old yew,

And slumber in death's folded arms;
But often with rapture my bosom doth
glow,

As I think of my home and my sire,
And the dearest of mothers who sung long
ago,

In the old easy chair by the fire!

COMING HOME.

ADIEU—is uttered with a sigh,

Farewell—we speak in pain;

We ever part with tearful eyes,

We may not meet again;

But oh, there is a blissful word,

When breathed by those who roam,

Which thrills with joy whenever heard,

'Tis, coming, coming home!

'TIS BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

LIFE is a race where some succeed,

While others are beginning;

'Tis luck at times, at others speed,

That gives an early winning.

But if you chance to fall behind,

Ne'er slacken your endeavor;

Just keep this wholesome truth in mind,

'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,

But never trip your neighbor;

'Tis noble when you can excel

By honest, patient labor;

But if you are outstripped at last,

Press on as bold as ever;

Remember, though you are surpass'd,

'Tis better late than never!

POWER OF SONG.

HOWEVER humble be the bard who sings,

If he can touch one chord of love that
slumbers,

His name above the proudest line of kings,

Shall live immortal in his truthful num-
bers.

The name of him who sung of "Home,
Sweet Home,"

Is now enshrined with every holy feeling;

And though he sleeps beneath no sainted
dome,

Each heart a pilgrim at his shrine is
kneeling.

The simple lays that wake to tears when
sung,

Like chords of feeling from the music
taken,

Are in the bosom of the singer strung,

Which every throbbing heart-pulse will
awaken.

HANNAH E. G. AREY.

HANNAH ELLEN GRANNIS AREY, a native of Cavendish, Vermont, where she was born on the fourteenth day of April, 1819, began her literary career in Cleveland, Ohio, as a contributor to the *Daily Herald* of that city. Her father, John Grannis, was a member of the Provincial Parliament of Canada, at the breaking out of the rebellion in 1837, and he afterward held offices of trust under the United States Government.

Hannah Ellen was one of the earliest of that band of young women, now somewhat numerous in this country, who pursued the course of study marked out for the claimants of a liberal education among the opposite sex. She was for several years previous to 1848, a successful and much beloved school-teacher in Cleveland. In that year she married Oliver Arey. Soon after marriage she turned her attention from teaching to editing, and has for several years conducted periodicals for the fire-side at Buffalo and New York. "The Youth's Casket," of which she was Editor, and the "Home Monthly," which she now conducts, have endeared her to many homes. In 1855 Mrs. Arey published a volume of Poems*—the introduction to which is in lines on "Myself," describing a girl who had made intimate acquaintance with trees, rocks and streams:

I knew the tree where slept the crows,
And, on the water's brim,
I climbed among the hemlock boughs,
To watch the fishes swim.

I knew beside the swollen rill,
What flowers to bloom would burst;
And where, upon the south-sloped hill,
The berries ripened first.

Each violet tuft, each cowslip green,
Each daisy on the lea,
I counted one by one—for they
Were kith and kin to me.

I knew the moles that dared to claim
The banished beaver's huts;
And sat on mossy logs to watch
The squirrels crack their nuts.

And they winked slyly at me, too,
But never fled away,
For in their little hearts they knew
That I was wild as they.

* Household Songs and other Poems. New York: Derby & Jackson, 1855. 12mo, pp. 254.

AUTUMN.

THERE'S a deep wailing in the voice of
waves,

That late were ringing with a childish
glee;

And the white billow, to the beach it
laves,

Advances with a solemn majesty,
To bathe the scattered gems of summer's
crown,

Or bear them to the caves of silence down.

And the wild winds are wandering with a
thrill

Of deeper music, 'mid the thin pale
leaves,

That to the bough are fondly clinging
still;

And yet doth every whispered breath,
that grieves

Their faded beauty, hasten their decay,
And bear them to their burial place

away.

The spreading maple doffs his turban
red,

Like an old garment—and the beech
leaf pale,

As falls the silver from a veteran head,
Floats downward softly on the murmur-

ing gale,

And the sad locust, bending to the breeze,
Green at his feet, his rent tiara sees.

The red sun peers adown the hazy sky,
And steals, unchallenged, through the

forest bare,

Seeking the nooks where perished blos-
soms lie,

Wistful to know if life be lingering
there,

And through his beams a genial warmth
is shed

As if he strove to woo them from the
dead.

A carpet deep of withered leaves is
spread,

Varied, and rich, the forest walks
around;

And, as our careless footsteps o'er them
tread,

We listen lingering to their rustling
sound,

Just as we did in childhood, ere we knew
How many human hearts lay withering

too.

Still watchful wake the myrtle's starry
eyes,

Still robed in green the trailing willow
waves,

But the pale wreck of many a garland
lies,

All closely cradled in the place of
graves,

Nestling, in death, amid the slumberers
there,

Yet pouring fragrance on the summer air.

Thus doth the memory of the cherished
dead,

Upon our thoughts in grateful incense
rise,

And, though their spirits from the earth
have fled,

The love which bore them upward to
the skies

Is with us still, all powerful to impart
A fragrance to the Autumn of the heart.

But in our breast,—like those pale leaves
that sleep

Clustered within the hollows of the
tomb—

Upon the graves of buried hopes lie deep
The withered flowers of life's sweet

summer bloom;

And memory hears their rustling, as she
strays

'Mid those dried garlands of departed
days.

Oh! they are pensive thoughts that round
us throng,

When the first wreaths of joy are
brown and sere,
And, listening for the accustomed voice of
song,
Life's withered foliage rustles on the
ear ;—
The voice of birds,—the hum of streams,—
the round
Of gay winged insects, changed for this
one sound.

But garnered in the spirit's treasure-cell,
Lies a rich harvest gleaned from sum-
mer toil ;
And he who life's young plants hath nur-
tured well,
From many a weary field bears back a
spoil,
Whose golden stores breathe forth the les-
son deep,
That as the laborer sows his hand shall
reap.

And though the earth's faded flowers
above the tomb
Of long departed hopes may thickly
press,
And summer birds no more their songs
resume,
Still doth the heart a richer store
possess,
If, far beneath, by those pale leaves o'er-
blown,
The seed of Everlasting Life be sown.

Its crown of green yon forest shall resume,
And other flowers full soon to earth be
given ;
But ere the soul renew its spring-tide
bloom,
Its budding leaves must feel the air of
Heaven,
And from the grave of early hope shall
rise,
A fadeless plant to blossom in the skies.

THANKSGIVING.

COME forth, come forth, to the festal board,
As our sires were wont in the days of
old ;

The reapers are home with their harvest
hoard,

The herds have hied to their wint'ry
fold,

And the cullers of fruit our vaults have
stored

With the wealth of the orchard's freight
of gold.

Come forth, come forth, with your heart-
felt praise,

To swell the songs at the altar's side ;

For a lofty pæan to God we raise,
Who hath scattered His love gifts free
and wide,

And still, from the wan earth's earliest
days,

His seed-time and harvest hath not
denied.

Come forth—to the haunts of your child-
hood, come ;

To the roof in whose shadow your life
was nurs'd ;

By the hearth of the household there yet
is room,

Where your breath of thanksgiving was
falter'd first,

The faggot is blazing your welcome home,
And from joyful lips shall your greeting
burst.

There's a ruddy tinge on the wrinkled
cheek,

For the pulse of age hath a quicker
flow ;

And a gleam, like the light of youth doth
break

'Mid the care-worn shades on the old
man's brow,

For the visions of eld in his soul awake :
The scenes of his childhood are round
him now.

Oh, this is a day when the thought goes
back

O'er the flowery paths of our early
years ;

Where the garlands of joy have strewn
the track

And hidden the graves of our hopes
and fears,

And the names of the friends whose tones
we lack,

Steal over the heart like a gush of tears.

'Tis the hour when kindred circles meet—
That still must the wanderer homeward
bring—

When the echo of childhood's tireless feet,
Through the halls of their father's
homestead ring—

When gladness breathes in the tones we
greet,

And a murmur of love to the lips doth
spring.

Come forth, come forth, to the humble cot,
Where the children of want and sorrow
rove—

Where the hand of the reaper garners not
The stores that a Father's goodness
prove ;

And the poor man weeps for the toilsome
lot,

Entailed on the heirs of his earnest love.

Come forth to the fields, with the heart
which leaves

A blessing, wherever its trace appears ;

To lighten the song which sorrow weaves,
Where poverty's portion is steeped in
tears ;

And freely fling, from your bursting
sheaves,

Like the reapers of Boaz, the gleaning
ears.

We hallow the day as our fathers did,
With a mingling of gladness, and praise,
and prayer,

With a willing boon for the lowliest shed,
That the hungry and poor in our thanks
may share,

That the scantiest table be freely spread,
And the lip of the mourner a blessing
bear.

For the sons of the feeble pilgrim band,
Who first on a distant rock-bound bay,
Gave thanks for the gifts of the teeming
land,

Have spread over mountain and stream
away ;

And a song of praise shall to God ascend
From a myriad of burning lips to-day.

Come forth, come forth, with the chiming
bell,

A joyous throng to the altar's side ;

Come mingle your tones with the organ's
swell ;

And, where the door of the feast stands
wide,

Let the gray-haired sire to his grandchild
tell

A tale of our Nation's grateful pride.

THE FIREMAN.

AMID the flames he stood,
And the white smoke formed his
wreath—

And the swelling waves, of the fiery flood,
Came surging from beneath.

The crackling timbers reeled—

And the brands came gleaming down,
Like the scattered wealth that the forests
yield,

When their autumn leaves are brown.

The tempest howled in wrath,
 And the fire wheeled madly on,
 And the embers, far, on the wind's wild
 path,
 Through the murky night, had gone.

Yet there, in his pride, he stood,
 With a steady hand, and strong;
 And his ax came down on the burning
 wood,
 Till the heart of the old oak rung.

There was many an earnest eye,
 Through the rolling smoke, that gazed,
 While he stood, with his dauntless soul,
 and high,
 Where the hottest fire-brands blazed.

And prayers were faltered forth,
 From the aged, and the young;
 For the safety of many a household
 hearth,
 On the strokes of his strong arm hung.

There was many a proud knight there,
 With his mantle round him rolled,
 That aloof, in the light of that sweeping
 fire,
 Stood shivering in the cold.

And oft from the firemen's bands,
 A summons for aid was heard;
 But never the tips of their well-gloved
 hands,
 From their ermined cloaks were stirred.

And no white and fervent lip,
 For their welfare, or safety prayed;
 For no children's weal and no mother's
 hope,
 In the strength of their arms was stayed.

Were I searching earth's mingled throng
 For shelter, my claim would be
 A hand, like that Fireman's, nerved and
 strong,
 And a fearless heart for me.

FAME.

FAME! not for me, if my heart's life must
 pay for it!

What! shall I seek it through falsehood
 and wrong?

Trample down honor and truth, to make
 way for it?

Truckle, and smile for the praise of the
 throng?

Not while this earth rolls! the hand that
 shall offer me

Guerdon so worthless hath never been
 born,

I—if this gaud is the prize that ye proffer
 me—

Fling back the gift with ineffable scorn.

Lo, I see throngs quaff the goblet Fame
 crushed for them—

Clusters of Peace poured their life in
 that wine;—

Grapes of pure Truth, in God's sunshine
 that blushed for them,

Yielded their forms for its sparkle, and
 shine;

Bring it not—name it not:—sweet things
 are blessing me

Down in the pathway obscure where I
 tread;

In, by the fireside, soft hands are caress-
 ing me;—

Out, in the sunlight, God's smile is o'er-
 head.

Cull these sweet home-flowers to twine a
 proud wreath for me?

Yield, for that thorn-crown, these gar-
 lands of love?

Not while fond hearts and pale violets can
 breathe for me

Bliss that the angels might stoop for
 above.

Back with thy tempting, pure hands shall
 win bread for me;—

God, for the powers He has given, be
my guide :
And if "Well done, thou faithful" at last
may be said for me,
What is the crown that this world gives
beside ?

SLEIGH-RIDING.

MERRILY ho! our light sleighs go,
Gliding like spirits along the snow ;
Bracing and pure is the clear, cold air—
Cozy and warm are the robes we wear ;
Merrily out the sleigh bells chime ;
Our pulses bound, and our hearts keep
time ;
The skies are fair, and the stars are bright,
Ho! for the joys of the winter's night.

Darkly and grim the forests frown,
With their snowy boughs, and shadows
brown ;
The rabbit steals from his sheltered den,
But speeds, as we come, to its haunts again,
And creeping back, as our sleigh-bells trill,
The sly fox barks in the darkness still :
The shadows are past, and away we go,
Over the drifts of the crackling snow.

Lonely the lights shine here, and there,
From scattered cots on the woodland bare ;
A village is here whose windows bright,
Twinkle like hope, on the dusky night,
And echoes of gay, young voices sound,
From groups that gather the hearthstones
round :

A blessing we breathe, and on we speed,
Far in the track of the tireless steed.

Merrily ho! our light sleighs go,
Gliding like spirits along the snow ;
But yonder the moon's broad disc has
come,
Over the forests to warn us home ;

For cheerily still as our bells may ring,
Old Time ne'er stays on his restless wing ;
And home we haste with our spirits light,
Though all too short is the winter's night.

HOME SONG.

Now, thrust my thimble in its case,
And store the spools away,
And lay the muslin rolls in place ;
My task is done to-day ;
For, like the workmen's evening bell,
A sound hath met my ears,
The gate-click by the street doth tell
Papa has come, my dears.
Bear off the toy-box from the floor—
For yonder chair make room ;
And up, and out—unbar the door,
And breathe his welcome home ;
For 'tis the twilight hour of joy,
When Home's best pleasures rally ;
And I will clasp my darling boy,
While papa romps with Allie.

There, take the hat, and gloves, and bring
The slippers, warm and soft,
While bounds the babe, with laugh and
spring,

In those loved arms aloft,
And let each nook some comfort yield—
Each heart with love be warm,
For him, whose firm, strong hands shall
shield

The household gods from harm.
Our love shall light the gathering gloom ;
For, o'er all earthly hope,
We cherish first the joys of home ;
A glad, rejoicing group.
And through the twilight hour of joy,
We turn from toil, to dally
With thy young dreams of life, my boy,
And gaily fondle Allie.

SUSAN W. JEWETT.

SUSAN W. JEWETT, wife of Charles A. Jewett, who is widely known in the West as an engraver, is, we believe, a native of Massachusetts. Between the years 1840 and 1857, she was a frequent contributor to the periodicals and journals of Cincinnati. In 1847 she conducted a monthly magazine for children, called the *Youth's Visitor*, which was a favorite wherever it became known. In 1856, Truman and Spofford, Cincinnati, published for Mrs. Jewett "The Old Corner Cupboard," a duodecimo volume of three hundred and four pages, composed of prose sketches and poems, illustrating "the every-day life of every-day people."

THE PAST.

WEEP not for what is past,
With vain and fruitless tears,
But husband well thy strength,
To serve the coming years.
In noble deeds, not idle grief,
Let the true soul find sweet relief.

Mourn not for what is past,
Though every passing day
Some pathway may disclose,
Where thou hast gone astray.
Tears will but cloud thy feeble sight—
Not guide thee to the way of right.

Weep not for what is past;
Not tears of blood will bring
One wasted moment back,
Or stay Time's rapid wing.
Pour not thy soul's best life away—
Begin anew to live—to-day.

Oh! weep not for the past,
Though in its dark domain,
The forms thou lov'st are bound
By adamantine chain.
The deathless spirit should not be
So fettered to mortality.

What doth the grave enfold,
That there thy thoughts should turn?
Colder the clay beneath
Than monumental urn.
The lost to thee—to life are born—
Rejoice, then, in their natal morn!

The past! that narrow span
Is nothing now to thee,
Poor prisoner of time,
Yet in thine infancy!
The soul should earthly thrall despise—
The future hath no boundaries.

MY MOTHER.

My mother! long, long years have passed,
Since half in wonder, half in dread,
I looked upon thy clay-cold face,
And heard the whisper—"She is dead!"

The memory of thine earthly form
Is dim as a remembered dream,
But year by year, more close to mine
Doth thy celestial spirit seem.

When by the mouldering stone I stood,
Which marks the spot where thou art laid,
And with the daisies on the sod,
My little child in gladness played,

Oh! how my spirit longed to know
If from the heights of heavenly joy,
The love, that watched my infant years,
Looked down to bless my bright-eyed
boy!

And when by anguish crushed and worn,
I watched my bud of beauty fade,
And in the cold and ghastly tomb
Beheld his lifeless body laid;

And stranger eyes beheld my grief,
Who in my joys had borne no part,
Oh, how I thirsted then for thee,
To lift the load from off my heart!

I know my faith is not a dream;
My life from thine no power can wrest;
Death's icy hand can never chill
The love that warms a mother's breast.

And surely God through thee hath taught
My soul submission to his will,
With patient trust and child-like love,
That I can suffer and be still.

LEAVE ME.

LEAVE me, for I would be alone;
Yet, least alone, when all are fled,
For nearest then the loved ones come,
Whom we are wont to call the dead!
But closer do our thoughts entwine,
When their freed spirits meet with mine.

Nor prize I living friends the less,
Who give to life its holiest light;
Their cheerful tones, their cheering smiles,
Their eyes with fond affection bright,

Though eyes so bright, and forms so dear,
Have vanished from my pathway here.

When aches the void within my soul,
And mid the gay and noisy crowd,
My heart grows sick with bitter thoughts
Of ghastly death and chilly shroud,
And those I love, seem lost for aye—
Leave me alone with God, to pray.

It smooths the troubled waves of grief,
In quiet thought to sit awhile;
When one by one the lost return,
And warm me with their heavenly
smile.

It is no dream—how well I feel
Their sacred influence round me steal.

The autumn winds are sighing now;
The yellow leaves are thickly strown—
Decay and death in all I see,
Recall the hopes forever flown.
The autumn wind—the leafless bough
Hath mournful meaning to me now.

But leave me, gentle friends, awhile,
That I may ease my grief by tears;
For still before me shines a light
To guide and bless my coming years;
A calmer, steadier, holier ray,
Then dawned upon my life's young day.

And by its light, so pure and clear,
My spirit feebly strives to see
Beyond the mists of selfish tears—
Beyond death's gloomy mystery;
And as alone, I strive and pray,
I see the earth-clouds pass away.

Then drinks my soul, so parched and dry,
Of living streams that cannot fail,
And faith awakes to newer life,
And looks beyond the fleshly veil;
And even the murkiest clouds of care
The hues of heavenly patience wear.

LUELLA J. B. CASE.

LUELLA J. BARTLETT CASE is a native of Kingston, New Hampshire. Her grandfather, Josiah Bartlett, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. In the year 1828 Miss Bartlett was married, at Lowell, Massachusetts, to Leverett Case. About the year 1845 Mr. Case emigrated to the West, and, soon after, became one of the editors and proprietors of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. Mrs. Case contributed to the columns of the *Enquirer* several poems on Western themes. About the year 1850 Mr. Case removed his family from Cincinnati to Patriot, Indiana, near which town he cultivates a farm.

THE INDIAN RELIC.

YEARS ago was made thy grave,
By the Ohio's languid wave,
When primeval forests dim
Echoed to the wild bird's hymn ;
From that lone and quiet bed,
Relic of the unknown dead,
Why art thou, a mouldering thing,
Here amongst the bloom of spring ?

Violets gem the fresh, young grass ;
Softest breezes o'er thee pass ;
Nature's voice, in tree and flower,
Whispers of a waking hour ;
Village sounds below are ringing ;
Birds around thee joyous singing—
Thou, upon this height alone
No reviving power hast known !

Yet wert thou of human form,
Once with all life's instincts warm,—
Quailing at the storm of grief,
Like the frailest forest leaf,—
With a bounding pulse—an eye
Bright'ning o'er its loved ones nigh,
Till beneath this cairn of trust
Dust was laid to blend with dust.

When the red man ruled the wood,
And his frail canoe yon flood,
Hast thou held the unerring bow
That the antlered head laid low ?
And in battle's fearful strife
Swung the keen, remorseless knife ?
Or, with woman's loving arm,
Shielded helplessness from harm ?

Silent ! silent ! Naught below
O'er thy past a gleam can throw.
Or, in frame of sinewy chief,
Woman, born for love and grief—
Thankless toil, or haughty sway
Sped life's brief and fitful day.
Like the autumn's sapless bough
Crumbling o'er thee, thou art now.

Rest ! A young, organic world,
Into sudden ruin hurled,
Casts its fragments o'er thy tomb,
'Midst the woodland's softened gloom !
Died those frail things long ago,
But the soul no death can know—
Rest ! Thy grave, with silent preaching,
Humble hope and faith is teaching !

Rest ! Thy warrior tribes so bold
Roam no more their forests old,

And the thundering fire-canoe
Sweeps their placid waters through.
Science rules where Nature smiled;
Art is toiling in the wild;
And their mouldering cairns alone
Tell the tale of races gone.

Thus o'er Time's mysterious sea
Being moves perpetually;
Crowds of swift, advancing waves
Roll o'er vanished nations' graves;
But immortal treasures sweep
Still unharmed that solemn deep;—
Progress holds a tireless way—
Mind asserts her deathless sway.

ENERGY IN ADVERSITY.

ONWARD! Hath earth's ceaseless change
Trampled on thy heart?
Faint not, for that restless range
Soon will heal the smart.
Trust the future; time will prove
Earth hath stronger, truer love.

Bless thy God—the heart is not
An abandoned urn,
Where all lonely and forgot,
Dust and ashes mourn;
Bless him that his mercy brings
Joy from out its withered things.

Onward, for the truths of God—
Onward, for the right!
Firmly let the field be trod
In life's coming fight;
Heaven's own hand will lead thee on,
Guard thee till thy task is done!

Then will brighter, sweeter flowers
Blossom round thy way,
Than e'er sprung in Hope's glad bowers,
In thine early day;
And the rolling years shall bring
Strength and healing on their wing.

DEATH LEADING AGE TO REPOSE.

LEAD him gently—he is weary,
Spirit of the placid brow!
Life is long, and age is dreary,
And he seeks to slumber now.

Lead him gently—he is weeping,
For the friends he cannot see;
Gently—for he shrinks from sleeping
On the couch he asks of thee!

Thou, with mien of solemn gladness,
With the thought-illuminated eye,
Pity thou the mortal's sadness—
Teach him it is well to die.

Time has veiled his eye with blindness,
On thy face it may not dwell,
Or its sweet, majestic kindness
Would each mournful doubt dispel.

Passionless thine every feature,
Moveless is thy being's calm,
While poor suffering human nature
Knows but few brief hours of balm.

Yet when life's long strife is closing,
And the grave is drawing near,
How it shrinks from that reposing
Where there comes nor hope, nor fear.

Open thou the visioned portal,
That reveals the life sublime,
That within the land immortal
Waits the weary child of Time.

Open thou the land of beauty,
Where the Ideal is no dream,
And the child of patient Duty
Walks in joy's unclouded beam.

Thou, with brow that owns no sorrow,
With the eye that may not weep,
Point him to heaven's coming morrow—
Show him it is well to sleep!

FRANCES DANA GAGE.

Of all the lady writers represented in this volume, none can show a more thoroughly Western and pioneer origin and training, than Mrs. Gage. Joseph Barker and Captain Dana, were in the first company of settlers from New England, who crossed the Alleghanies in the winter of 1787-'8, under the lead of Rufus Putnam, and landed at Marietta on the seventh of April, 1788, thus becoming the founders of Ohio. Joseph Barker married Elizabeth Dana, of which parentage Frances Dana Barker was born, in 1808. The first settlers of Marietta were, in strength of character and for vigor of manly virtues, the most remarkable band of pioneers the West has ever seen. Coming from the flower of such a stock, and reared amid all the stirring incidents of such a life of toil, danger and heroism, Miss Barker became early and thoroughly imbued with the romance of the border. Earnest, impulsive, moody and romantic, she grew up amid the magnificent scenery of the Muskingum, a child of nature, most loyal to the hills, woods and waters, in whose inspirations she found her true existence. At the age of twenty years, Miss Barker was married to James L. Gage of McConnellsville, where she settled in a lovely home still overlooking the Muskingum, at which place she continued to reside for twenty-five years, rearing a family of six stalwart sons and two daughters. In 1853 the family removed to St. Louis, near to which city has since been their home.

Early in the winter of 1859, in company with a relative, Mrs. Gage visited the West India Islands and closely scanned the habits of the people, from her own peculiar standpoint, and on her return prepared several popular lectures on Life in the West Indies, which were largely patronized in northern Ohio, during the spring of 1860, placing the lecturer in the first rank of social female orators, and establishing her reputation as a keen observer of the anatomy of human society.

Mrs. Gage early practiced the writing of verses as an irrepressible expression of her peculiar nature. These verses were for some time kept strictly private, and first found their way into the local newspapers through the partial theft of her friends. About the year 1850, the poetical publications of Mrs. Gage began to attract considerable attention: these were mostly written for the *Ohio Cultivator*, published at Columbus, for which periodical she was thenceforth a regular contributor for some years. Between the years 1845 and 1855, Mrs. Gage's muse seems to have culminated, as, from her taste for travel and public lecturing in behalf of various reforms, she has since neglected the bower of the muses for the platform of public disquisition. Her writing is always the spontaneous gushing of her feeling or fancy. The rhythm is never studied, but measured only by the ear. Mrs. Gage has never concentrated her powers of versification upon the construction of a studied poem, as a representative of her best talent, but thrown off her minstrelsy like the chimes of Easter-bells, making the world welcome to what cost her nothing and must be said. Mrs. Gage is

strongly humanitarian and reformatory, and very many of her most spirited writings are in behalf of these objects. Her perfect intimacy with nature and her searching observation of common things, enables her to depict beauties and excellences from the most homely topics, which startle by their fidelity and charm by their simplicity, revealing their author to be, emphatically, a Woman of the People; for which reason her poems should be judged by the thermometer of popular appreciation, rather than by the severer tests of abstract criticism,—a tribunal to which, from the scantiness of her early education and the independence of cultivated habits, she is not fairly amenable.

THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

I LOVE the banging hammer,
 The whirring of the plane,
 The crashing of the busy saw,
 The creaking of the crane,
 The ringing of the anvil,
 The grating of the drill,
 The clattering of the turning-lathe,
 The whirling of the mill,
 The buzzing of the spindle,
 The rattling of the loom,
 The puffing of the engine,
 And the fan's continuous boom—
 The clipping of the tailor's shears,
 The driving of the awl,—
 The sounds of busy labor,
 I love, I love them all.

I love the plowman's whistle,
 The reaper's cheerful song,
 The drover's oft-repeated shout,
 As he spurs his stock along;
 The bustle of the market-man,
 As he hies him to the town;
 The halloo from the tree-top
 As the ripened fruit comes down;
 The busy sound of threshers
 As they clean the ripened grain,
 And the huskers' joke and mirth and glee
 'Neath the moonlight on the plain,
 The kind voice of the dairyman,
 The shepherd's gentle call—

These sounds of active industry,
 I love, I love them all;

For they tell my longing spirit
 Of the earnestness of life,
 How much of all its happiness
 Comes out of toil and strife—
 Not that toil and strife that fainteth,
 And murmureth all the way,—
 Not the toil and strife that groaneth
 Beneath a tyrant's sway:
 But the toil and strife that springeth
 From a free and willing heart,
 A strife which ever bringeth
 To the striver all his part.

Oh! there is a good in labor,
 If we labor but aright,
 That gives vigor to the day-time,
 And a sweeter sleep at night;
 A good that bringeth pleasure,
 Even to the toiling hours—
 For duty cheers the spirit
 As the dew revives the flowers.

Oh! say not that Jehovah
 Bade us labor as a doom,
 No, it is his richest mercy,
 And will scatter half life's gloom.
 Then let us still be doing
 Whate'er we find to do—
 With an earnest, willing spirit,
 And a strong hand free and true.

A HOME PICTURE.

BEN FISHER had finished his hard day's work,

And he sat at his cottage door;
His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor;—
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor,
Her beams were as clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talked love in the mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And they chatted right merrily:
Right merrily chatted they on, the while
Her babe slept on her breast;
While a chubby rogue, with rosy smile,
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast his potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
And promised a glorious yield:—
A glorious yield in the harvest time,
And his orchard was doing fair;
His sheep and his stock were in the prime,
His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
Her fowls and her calves were fat;
That the butter that Tommy that morning
churned,
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny for pa' a new shirt had made,
And 'twas done too by the rule;
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Ann was ahead at school.

Ben slowly passed his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of grayish brown—
"I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
"We're the happiest folks in town."

"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard,—

Work and health go together, I've found;
For there's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

"They're worth their thousands, so people say,

But I ne'er saw them happy yet;
'Twould not be me that would take their
gold,
And live in a constant fret.

My humble home has a light within,
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy,
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye,—
The moon shone brighter and clearer,
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he hitched up to Kate still nearer;
He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And took her hand in his,—
I guess (though I looked at the moon just
then),
That he left on her lips a kiss.

HOUSEKEEPER'S SOLILOQUY.

I WISH I had a dozen pairs
Of hands, this very minute;
I'd soon put all these things to rights—
The very deuce is in it.

Here's a big washing to be done,
One pair of hands to do it,
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and
pants,
How will I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
And baby cross as he can live,—
He's always so on Monday.

And there's the cream, 'tis getting sour,
And must forthwith be churning,
And here's Bob, wants a button on—
Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil—
Oh dear! the baby's waking!

Hush, baby dear! there, hush-sh-sh!
I wish he'd sleep a little,
Till I could run and get some wood,
To hurry up that kettle.

Oh dear! oh dear! if P— comes home,
And finds things in this pothor,
He'll just begin and tell me all
About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready
Exactly when the noon bell rang—
Hush, hush, dear little Freddy.

And then will come some hasty word,
Right out before I'm thinking,—
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now isn't that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, half-sick wife,
Can't always smile so winning?

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble,
Had clothes and pocket-money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, a-lass! was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook,
housekeeper, chamber-maid, laundress,
dairy-woman, and scrub generally, doing
the work of six,
For the sake of being supported!

LIFE'S LESSONS.

CHASING after butterflies, hunting after
flowers,
Listening to the wild birds, through the
sunny hours—
Looking up the hen's nests on the fragrant
mows,
Tending to the lambkins, driving up the
cows,
Mixing play and labor in my childish glee,
Learned I life's first lessons—learned I to
be free.

Waving on the tree-tops, roaming o'er the
hills;
Wandering through the meadows, fishing
in the rills;
Floating on the rivers, riding o'er the
plains,
Plodding through the corn fields, dropping
golden grains,
Mixing play and labor, with a childish glee,
Learned I life's first lessons—learned I to
be free.

Laughing 'mong the green leaves as the
ripe fruit fell;
Gathering the brown nuts in the woody
dell;
Tripping at the spinning-wheel, ever to
and fro;
Dancing at the paring-bee, on a merry toe;
Mixing play and labor, with a youthful glee,
Learned I life's best lessons—learned I to
be free.

Singing o'er my milk-pail while the dews
were bright,
Toiling in the dairy with a spirit light,
Using mop and duster, washboard, oven-
broom,
Scissors, thread and needle, as might chance
to come:

Mixing play and labor, ever cheerfully ;
 Learned I life's best lessons—learned I to
 be free.

Conning these best lessons, poring over
 books,
 Dreaming of the future, in the quiet nooks,
 Gleaning, ever gleaning, as the days went
 by,

Thinking, never shrinking, not afraid to try ;
 Mixing play and labor, ever joyously,
 Learned I life's great lessons—learned I
 to be free.

MY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

I USED to think, when I, a child,
 Played with the pebbles on the shore
 Of the clear river rippling wild,
 That rolled before my father's door,
 How long, how very long 'twould be,
 Ere I could live out fifty years ;
 To think of it oft checked my glee,
 And filled my childish heart with fears.

I looked at grandma, as she sat,
 Her forehead decked with silvery rime,
 And thought, "When I'm as old as that,
 Must I darn stockings all the time ?
 Must I sit in an arm-chair so,
 A white frilled cap around my face,
 With dull drab strings, and ne'er a bow,
 And keep things always in their place ?"

The lines of care, the sigh of pain,
 The "hush !" her lips so oft let fall,
 Made me wish, o'er and o'er again,
 I never might grow old at all.

Yet she was ever cheerful, and
 Would oftentimes join our sport and
 mirth ;
 And many a play by her was planned,
 Around the winter evening hearth.

But then she played not by the brook,
 She did not gather pretty flowers,
 She did not sing with merry look,
 Nor make a spring-time of the hours.
 So, when she said, one sunny morn,
 "You will be old, like me, some day,"
 I wept like one of hope forlorn,
 And threw my playthings all away.

Be old ! like grandma, and not roam
 The glen in spring, for violets blue,
 Or bring the bright May blossoms home,
 Or pick the strawberries 'mong the dew !
 Be old ! and, in the summer time,
 Take weary naps in midday hours,
 And fail the pippin-trees to climb,
 And shake the ripening fruit in showers !

Be old ! and have no nutting-bees
 Upon the hill-side, rustling brown,
 Nor hang upon the vine-clad trees,
 And shout the rich grape clusters down.

Be old ! and sit round win'try fires ;
 Be fifty !—have no sliding spree,
 And hush away all wild desires !—
 I thought 'twere better not to be.

But two score years have glided by,
 With summer's heat and winter's cold,
 With sunny hours and clouded sky,
 Till now I'm fifty—now I'm old !
 The sun-burnt locks are silvery now,
 That used to dangle in the wind ;
 And eyes are dim, and feet move slow,
 That left my playmates all behind.

Spectacles lie upon my nose,
 But no white frill looks prim and cold ;
 My gray hair curls ; I wear pink bows—
 I do not feel so very old.

I play among the pebbles—I
 Would love, on that familiar shore,
 Where once I watched the swallows fly
 The dancing, rippling waters o'er ;

I'd like to climb the apple-tree,
Where once the spicy sweetening grew ;
Make grape-vine swings, and have a glee ;
But I am fifty—'twouldn't do.

I'd like to go a nutting now,
And gather violets in the glen ;
And wreath the wild flowers round my
brow,
As well as e'er I did at ten.

I'd like a slide upon the pond—
To watch the old mill struggling there
In icy chains, while all beyond
Was one broad mirror, cold and glare.

I'd like to see the noisy school,
Let out a-nooning, as of old—
Play "Lost my glove," and "Mind the rule."
My heart throbs quick—it is not cold.

I'm fifty—but I am not sad—
I see no gloom in ripening years ;
My hopes are bright, my spirit glad—
How vain were all my childish fears !

My childish sports, I loved them then ;
I love to think them over still—
To shut my eyes and dream again
Of silvery stream, and woodland hill.
But life has pleasures holier still
Than childhood's play, with all its zest,
That, as we journey down the hill,
Makes each succeeding year the best.

There're stalwart men beside my hearth,
And "bonny lasses" laughing free,
That had not lived on this good earth,
To love and labor, but for me ;
And shall I pine for childhood joys,
For woodland walks, and violets blue,
While round me merry girls and boys
Are doing what I used to do ?

My days of toil, my years of care,
Have never chilled my spirit's flow,
Or made one flower of life less fair
Than in the spring-time, long ago.

The paths I've trod were sometimes rough,
And sharp and piercing to my feet ;
Yet there were daisied walks enough
To make it all seem smooth and sweet.

Friends that I loved have passed from
sight
Before me, to the spirit home ;
But in the day that knows no night,
I know they'll greet me when I come.
Hopes that I've cherished, too, were vain ;
But I have lived to feel and know,
That, were life to live o'er again,
'Twere better that it should be so.

At every winding of the way,
I've sought for love, and love have
given ;
For love can cheer the darkest day,
And make the poorest home a heaven.

Oh ! ye, who're passing down, like me,
Life's autumn side, be brave and strong,
And teach the lisper at your knee,
That fifty years is not so long—
That if they would be ever young,
And free from dolorous pain and care,
The life-harp must be ever strung
With love of duty, every where.

As violins, in foreign lands,
Broken and shattered o'er and o'er,
When mended, and in skillful hands,
Make sweeter music than before,
So, oft the heart, by sorrow torn,
Gives forth a loftier, clearer song,
Than that which greeted us at morn,
When it was new, and brave, and strong.

Father, I thank thee for them all,
These fifty years which now are past ;
Oh ! guide me, guard me, till the fall
Of death my form shall hide at last.
Let me, in love and kindness, still
Live on, nor e'er grow hard and cold ;
Bend me, and break me to thy will,
But may my spirit ne'er grow old.

JANE MARIA MEAD.

JANE MARIA MEAD, a native of Paris, Maine, was born on the twenty-second day of December, 1811. Her father was a physician. When Jane was a little girl he migrated to the West. Since the year 1834 her home has been in Ohio. In 1855 she was married, at Maumee City, to Whitman Mead, who was a prominent lawyer in northern Ohio for ten or twelve years, but who has, for the most part, exchanged Blackstone and the subtleties of the law for the more congenial pursuit, farming. He resides near the town of Medina.

Mrs. Mead has been, since 1850, an occasional writer for the *Louisville Journal* and the *New York Tribune*, and was one of the regular contributors of the *Genius of the West*, published in Cincinnati from 1853 to 1856. Her writings are marked by elevation of thought and purity of style, and her poetry partakes largely of a sober and devotional feeling which indicates her Puritan ancestry. The *Louisville Journal* said of her poems—"they are pure diamonds polished with the most skillful art."

NATIONAL ODE.

COLUMBIA! lift thy starry eyes,
And weep o'er ruined hopes no more;
The sun still shines in yonder skies,
Though lightnings leap and thunders
 roar;
Then from thy garments shake the dust,
And smooth thy brow, and smile at care:
Daughter of Heaven! 'tis thine to trust,
And never breathe the word, despair.
Our fearless sires—uncheered, unshod—
Through fire, and flood, and tempest trod,
And conquered, "in the name of God."

Comrades! the very stars have stooped
To light the hero on his way;
Through war and peace, in glory grouped,
Undimmed, their beams of splendor
 play.

They lead the legions of the free;
They watch above the soldier's bier;
They guard our rights on land and sea—
In doubt, in darkness, doubly dear.
Through years of peace—'neath war-
 clouds dun—
Till death, will every father's son
Defend the flag our fathers won.

Can we forget the men that trode
The ranks of death with iron will?
Can we forget the blood that flowed
At Lexington and Bunker Hill?
No! By the memory of the Brave
Who sleep in glory's hallowed bed—
By every sainted mound and wave,
Each drop of blood, for Freedom shed,
Shall prove a seed will rise again—
A harvest vast of mighty men,
Invincible with sword and pen.

From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
 The stripes must wave, the stars must
 burn,
 While mountains rise or rivers roll.
 To them the world's oppressed shall
 turn,
 To them the oppressor look with awe,
 And learn a tyrant's arm is clay,
 A tyrant's scepter but a straw;
 And till the reign of Wrong gives
 way,
 Above our father's martyred dust,
 We swear: Our swords shall right the
 Just,
 Or ever in their scabbards rust!

OUR NATIVE LAND.*

THE home of our hearts—in a palace or
 cot,
 Be the climate serene, or all frigid the
 spot,—
 'Mid Arno's green vales or the desert's hot
 sand—
 The sweetest of climes—is our dear Na-
 tive Land.
 Though never so rugged, and wintry, and
 wild,
 Who loves not the sod that he loved when
 a child?
 Who loves not the wood where in boyhood
 he strayed—
 The green where he sported, the games that
 he played?—
 The stream that rushed down from its
 home in the hill?
 The river that rolled by the clattering
 mill?

The dam the lithe fishes o'erleaped in their
 play?
 The rocks shooting up through a tempest
 of spray?
 The sacred old homestead, all shorn of its
 pride,
 Where loved ones were born and lamented
 ones died?
 The hay-mow, the garden, the orchard, the
 well,
 Whose cool-dripping waters chimed soft as
 they fell?
 What light gilds the wave where he tossed
 the first hook,
 To catch the bright minnows that glanced
 through the brook!
 His time-sobered pulses with boyhood re-
 thrill,
 Where shot his fleet sled down the snow-
 covered hill;
 Where, pausing at morn, on his pathway
 to school,
 He plied his new skates on the ice-coated
 pool,
 Or waded the drifts that were piled by the
 storm
 To print, on the snow-banks, his frolicsome
 form.
 O! mem'ry paints raptures, that manhood,
 in vain
 Would barter the wealth of a world to re-
 gain,
 And clothes, with a halo of beauty and
 truth,
 The friends of his boyhood, the home of
 his youth;
 Though life may have charms on a far,
 foreign shore,
 He sighs as he asks: "Shall I see them
 no more?"
 An alien, 'mid scenes the most lovely or
 grand,
 The heart has no home but its dear Na-
 tive Land.

* Inscribed to a friend during his absence in Europe.

SULLIVAN DWIGHT HARRIS.

SULLIVAN D. HARRIS is a native of Vermont, born at Middlebury in 1812. Living upon a farm he early cherished a love of rural seclusion, and while only a lad was accepted as a contributor of verses for the village newspapers. He was married at twenty years of age, and removed to Ohio in 1836, where he was variously occupied as farmer, painter and teacher, in the counties of Ashtabula and Trumbull, until 1851, when he was engaged as associate editor of the *Ohio Cultivator*, of which publication he became proprietor in 1855, and has since devoted himself entirely to the duties of that office. With Mr. Harris, poetry was an early and cherished passion, but the writing of verse was only a casual amusement, which he reckons among his juvenile indiscretions, and has abandoned for the more pressing duties of practical literature, only to be indulged in at the solicitation of personal friends whom he is too good-natured to refuse. For this cause most of his riper productions, in this line, are too strictly personal and occasional for general publication.

THE HEART'S CHALLENGE.

THOU dost not love me!
How like an adder's fold about my heart,
Icing its warm pulsations, as it beats
The lonely marches of my hermit soul!
How like a coil of very misery
It smothers down the scarcely issuing
breath,
When it would syllable that treasured
name.

I may not chide thee,
For thy eagle spirit hath a loftier aim,
Than to be fettered with the loves of
earth—
Poor loves, that cannot recompense the
rich
And holy treasures of a heart like thine.
I may not chide thee, for thy minstrelsy
Hath charmed a listening nation's ear:
and why

Shouldst heed the praise of one poor lip
like mine?

As soon mightst cull the mallow at thy foot,
While regal rose-trees proffer peerless
blooms.

But say, proud Empress!
Canst thou e'er forget what time thine
other self—

Thy woman-soul, didst thrill in heart com-
munings,
Such as did savor less of earth than
heaven?

I know thou wilt not forget the hours,
Wherein, with low-voiced breath, we
ranged at will,
Amid the mazes of a world unseen,
And felt the flittings of the angels' wings,
As plucking from our lips the embryo
thoughts,

They bore them off like dewy olive-leaves,
To garner with the fruits of Hope and
Peace.

Thou dost not love me!
 Though my spirit-life hath hovered o'er
 thee,
 And like a guardian angel, scared away
 The troops of red-eyed demons from thy
 path,
 And watching o'er thy pillow, caught the
 smile
 That played upon thy slumberous lips,
 what time
 Thy soaring spirit bathed in rapturous
 dreams.
 Thou dar'st not love me! for a mighty
 spell
 Hath chained the fountain of thy inner life
 And made thee coward to the high re-
 solve—
 Daring to be thyself.

A SONG FOR OHIO.

WHEN the God of our fathers looked over
 this land,
 To choose out a country most worthy
 possessing,
 Where the rivers and plains ever beaute-
 ous and grand,
 Might so constantly smile on the light
 of his blessing.
 From Erie's broad waves to the river
 below,
 The Scioto's sparkle and the Musking-
 um's flow,
 And the graceful Miamis together re-
 joice,
 And bless the All-Father with silver-
 toned voice.
 'Twas here the good angel encamped with
 his host
 To cheer the brave woodman, 'mid his
 toil and privation,

Whose sturdy ax fell, never grudging the
 cost,
 To rear up such a State, as the gem of
 the nation;
 Then join all your voices in grateful ac-
 claim,
 'Tis the triumph of toil in Jehovah's great
 name.
 Our sons and our daughters together
 may sing,
 The Might is the Right, and the Farmer
 is King.

And here we are gathered, from farm and
 from town,
 To behold and rejoice in each other's
 progression,
 So let the world wag, in its up and its
 down,
 We are proud of a hand in this noble
 profession,
 Where the sweat of our face shall earn us
 our bread,
 And the angels of peace shall pillow our
 head.
 We are joined in a band no tyrant can
 sever—
 Hurrah for the Farmer, forever and
 ever!

SONG OF THE HARVESTERS.

WE gather them in—the bright green
 leaves,
 With our scythes and rakes to-day,
 And the mow grows big, as the pitcher
 heaves
 His lifts in the sweltering bay.
 O ho! afield! for the mower's scythe,
 Hath a ring as of destiny,
 Sweeping the earth of its burthen lithe,
 As it sings in wrathful glee.
 We gather them in—the nodding plumes
 Of the yellow and bended grain,

And the flash of our sickles' light illumes
 Our march o'er the vanquished plain.
 Anon we come with the steed-drawn car—
 The cunning of modern laws,
 And the acres stoop to its clanging jar,
 As it reeks its hungry jaws.

We gather them in—the mellow fruits
 From the shrub, and vine, and tree,
 With their russet, and golden, and purple
 suits,
 To garnish our treasury ;
 And each hath a juicy treasure stored
 All aneath its tinted rind,
 To cheer our guests at the social board
 When we leave our cares behind.

We gather them in—this goodly store,
 But not with the miser's gust,
 For the Great All-Father we adore
 Hath but given it in trust.
 And our work of death, is but for life,
 In the wint'ry days to come,—
 Then a blessing upon the Reaper's strife,
 And a shout at his Harvest Home.

TO MY VALENTINE.

AH! Mollie mine, 'tis a long time ago,
 Since under the hawthorn I ventured to
 woo ;
 The stars winked approvingly far in the
 sky,
 But what were all these to the heaven in
 thine eye?
 The bland breeze of Spring and the white
 flowers above,
 Were meeting in dalliance, to wanton in
 love:
 Whilst pure as that blossom which
 freighted the breeze,
 As warm as the zephyr that sighed
 through the trees,

Were the hearts which communed in
 Love's opening hour,
 And confessed to the might of its master-
 ing power.
 How few were our years! with Hope's
 tintings how bright!
 'Twas a day-dream of childhood—a gush
 of delight!
 And Passion's young wave flowing peace-
 fully on,
 But blended our hopes and our homes into
 one ;
 And thou hast been still, from that day of
 " lang-syne,"
 Through storm and fair weather, my own
 Valentine.

LOVE'S TYRANNY.

AH! me. A witching shape hath bound
 This hapless soul with silken cords,
 Which may not loose, 'till I have found
 A sonnet of undying words.

O! touch my pen with living fire,
 And, passive to her slightest nod,
 The words shall glow—despite His ire—
 Emblazoned on the throne of God!

And whilst the universe may read
 The challenged sonnet evermore,
 She may accept the damning deed,
 And thus undo my prison-door.

Presumptuous? ha! am I a slave
 To sit me quiet everwhile?
 There's not a hell I would not brave,
 To compass such a woman's smile!

And when her smile my deed had won,
 And I was free to go at will,
 Her fetters would again put on
 And bind my soul her captive still.

AMANDA L. RUTER DUFOUR.

AMONG the early pioneer preachers of the Territory of Indiana, few were more esteemed, or will be longer remembered, than Calvin W. Ruter. Born in Vermont, and left, in early childhood, in humble circumstances, to the care of a widowed mother, who was a native of England and a woman of unconquerable energy, the young lad sought, in self-culture, the advantages of education which fortune had denied him. He used to gather brushwood in the Vermont mountains, and arrange it as torches, by the light of which he was wont to study throughout the long winter evenings.

At the age of twenty-four he emigrated to the then frontier settlements of the West, and there entered upon the laborious life, full of hardships and privations, of an itinerant minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Trained in a stern school and inheriting all the vigor and perseverance of his mother, he was one of those men who, without a taint of intolerance, have that about them out of which martyrs are made. Earnest in his own opinions, he yet spoke with charity of all other sects, and was in the habit of inviting preachers of other denominations to share the hospitality of his house, never claiming Methodism as the exclusive road to heaven.

In 1821 he married Harriet, daughter of a once wealthy Virginian, Michael Haas, of German origin, who, from conscientious motives, had manumitted all his slaves and emigrated to Indiana. Barbara, one of these slaves, threw her free papers into the fire, followed the fortunes of her master, and died in the family. In the daughter, Mr. Ruter obtained a wife of the most benevolent character, much of whose life was spent in deeds of charity.

To them was born, in Jeffersonville, Indiana, and in the year 1822, Amanda Louisa, the subject of the present biographical notice. The years of her earliest childhood were spent on a farm near Lexington, Indiana. Adjacent to the house was a beautiful woodland pasture, in which had been rudely constructed a rustic bower; and there the solitary child used to sit alone for hours, while rhymes came to her even before she could read. When she was eight years of age, her father removed to New Albany, where her youth was passed. There the picturesque "Knobs" were her play-ground, and the scene of her earliest inspirations.

Conflicting circumstances conspired materially to influence her character. On the one hand her father, a man of melancholy temperament and studious habits, required absolute quiet in his household; and this gave the child many hours for lonely reflection and for the study of books. She began to commit her own thoughts to paper, and these usually assumed a poetical form. She possessed herself of some elementary Latin works from her father's library, and sought to teach herself that language. But her mother's health failing, so that many of the domestic duties devolved on her child, she was fain to lock away from the young student not only books but writing materials, lest the household cares should be neglected.

After a time the daughter was sent to such a school as, in those early days, was to be found; and there the avidity with which she applied her mind to study injured her health. She persevered, however, until she had acquired all that her teachers could communicate, and had herself mastered the usual qualifications of a teacher. Of these, as her father's flock was poor and his means limited, she subsequently availed herself, keeping school at Rising Sun, in order to aid her parents and to procure, for herself, the means of purchasing the books she craved.

Her childhood and youth might truly be said to have been spent in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Yet, withal, her early years were happy ones—happy whenever she could stray off to commune with that nature, of which the beauties possessed, for her warm, poetic temperament, ever an invigorating freshness and a mysterious charm: happy, too, in the cheerful glow which a loving mother's affection shed over a quiet home. To this the daughter, in after-years, paid a grateful tribute.

Amanda Ruter had an early and earnest desire to travel; to witness, in other lands, the scenes and wonders of which she had read; and there to gather that varied knowledge and experience which at home, except through the imperfect medium of report, is beyond our reach. But her wishes were not destined to be gratified. She grew up to adult age without having once left her native State; and there, at the age of twenty, was united in marriage to Oliver Dufour, then of New Albany. Her husband, like herself, was a native of Indiana—son of John Francis Dufour, from Montreaux, near Vevay, in Switzerland. This gentleman came to the West in 1801, when it was all a wilderness. In 1809 he settled on the spot where Vevay (Indiana) now stands, then a dense, unbroken forest; and he laid out the town in 1813, calling it after his beautiful native place, on the Lemman Lake. The first cabin erected by him may still be seen on Main Cross street. He was the first settler west of the mountains who ever made wine. He sent a sample of the first vintage to Thomas Jefferson, then President. It so happened that about the same time some one had sent to the President a bottle of water from the Mississippi. The water and wine, both from the Western wilderness, were united, and were drank together.

Oliver Dufour, the son, is well known throughout Indiana, from his connection with Odd Fellowship. He was elected Grand Master in 1851, and in 1852 Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States. In 1853 he was a member of the State Legislature, and in 1854 received from President Pierce an appointment in the General Land Office.

Until the removal to Washington, consequent upon this appointment, Mrs. Dufour had remained a resident of Indiana. She is emphatically, therefore, a child of the West, by birth, by education, by marriage, by residence. Her poetical talents are exclusively of Western culture. Add to this, that the constantly multiplying cares of an increasing family have so far engrossed her life, that they left but brief intervals of quiet leisure, either for the cultivation or the exercise of her poetical powers. Still, under every discouragement, she wrote. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Many of her fugitive pieces graced, from time to time, the columns

of the *Louisville Journal*, the *Odd Fellows' Ark*, at Columbus, Ohio, and other Western periodicals.

A good many of Mrs. Dufour's productions are of a devotional character; and these breathe the spirit of mingled piety and charity, which she may have inherited from her father. Her lines on "Thought," fraught with genuine feeling and characterized by graceful imagery, are from an elaborate poem unpublished. A wild tone of sadness runs through many of this author's pieces;—whether, like her piety, a paternal inheritance, or whether born of those sad experiences of the world that so often tell upon a sensitive and poetic nature, we can only conjecture. But there is nothing, however, of idle and sickly sentimentality in this strain of sadness; it breathes from a heart strengthened by hope and courage, for all the duties of life.

Her lines entitled "Confession" might alone establish Mrs. Dufour's title to the inborn poetic temperament. There is no true poet who, in moments of inspiration, has not embodied and addressed the ideal. And there is no better test of the depth and purity of the poetic vein than the tone and manner of such an address. Its impassioned lines are wont to disclose all that is noblest at once and warmest, in the inner heart of the writer; and in them, therefore, we may seek, with best chance of obtaining a clew to the just appreciation of the character, and just estimate of the genius which thus conceives and pictures, not what is, but what might be; not what we ever find in this world, but still, what we can imagine, and may hope, perhaps, to meet with in another.

THOU COMEST NOT.

THOU comest not! The sweet wild rose
of Summer

Long days ago, its latest perfume
shed;

The harvest fruits have ripened and been
garnered,

The blithe bird-songsters from the bowers
are fled.

Thou comest not! The rainbow tints of
Autumn,

Sprinkled, like shattered gems, o'er hill
and dell,

Are faded now, and through the leafless
branches

Rings out the wild wind his sepulchral
knell.

Thou comest not! No longer fragrant
blossoms

Perfume the woodland and the garden
bowers;

Their withered leaves speak to my heart
of longings

That filled the chalice of departed hours.

Thou comest not! And yet the pale, pure
starlight

Gleams, as on that sweet eve when first
we met;

But on the ear the moan of wint'ry waters
Falls, like the echo of some heart's re-
gret.

Thou comest not! Alas! the hours are
numbered

In which our hearts might mingle, true
and free.

To thee the world has many paths of glad-
ness,
To me but one—the path to dreams of
thee!

THOUGHT.

ALL hail! free, holy Thought! No tyrant's
might,
Can fetter and imprison thee, for thou
Art infinite. I wander in the crowd,
Feeling alone with thee. And when thy
voice
Speaks to my soul, the voices of the throng
Fall on my ear discordant or unheard.
I love, oh, gentle and mysterious Thought,
To wait thy coming and ascend thy car,—
Thy swift-winged car of light, in which my
soul
Is heavenward wafted, in its upward flight.
I love thy wooing in the midnight lone,
When, save the zephyr's sigh, no tone but
thine
Breaks the deep silence. Then, like pale
star-beam,
Steals thy pure halo o'er my suffering
heart.
And when thy wingéd steeds approach the
realm—
The shadowy realm, where hopes and fears,
long dead,
Wander on Lethe's banks; where forms,
long lost,
But fondly cherished, reappear once more;
Where clasp of love I feel, so long un-
felt;
Where words I hear, were spoken years
ago
Unto my heart of hearts: then I kneel
down
Before thy holy shrine, celestial Thought,
And bless thee, as my soul's divinity.

BY-GONE HOURS.

I'M thinking of the days, mother,
Of childhood's happy days,
When all the world was bright and gay,
And full of gladsome lays.

I'm thinking of that joyous time,
When sitting by your side,
You smiled and sighed and blessed your
child,
With all a parent's pride.

Oh, I remember well, mother,
In twilight's gentle hour,
How soft the summer breezes were
Within our garden bower.

And how, when peaceful stars shone out
From the deep vault of even,
With glowing cheek you'd sweetly speak
Of our sweet home in heaven.

Those days were very bright, mother,
And now they seem to me
Like fairy isles, far, far away,
Girt by a troubled sea.

Ah! then my heart had known no care,
My eyes had wept no tears;
And scarce a cloud had crossed my brow
In all those blissful years.

HYMN.

FATHER, in the skies above,
Unto thee we bow;
Shade us with thy wings of love,
God, protect us now.
Keep us in the paths of peace,
Patient trust impart;
Sin's obscuring stains erase
From each aching heart.

Every passion grant us grace
 Meekly to subdue ;
 Let not clouds conceal thy face
 From our human view.
 Teach us hopefully to live,
 Give us faith sincere ;
 Help us freely to forgive
 Faults we all must share.

Let us pardon, let us love
 All our foes below ;
 And thy blessings from above
 Ask thee to bestow.
 May our hearts fear none but thee,
 May we seek but heaven,
 Live but for eternity,
 By thy love forgiven.

REVERIES.

In the twilight I am sitting,
 Dreamily ;
 O'er my soul are phantoms flitting
 Mournfully.
 And the winds without were sighing,
 And within dark shadows lying,
 And my restless heart keeps throbbing
 To the night-wind's sobbing, sobbing
 Plaintively.

Embers on the hearth-stone lying
 Fade away ;
 Emblems, to my spirit sighing,
 Of decay.
 So hope's light is slowly flitting
 From my heart as thus I'm sitting
 Drearily.

And my lonely spirit, roaming,
 Loves to flee
 Through the past's uncertain gloaming,
 Wild and free.

For amid her hours of sadness,
 Comes a music-tone of gladness,
 Comes a thrill of joy's sweet measure
 Echo of some long-lost pleasure
 O'er life's sea.

Siren songs of days departed
 Fill the air,
 Ere I grew so weary-hearted,
 Dark with care ;
 Ere the glorious wings of trust
 Had trailed earthward to the dust ;
 And the halcyon days were gone,
 Over which Love's summer shone,
 Warm and fair.

Darker shadows now are lying
 On the floor ;
 And the wind is sadly sighing
 Through the door.
 Watching still the dying embers,
 Suddenly my soul remembers
 A deep autumn sky at midnight,
 When the pale and gentle starlight
 Earth beamed o'er.

I remember words then spoken,
 Soft and low ;
 Vows, too, that have all been broken
 Long ago.
 Scarcely yet the light has faded,
 Scarcely dead the wreath love braided,
 Though within my heart are lying
 Hope's last embers, fading, dying,
 Pale and low.

Spirit mine, so wildly roaming,
 Far away,
 Cease to wander 'mid the gloaming,
 No more stray :
 Pray that hope be given,
 Think of tranquil rest in heaven,
 Where, no more with sorrow laden,
 Souls, within that blessed Aidenn,
 Dwell alway.

HOPE ON.

TOIL on, toil on! oh sore and weary-
hearted,
Though shadows fall athwart the up-
ward way;
Though beauty seem to have from earth
departed,
And through the gloom beams not one
cheering ray.
Toil on, toil on! Though there be doubt
and danger
Around thy path, with dauntless step
proceed;
Though Hope speed by thee as a passing
stranger,
Forget not Him who comes in hour of
need

Toil on, toil on! let not thy spirit falter;
The path was thorny that thy Saviour
trod.
With faith's strong hold grasp the eternal
altar,
And trust the mercy and the love of God.
In sorrow's hour arouse thy troubled spirit,
Look round thee on the suffering ones
of earth;
Up, and do good to all! for all inherit
Souls, like thine own, of an immortal
birth.

Toil on! Hope will return with outspread
pinions,
And bear thee onward to that realm of
light,
Beyond the portals of this earth's domin-
ions,
Where trembling faith is lost in glorious
sight.
Toil on, hope on! To night succeedeth
morning;
No storm so fearful that it lasts away.
Death comes at last; greet joyfully his
warning;
It ushers thee into eternal day.

CONFESSION.

My senses wake to feeling's deepest thrill,
When on mine ear the tones of thy dear
voice
Melodious fall, like the echoes of a harp
Swept by the evening winds.
Thy presence wakes
A wild, delirious joy within my heart,
Tuning its thousand chords, with rapture
swelled,
Till every throbbing pulse leaps wild with
love's
Intense emotion, and my very soul
Seems but a part of thine. My life is held
In sweet abeyance to thy gentle will,
Subdued and softened by the genial glow
Of thy soul-beauty. Every star that gems
The azure sky, and every music-tone,
Whispering to spirit's ear, the sweetest
lays
Of brightest song-birds, rare and balmy
sweets
The freight from thousand blossoms, gush-
ing founts
In forest depths, where cooling zephyrs
make
Mysterious music at the midnight hour,
'Midst emerald leaves that arch the lonely
dell—
All breathe of thy pure excellence, thy
love,
Fidelity, and truth. A holy spell,
A soft enchantment binds my spirit now,
For thou art here, unseen, indeed unfelt,
Save in my heart's depths.
Tameless was my soul
Ere it met thine. None knew the watch-
word-spell,
Could pass its portals, or subdue its will.
None held the key to my wild, wayward
heart
That sat, like some sad hermit in his cell,
Alone and brooding o'er its destiny.
None had explored the still, unbroken
depths

Of its dark waters ; not a tiny bark
Had swept the surface of its sunless waves.
Love had not entered there. Not one fair
flower

Bloomed on its desert banks ; no verdant
spot

Or sweet oasis, with its fount and bird,
Cool shade or lofty palm, relieved the gloom.
And thus it rose apart, an empty shrine
In a deserted isle, the naked rock
And stunted undergrowth, with leafless limb,
Its sole surroundings.

Ah ! the magic change
Since thy transcendent soul, in close em-
brace

Hath clasped my soul. Life, love, and
beauty clothe

The rugged forms ; thou hast imparted
warmth

And healthful vigor to an arid soil.
Blossoms of fragrance now are springing
forth,

And rarest fruits of tropic climates glow,
And ripen, underneath thy culture there.

A silver lake, translucent to its depths,
Sleeps in calm beauty by the hallowed shrine
Of glorious inspiration—haunted shrine,
Haunted by forms of splendor, where the
torch

Of true affection burns, as shines the sun
From heaven's purest depths, some sum-
mer morn,

Upon a world waking to life and light
And new-born happiness.

Beloved one !

Thou art the treasury wherein is stored
More wealth than would endow a thou-
sand worlds ;

And I love thee with that impassioned trust
That angel bears to angel. For thy spirit
Has led my erring soul to God. Through
thee

I worship and adore the Infinite.

His glorious attributes before me rise,
Reflected back in thine. Thy lofty mind
And master-soul bear witness to the power

And mighty skill of the Creating Hand,
Moulding its proudest work. I love my God
The more, because when he created man
After his image—he embodied thee !

TRIBUTE TO HUMBOLDT.*

ARE ! thou art King, by noblest manhood
crowned,

King of the realm of deep and searching
thought ;

Thy name will live, great Humboldt, world-
renowned,

Immortal as the soul its fame that
wrought.

Thy master-mind has grasped the infinite,
Has fathomed all earth's mysteries, has
walked

Volcanic aisles of strange and lurid light,
Whose air mephitic human life had
mocked ;

There hast thou searched, and fearless
trod and talked.

* * * * *

Thou hast no country ; for all nations claim
Thee for their own ; and all have crowned
thee King

Of the vast realm of knowledge ; and thy
name

All future times shall honor, praise and
sing.

Thy age should not be counted here by years,
For thou hast lived long centuries in
thought ;

Golden and ripe thy mighty spirit nears
At last the source from which its strength
was caught,

The throne on high, at whose behest it
wrought.

* Written a short time before the death of the venerable philosopher (May sixth, 1859) to whom it is addressed, and was suggested by a toast offered by a Bostonian at a banquet given by Joseph A. Wright, the American Minister at Berlin, in these words : " Baron von Humboldt, the King of Science, the latchet of whose shoe other kings are not worthy to unloose."²

JEDEDIAH HUNT.

JEDEDIAH HUNT was born at Candor, Tioga county, New York, on the twenty-eighth day of December, 1815. His father, also named Jedediah, was captain of a company of New York Volunteers in the celebrated battle of Lundy's Lane, in 1815. Jedediah, jr. emigrated to Ohio about the year 1840. He is now a merchant at Chilo, in Clermont county, Ohio. Mr. Hunt has been a contributor to *Graham's Magazine*, *New York Home Journal*, *The Genius of the West*, the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and other Western journals. He published "The Cottage Maid, a Tale in Rhyme," in a thin octavo, at Cincinnati, in 1847, and is the author of several popular prose articles, but, as he says in a note accompanying the poems contributed for this volume, is "not a literary man in the generally received acceptation of that term." The pursuit of literature is a recreation in such leisure as the cares of an active business life permit.

THE WILLOW BY THE SPRING.

NEAR to my old grandfather's cot,
A small stream murmurs by,
And from its bank a spring pours out
Whose bed is never dry;
Beside that spring a willow stands,
A tall and stately tree,
Oh, wouldst thou learn the charms it hath?
I'll tell its charms to thee,—
The willow by the spring,
The willow by the spring,
Oh, may it live and strength receive,
While time the moments wing.

My mother on her bridal morn,
Two twigs inserted there,
And twining them together close,
United thus the pair;
She left them to the charge of fate,
To flourish or to fade,—
But taking root they rapid grew,
And gave the spring its shade,—

The willow by the spring,
The willow by the spring,
Oh, may it live and strength receive,
While time the moments wing.

How oft have I, when but a child,
And e'en in later years,
Sat 'neath that willow's drooping boughs,
And bathed its roots in tears;
Not for a sadness which I felt,
From pains that pressed my heart,—
But memory with her troop of thoughts,
Bade feeling's fountain start,—
The willow by the spring,
The willow by the spring,
Oh, may it live and strength receive,
While time the moments wing.

When on the cultured plains of life,
A wedded pair I see,
Who, true to each, together cling,
I think upon that tree;
There, green in age, it broadly spreads
Its branches to the sun,—

Distinct two trunks appear in view,
 And yet, they twain are one.
 That willow of my home,
 That willow of my home,
 Oh, may it live to grace the spot,
 A hundred years to come.

TO THE QUEEN OF NIGHT.

ROLL on, O stately Queen of Night!
 Blot out the stars that strew thy way,
 And, rising up yon azure height,
 Pour on my head thy less'ning ray;
 My mind enjoys this pensive mood
 Of sober thought and solitude.

Where is the friend with whom I've
 strayed,
 To tread this old familiar walk,
 And share the change, alternate made,
 From grave to gay—by social talk;
 Beneath the church-yard's added heap,
 That friend is laid in dreamless sleep.

How somber peer the distant hills!
 How calm the aspect of the vale!
 This holy hush my bosom fills
 With love, like some remembered tale;
 Roll on, in solemn silence roll,
 And rouse the passions of my soul.

To life, a solid peace impart,
 In Faith and Hope, give firmer trust,
 And nerve this weak and trembling heart
 To deeds more noble, generous, just;
 May light from glorious Truth, refine
 All gross and sordid thoughts of mine.

Roll down, and cheer the murky west,
 Leave earth alone, to gloom and me,—
 And every breath that heaves my breast,
 Shall be, pale Queen, a theme to thee.

Bless God, beyond Time's sterile shore,
 Are orbs that wax, but wane no more;

For in that world's translucent light
 No shadows cast their deep'ning gloom;
 But glory's beam, forever bright,
 Its radiant realms of rest illume;
 Such sunny scenes, so sacred, fair,
 Be mine, to view, eternal there.

THE HUMAN SOUL.

BROADCAST, in nature's wide expanse,
 Unnumbered worlds, like gems are set,
 And beam as beacons, to enhance
 Some dawning glories, distant yet;
 But in the scale which weighs the whole,
 How far transcends one human soul!

For, all those worlds may fade away,
 And sink in dark, forgetful night;
 But spirit, "born of endless day,"
 Will flourish in unfading light;
 Coeval with the life of Him,
 Who rules the highest cherubim.

VOICES OF THE DEAD.

ALTHOUGH my mortal form is laid
 Beneath this church-yard's lonely sod,
 The debt was due, it now is paid,
 And I'm a king and priest to God.

My sleep, how calm—my peace, how
 pure,—
 The world no more can me molest;
 Though dead to friends, my soul sur-
 vives
 In Faith's unclouded clime of rest.

PETER FISHE REED

PETER FISHE REED, one of the popular contributors to the *Weekly Columbian*, a paper started at Cincinnati in 1850, by William B. Shattuck and John L. Farnum—which gave renewed vitality for two or three years to Western literature, but when its promise was fairest, became absorbed in a *Daily Columbian*, which failed in 1856—was VIVA MONA. He wrote with spirit and often with sweetest melody. He was then, and had been for several years, a house and sign painter in Cincinnati, on whom “the dews of Castalia” fell with a gentle influence, cheering him in many tasks which had else been irksome, as well as uncongenial. We could not write for him so good a biographic notice as is contained in one of his letters, not designed for the public eye. His friends will not complain if we quote from it:

“I was born at South Boston, May fifth, 1819. My father, when I was quite young, entered the army. When I was nine years of age I lost my blessed mother. I had then no home, and was subject to much hardship, but I need not tell you that. You must be an orphan, among strangers, and show strong affection for poetry, or music rather than for work, to appreciate my experience. Music and poetry were my companions. As I did not see much music I made it for myself. I heard a tune played by a band in the street not long since, which I composed twenty-five years ago. I commenced life a farmer, and have been, let me see, a shoemaker, house and sign painter, editor, doctor, photographer, music teacher, and now am an artist—a painter of portraits and landscapes. I made a small fortune—invested it in a farm—bad luck took away from me all but the homestead—and the fire took that. But in all my vicissitudes I have had friends whom I love with an outflow of affection which I cannot explain. I hope some day to publish a little book of music. I have a work on Decorative Painting ready for the press. I have written a Romance, and I look forward to a volume of Poems.”

We trust Mr. Reed's poetry as well as prose will find an enterprising publisher. but it is only fair to say, that his success as a poet had been more decided if the versification of his chief poems had not been obviously cast on peculiar models of modern origin.

Mr. Reed is now a citizen of Indianapolis, Indiana. In the pursuit of music, poetry and painting, at a fireside, to the members of which he is passionately devoted—though, as he says, “Melancholy locked arms with him long years ago”—he finds joys which make the burden of life pleasant to bear.

IT IS LOVE.

I ASKED a prattling infant, while it played
 Upon its mother's bosom with delight,
 And while the golden tresses careless
 strayed
 Around its dimpled shoulders pure and
 white—

"What feel'st thou for thy parent, gentle
 dove?"

It smiled in innocence and lisped, "'Tis
 love."

I asked a beauteous girl, as bright and
 pure

As blooming flowers of a summer day;
 Nor grief, nor sadness from her eye could
 lure

A tear, her smiling did not chase away,
 For with despair her youthful heart ne'er
 strove—

"What makes thee glad?" she laughing
 answered, "Love."

I asked a maid, whose eye had ceased to
 glow,

Or light the beauty of her faded cheek,
 And melancholy sat upon her brow,

And grief was in her smile;—yet she
 was meek,

And calm as spirits of the realms above—

"What mars thy peace?" she faintly whis-
 pered, "Love."

I asked a loving wife, whose constant care
 To cheer the loved one, was her great-
 est pleasure,

And strove incessantly that she might
 share

The love that was her dearest earthly
 treasure,

For virtue round their hearts her chaplet
 wove—

"What sweetens woman's toil?" she an-
 swered, "Love."

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

OUR Lillie was fair as a fairy,
 As modest and meek as a dove,
 As placid and pure as a peri,
 But her heart it was fuller of love.
 And merry was she, as a swallow,
 And her smile it was sweeter than
 all

The smiles that the painter, Apollo,
 Ever penciled to hang on the wall.

Then we trimmed up her bonny brown
 tresses,

While her dimples sank down in a
 smile—

Dressed her up in the best of her
 dresses,

Interlaced in the daintiest style;

Then we called her our sweet little
 swallow,

The bonniest beauty of all.

And we smiled, as the glance of Apollo
 Traced her picture to hang on the
 wall.

But Lillie grew pale, just to teach us

That heaven had a claim on its own,

And we feared that the duplicate fea-
 tures

Of Lillie would soon be alone.

Then her eye it grew fainter and fainter,

And her voice lost the trill in its call,

And we bless'd then Apollo, the painter,
 For the picture that hangs on the
 wall.

Now Lillie lies under the roses,

That wearily wave at her head,

But she heeds not, that where she re-
 poses

Is chilly, for Lillie is dead.

And this picture, that never shall perish,

Is all that is left of her, all,

And oh, how the image we cherish

Of Lillie, that hangs on the wall.

GLOOM AND BLOOM.

THE day is dark, and cloud and gloom
 Are sadly shadowed through my room.
 The music of the gentle rain
 Has ceased its patter on the pane,
 For shriller shrieks and wilder song,
 As swept by borean winds along—
 But still the sun is shining high
 Above the melancholy sky.

The angry clouds are floating low,
 The trees are swaying to and fro,
 A deeper gloom a deeper shade,
 Is on the meadow, hill and glade,
 I feel, though dark the shadows fall,
 My heart is sadder than them all—
 Yet there's a sunny summer day
 Whose bloom can drive the gloom
 away.

The world is dark, its hearts are cold,
 And to and fro are swayed with gold,
 And shadows, from the mammon gale,
 Around my moody spirits trail
 Until I fear that earth, for gain,
 Will be dissolved in golden rain :
 But there's a Sun of living light
 Above this melancholy night.

DOLLARS AND DIMES.

THERE is music in the tinkling of the dol-
 lars and the dimes ;
 For the root of every evil, the mighty dol-
 lar of all climes,
 At all times,
 Is the idol of the people ; it is made
 The scepter that has swayed

All the earth ; and its music is the fiat that
 has given

 All the power under heaven !
 Aye, nations have been traitorously sold
 For another nation's gold.

Blood is spilled, and lives are wasted,
 Love, and joy, and peace, and friendship,
 all are blasted,
 Through the music of the dollars and the
 dimes.

* * * * * *

But Oh ! the joys that intermingle
 With the music of their jingle,
 Are the phantoms of the sweet anticipa-
 tions

 Of the morrows,
 That come loaded down with sorrows,
 And are swallowed up with strange infat-
 uation ;

And the gnawing and the burning,
 Of the bosom, in the yearning
 After gold, is the earning,
 For its votaries, a trouble that shall never
 Cease to curse them and their progeny,—
 never !

TRUTH.

TRUTH is a flaming target ; broad and
 bright
 Its beams refulgent glance athwart the
 night—
 The night of Error, that has gloomed the
 land
 Since first Creation came from God's good
 hand—
 And every mortal since the world be-
 gan,
 An ill-trained Archer of an ignorant
 clan.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR, a son of Stephen W. Taylor, late President of Madison University, in Hamilton, New York, was born about the year 1820, in Lewis county, in the "Empire State." Now, in the meridian of life, Mr. Taylor is a man of stately form, weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, brown hair, inclined to be curly, large head, bold high forehead, stern countenance, large, closely-shaven face, and hazel eyes. Mr. Taylor has written some of the most beautiful literary sketches, and some of the sweetest gems of poetry, that have been penned in the Western country. His originality of thought, scope of imagination, and power of language are remarkable. His resources appear inexhaustible, notwithstanding the fact that he has been a writer for the public press for over a dozen years, and suffers the wear and tear of daily journalism. He was connected with the *New York Tribune* eight or ten years ago, and since then has been one of the editors of the *Chicago Journal*. In 1855 he published, in New York City, a volume of sketches and poems, entitled "January and June,"—a new edition of which was issued in Chicago in 1860. Mr. Taylor is recluse in his disposition, and sometimes extremely despondent. For several years past he has been "making unto himself a name" as a public lecturer. His department of the *Journal* being the first two columns on the initial page, is justly popular with lovers of good writing. His articles are copied into newspapers which circulate in all parts of our country. Mr. Taylor, having no business at the printing-office of the *Journal*, thinks and writes at home, near Wheaton, on the Galena Railroad, twenty-four miles from Chicago. He visits the city only when "copy" compels him.

RHYMES OF THE RIVER.

OH, River far-flowing,
How broad thou art growing,
And the sentinel Headlands wait grimly
for thee;
And Euroclydon urges
The bold-riding surges,
That in white-crested lines gallop in from
the sea.

Oh, bright-hearted river,
With crystalline quiver,

Like a blade from its scabbard, far flashing
abroad;
And I think, as I gaze
On the tremulous blaze,
That thou surely wert drawn by an angel
of God.

Through the black heart of night,
Leaping out to the light,
Thou art reeking with sunset, and dyed
with the dawn;
Cleft the emerald sod—
Cleft the mountains of God—
And the shadows of roses, yet rested thereon.

Where willows are weeping,
 Where shadows are sleeping,
 Where the frown of the mountain lies dark
 on thy crest;
 Arcturus now shining,
 Arbutus now twining,
 And "my Castles in Spain" gleaming
 down in thy breast;

Then disaster'd and dim,
 Swinging sullen and grim,
 Where the old ragged shadows of hovels
 are shed:
 Creeping in, creeping out,
 As in dream, or in doubt,
 In the reeds and the rushes slow rocking
 the dead.

Where all crimson and gold,
 Slowly home to the fold,
 Do the fleecy clouds flock to the gateway
 of Even,
 Then no longer brook-born,
 But a way paved with morn,
 Aye, a bright golden street to the city of
 heaven!

In the great stony heart
 Of the feverish mart,
 Is the throb of thy pulses pellucid to-
 day;
 By gray mossy ledges,
 By green velvet edges,
 Where the corn waves its saber, thou
 glidest away;

Broad and brave, deep and strong,
 Thou art lapsing along,
 And the stars rise and fall on thy turbu-
 lent tide,
 As light as the drifted
 White swan's breast is lifted,
 Or the June fleet of lilies at anchor can
 ride.

Through the close-ordered ranks
 On the forest fringed banks,

With thy eddies, like children, at play in
 the shade;

Then unsheathed in the sun,
 Where they sleep, one by one,
 By the flocks of white villages flecking
 the glade.

And yet, gallant River,
 On-flashing forever,
 That has cleft the broad world on thy way
 to the main,
 I would part from thee here,
 With a smile and a tear,
 And a Hebrew, read back to thy fountain
 again.

Ah, well I remember,
 Ere dying December
 Seemed to fall like a snow-flake, and melt
 on thy breast,
 O'er thy waters so narrow
 The little brown sparrow
 Used to send his long song to his mate on
 the nest;

When a silvery skein
 Wove of snow and of rain,
 Thou didst wander at will through the
 bud-laden land—
 All the air a sweet psalm,
 And the meadows a palm—
 As a blue vein meanders a liberal hand.

When the schoolmaster's daughter,
 With her hands scooped the water,
 And then laughingly proffered the crystal
 to me,
 O, there ne'er sparkled up
 A more exquisite cup
 Than the pair of white hands that were
 brimming with thee!

And there all together,
 In bright summer weather,
 Did we loiter with thee, along thy green
 brink;

And how silent we grew
 If the robin came too,
 When he looked up to pray, and then bent
 down to drink!

Ah, where are the faces
 From out thy still places,
 That so often smiled back in those soft
 days of May?

As we bent hand in hand
 Thou didst double the band
 As idle as daisies, and as fleeting as they.

Like a dawn in a cloud
 Lay the babe in the shroud,
 And a rose-bud was clasped in its frozen
 white hand:

At the mother's last look
 It had opened the book,
 As if sweet-breathing June were abroad
 in the land.

Oh, pure, placid River,
 Make music forever
 In the gardens of Paradise, hard by the
 Throne,
 For on thy fair shore,
 Gently drifted before,
 We may find the lost blossoms that once
 were our own.

Ah, beautiful River,
 Flow onward forever,
 Thou art grander than Avon and sweeter
 than Ayr;
 If a tree has been shaken,
 If a star has been taken,
 In thy bosom we look—bud and Pleiad are
 there!

I take up the old words,
 Like the song of dead birds
 That was breathed when I stood farther off
 from the sea!

When I heard not its hymn,
 When the Headlands were dim—
 Shall I e'er weave again a rhythm for thee?

JUNE DEWS.

THE breath of the leaves and the lyrics of
 dawn

Were floating away in the air;
 The brooks and the birds were all singing
 aloud,

The violets looking a prayer,
 With eyes that upturned, so tearful and
 true,

Like Mary's of old, when forgiven,
 Had caught the reflection and mirrored it
 there,

As bright and as melting as heaven.
 The silvery mist of the red robin's
 song,

Slow swung in the wind-wavered nest;
 The billows that swell from the forests of
 June,

Almost to the blue of the blest;
 "The bells," that are rung by the breath
 of the breeze,

And "toll their perfume" as they
 swing;

The brooks that are trolling a tune of their
 own,

And dance to whatever they sing;
 The groan of the wretched, the laugh of
 the glad,

Are blent with the breath of a prayer;
 The sigh of the dying, the whisper of
 love,

A vow that was broken, are there!
 There dimly they float, 'mid the ripe,
 golden hours,

Along the bright trellis of air;
 The smothered good-by, and the whisper
 of love,

The ban and the blessing, are there!
 Cool fingers are weaving the curtains
 again,

Whose wooing is netted with stars;
 The tremulous woods on the verge of the
 world,

Just bending beneath the blue spars,

Are valanced with crimson, and netted
with gold.

Where now are the vesper and vow—
Those spirit-like breathings of sadness and
song,

That brought not a cloud o'er the brow.
Bedimmed not a beam of the bright sum-
mer morn?

Not wafted away, for the aspen is still;
Not fled on the wings of the hours;

Not hiding the heaven—lo! the stars in
the clear;

Not perished, but here on the flowers—
Those smiles of Divinity lighting the
world,

Whose breath is forever a prayer;

Who blush without sinning, and blanch
without fear;

Oh! where should they be, if not there?

SHALL I KNOW HER AGAIN?

Oh, have you not seen, on some morning
in June,

When the flowers were in tears, and the
forests in tune,

When the billows of dawn broke bright
on the air,

On the breast of the brightest some star
clinging there?

Some sentinel star, not yet ready to
set—

Forgetting to wane, and watching there
yet?—

How you gazed on that vision of beauty
awhile;

How it wavered till won by the light of
God's smile;

How it passed through the portals of pearl
like a bride;

How it paled as it passed, and the morn-
ing star died!

The sky was all blushes, the earth was all
bliss;

And the prayer of your heart, "Be my
ending like this."

So my beautiful May passed away from
life's even;

So the blush of her young being was
blended with heaven;

So the bird of my bosom fluttered up to
the dawn—

A window was open—my darling was
gone!—

For the angel on watch took the wanderer
in!

But when I shall hear the new song that
she sings,

I shall know her again, notwithstanding
her wings,

By those eyes full of heaven, by the light
on her hair,

And the smile she wore here, she will
surely wear there!

GOD BLESS OUR STARS.

"God bless our Stars for ever!"

Thus the Angels sang sublime,

When round God's forges fluttered fast,

The sparks of starry Time!

When they fanned them with their pinions,

Till they kindled into day,

And revealed Creation's bosom,

Where the infant Eden lay.

"God bless our stars for ever!"

Thus they sang—the seers of old,

When they beckoned to the Morning,

Through the Future's misty fold,

When they waved the wand of wonder—

When they breathed the magic word,

And the pulses' golden glimmer,

Showed the waking granite heard.

"God bless our stars for ever!"

'Tis the burden of the song,
Where the sail through hollow midnight
Is flickering along;
When a ribbon of blue Heaven
Is a-gleaming through the clouds,
With a star or two upon it,
For the sailor in the shrouds!

"God bless our stars for ever!"

It is Liberty's refrain,
From the snows of wild Nevada
To the sounding woods of Maine;
Where the green Multnomah wanders,
Where the Alabama rests,
Where the thunder shakes his turban
Over Alleghany's crests;

Where the mountains of New England
Mock Atlantic's stormy main,
Where God's palm imprints the Prairie
With the type of Heaven again—
Where the mirrored morn is dawning,
Link to link, our Lakes along,
And Sacramento's Golden Gate
Swinging open to the song—

There and there! "Our stars for ever!"

How it echoes! How it thrills!
Blot that banner? Why, they bore it
When no sunset bathed the hills.
Now over Bunker see it billow,
Now at Bennington it waves,
Ticonderoga swells beneath,
And Saratoga's graves!

Oh! long ago at Lexington,
And above those minute-men,
The "Old Thirteen" were blazing bright—
There were only thirteen then!
God's own stars are gleaming through it—
Stars not woven in its thread;

Unfurl it, and that flag will glitter
With the Heaven overhead.

Oh! it waved above the Pilgrims,
On the pinions of the prayer;
Oh! it billowed o'er the battle,
On the surges of the air;
Oh! the stars have risen in it,
Till the Eagle waits the Sun,
And Freedom from her mountain watch
Has counted "Thirty-one."

When the weary Years are halting,
In the mighty march of Time,
And no New ones throned the threshold
Of its corridors sublime;
When the clarion call, "Close up!"
Rings along the line no more,
Then adieu, thou blessed Banner,
Then adieu, and not before!

THE WORLD'S EMBODIED THOUGHT.

Lo! there, the breathing thought,
The poets sang of old,
And there the burning word,
No tongue had fully told,
Until the magic hand,
The bold conception wrought,
In iron and in fire it stands—
The world's embodied Thought.

Lo! in the panting thunders,
Hear the echo of the Age!
Lo! in the globe's broad breast, behold
The poet's noblest page!
For in the brace of iron bars,
That weld two worlds in one,
The couplet of a nobler lay
Than bards have e'er begun!

AUSTIN T. EARLE.

AUSTIN T. EARLE was born in Nashville, Tennessee, fifteenth June, 1821. His father dying when he was about four years old, his mother returned to her native city, Baltimore, Maryland, and after residing there a short time, removed to Jefferson county, Ohio. There Mr. Earle remained until his seventeenth year. His educational advantages were small, attending school in the log school-house in the neighborhood, in all about one year. He subsequently passed two or three years in steamboating, and in the larger towns on the Ohio river.

In 1841 he settled in Cincinnati, and became an occasional contributor to the Cincinnati newspapers. In the autumn of 1843, in connection with Benjamin St. James Fry, he engaged in the publication of the *Western Rambler*, a weekly literary magazine, which soon failed from a lack of capital and experience.

In 1846 Mr. Earle went to Mexico as a private in the "First Rifles" of the first Regiment, Ohio Volunteers. He found time during his soldier life to frequently contribute poetical and prose articles to the *Cincinnati Daily Times*. Since his return he has resided principally in Cincinnati, but more lately in Newport, Kentucky.

Mr. Earle's poetry is principally lyrical, and marked by ease of versification and much feeling. He is also gifted with considerable power of description; and it is to be regretted that he has not cultivated his powers with more perseverance. The circumstances of his life, combined with a melancholic temperament, have contributed to give a gloomy cast to much of his writing. He has never collected his poems in a volume, and now contributes but rarely to the literary journals.

THIS WINTER NIGHT, 'TIS DREARY.

A TIME I do remember well,

When all the earth was covered o'er
With snow that fast and thickly fell;

And moaning winds were at the door.
My father to the mill had gone,

My mother with her toil was weary,
Whilst sister Sue did nothing do,
But look and listen, sigh and yawn,

"This winter night, ah me! 'tis dreary."

The hickory logs were all ablaze,

That lay within the chimney jams,

And threw aloft the ruddy rays,

Where to the rafters hung the hams;

And on the polished puncheon floor,

A warmth and light we christen cheery,

Yet sister Sue did nothing do,

But sigh and yawn, as oft before,

"This winter night, ah me! 'tis dreary."

The youngsters all had gone to bed,

And I sat gazing in the fire,

Imagining in the embers red,

A village with its church and spire.

Old Lion to the hearth had drawn,

His limbs, so feeble, worn and weary,

Yet sister Sue did nothing do,
But look and listen, sigh and yawn, .

"This winter night, ah me! 'tis dreary."

Young Watch who in his kennel kept,
Commenced with all his might to bark—

Then on the porch we heard a step—

Then sister to me whispered—"Hark"—

Then heard a knocking at the door—

Then bade come in—and came young
Leary,

And sister Sue had much to do,

And never thought, I ween, once more,

"This winter night, ah me! 'tis dreary."

A MAY SONG.

THOUGH darksome clouds and chilling
winds,

Thou bringest often with thee, May,

No month more welcome from me finds,

Or fills my heart with thoughts more gay;

For twin thou art with balmy June,

The merriest month of all the year,

When nature's harps are all atune,

And blossoms every where appear.

And dear thou art, sweet month, to me,

As emblem of my lovely May,

Whose smiles, as thine, can sunny be,

Or frowns as chilling any day;

For twin to me, as thou to June,

Is she, the fairest damsel here;

Though maidens throng each gay saloon,

Who matchless in their bloom appear.

All changeful wiles and willful airs,

That thou canst on a sudden take,

My Mary with thee frequent shares,

Yet ne'er my constancy can shake;

For well I know that, night or noon,

Her love is mine from year to year,

And Heaven kind, can grant no boon

Than her sweet love, to me more dear.

Then welcome, welcome changeling May,

No month more welcome from me finds,

Though thou shouldst coquette many a day

With darksome clouds and chilling winds:

For twin thou art to balmy June,

The poet month of all the year,

When nature's harps are all atune,

And blossoms every where appear.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

So young, so sweet, so meek and fair,

She seemed to be almost divine;

As lowly then, she knelt her there,

Beside Saint Mary's ruin'd shrine;

And offered up a sincere prayer,

From heart as pure, fair maid, as thine.

No passion thrilled her gentle breast,

For all was fair and calm within;

And yet she lowly there confess'd,

What seemed to her young mind a sin;

For oft of late she had transgress'd,

In dreaming of young Marmadin.

TO MY BROTHER MAN.

BROTHER, tell me what art thou,

Idle, careless, onward straying,

Still thy trust of time betraying,

Thoughtless when, or where, or how?

Aimless as the weeds at sea,

Drifting as the wind is blowing,

Drifting as the tide is flowing,

Heedless to eternity?

Pause then, brother, while you may;

While thy heart with joy is beating,

While thy friends are kindly greeting,

Calmly then the world survey.

While the sky above is blue,
 Ere thy chain of life is riven,
 Think if God to thee hath given
 Nothing for thy hands to do.

—

WARM HEARTS HAD WE.

THE autumn winds were damp and cold,
 And dark the clouds that swept along,
 As from the fields the grains of gold
 We gathered with the husker's song.
 Our hardy forms, though thinly clad,
 Scarce felt the winds that swept us by;
 For she a child, and I a lad—
 Warm hearts had we, my Kate and I.

We heaped the ears of yellow corn,
 More worth than bars of gold to view;
 The crispy covering from it torn,
 The noblest grain that ever grew;
 Nor heeded we, though thinly clad,
 The chilly winds that swept us by;
 For she a child, and I a lad—
 Warm hearts had we, my Kate and I.

We merry sang as meadow larks
 Who bathe in dew, in summer morn,
 When ruddy Sol with crimson marks
 The eastern sky, whence day is born;
 Nor heeded we, though thinly clad,
 The chilly winds that swept us by;
 For she a child, and I a lad—
 Warm hearts had we, my Kate and I.

The robin hungry to us came,
 And, feeding, listened to our song,
 Then hung his head in very shame—
 Less joyous notes to him belong,
 For heedless we, though thinly clad,
 Of autumn winds that swept us by:
 Ah! she a child, and I a lad—
 Warm hearts had we, my Kate and I.

PLOW SONG.

My soil is good, for late the wood
 In tall, green forests o'er it grew,
 With boughs so long, and boughs so strong!
 The winds in vain against them blew.
 To speed my plow, I'll haste me now,
 And turn the rich, red clover down,
 That bathed with dew the summer through,
 Hath fed the bees with honey brown.

My grain will grow, I well do know,
 Until the coming harvest time,
 When from the field, we seek the yield,
 Matured by this our genial clime.
 To speed my plow, I'll haste me now,
 And turn the rich, red clover down,
 That bathed with dew, the summer through,
 Hath fed the bees with honey brown.

I have no care, my heart to wear,
 But like the warbling bird of spring,
 With coat that's blue, and heart that's true,
 I'll merry toil and merry sing.
 To speed my plow, I'll haste me now,
 And turn the rich, red clover down,
 That bathed with dew, the summer through,
 Hath fed the bees with honey brown.

My heart is free, and thus shall be
 A fount of joyous, gushing song,
 Till won, perchance, by maiden's glance,
 And that, ah me! may not be long.
 To speed my plow, I'll haste me now,
 And turn the rich, red clover down,
 That bathed with dew, the summer through,
 Hath fed the bees with honey brown.

I know a maid, with brows that shade,
 Bright eyes of deepest midnight black,
 The nerve to do, the nerve to woo,
 Is all to win her, that I lack.
 To speed my plow, I'll haste me now,
 And turn the rich, red clover down,
 That bathed with dew, the summer through,
 Hath fed the bees with honey brown.

JONATHAN W. GORDON.

JONATHAN W. GORDON was born August thirteenth, 1820. His father, William Gordon, was an Irish laborer, who emigrated to the United States in 1790, and settled in Washington county, Pennsylvania, where, August eighteenth, 1795, he married Sarah Walton, a native of Virginia, by whom he had fourteen children, of which the subject of this notice is the thirteenth. The father migrated westward with his family in the spring of 1835, and settled in Ripley county, Indiana, where he resided until the time of his death, January twentieth, 1841. His wife survived him, until May twenty-ninth, 1857, when she died at the residence of her youngest daughter.

In the mean time, the subject of this sketch married Miss Catherine J. Overturf, April third, 1843; entered upon the practice of the law, February twenty-seventh, 1844; went to Mexico June ninth, 1846, as a volunteer in the third Regiment of Indiana Volunteers; lost his health, and upon his return studied medicine, on account of hemorrhage from the lungs; received the degree of M.D., 1851; removed to Indianapolis, and resumed the practice of the law in May, 1852. He was elected a member of the House of Representatives by the people of Marion county, in 1856, and again in 1858; and, during the latter term, was twice chosen Speaker of that House.

A SONG FOR NEW YEARS.

I.

AGAIN I hail the blessed morn
That brings to all another year:
A smile for some, for some a tear,
But hope for all to-day is born.

And joy—the quenchless light of mind—
That forward springs, disdaining rest,
And seeks, beyond earth's good, the best,
The True—the Beautiful—to find.

Wherever man is found, is found
The joy of hope—the spirit's guide
Amid the wrecks of time and tide—
His pilot o'er life's stormy sound.

And the dreams of earth are gone,
And shadows cloud his mortal eye;

This hope shall catch new light, and high
On Godward wing still bear him on.

The soul's ideal:—"Better still!"
With conscious force that goal to win,
Shall free it yet from stain of sin
And all that here hath worked it ill.

In this, within the soul is found
The proof that it shall never die;
'Tis brother of eternity—
To an eternal progress bound;

For countless ages cannot grant
A good that can no better know;
Nor e'en the best its wish o'erflow,
And sate, at once, its sateless want.

This want of soul for fields untrod,
This earnest search for clearer light,

Still lifts it from a world of night,
Forever nearer to its God.

And thus the soul with God above,
And fired with hopes that constant tend
To higher heights, as sparks ascend,
Sublimely seeks the heights of love.

Here is the all in all—the sum
Of finite life, thought, hope and joy;
All else we know is but alloy,
And bears no hope for years to come.

This soul of soul—essential bliss!—
Howe'er earth's dross may round it cling,
Will be to each an angel's wing
To waft him o'er death's grim abyss.

Then, hail bright morn! my song shall
know
No accidental jar; but fixed
In this high creed, shall flow unmixed
With discords—born of human woe.

II.

Another year whose dawn I sung
A year ago to-day, is dead;
“At night's pale noon” his spirit fled—
By mournful winds his knell was rung.

Come with me to the grave—look down
Upon the coffin—it contains
A fraction of our own remains—
A part of life we called our own.

It was our own a year ago,
But now 'tis in the grave—'tis dead;
A part of us—of heart and head—
A year of earthly bliss and woe.

And who can tell how large a part
Within that year himself hath died?
'Tis quite enough—bear witness pride—
A single throb may still the heart.

The grief is egotistical that gives
Its tears to the departed year:

'Tis for our buried selves the tear
Is shed—the selfish sorrow lives.

The coffin-lid on which we gaze,
Is all too thin to hide ourself beneath:
And throb by throb, and breath by
breath,
We die each moment of our days.

'Tis well in our own fun'ral train
To walk; nor dream the grave so near—
Nor deem each spark of pleasure here,
A severed fragment of life's chain.

But is it not? The wasting pile
On which the laughing flame doth feed,
And mock at gloom the while, doth
speed
To dust beneath the fiery smile.

So speeds to dust the templed dome
From which the soul's immortal flame
Smiles down on death; thence, as it
came,
Leaps up to its immortal home.

Let thanks to time and death be given,
For those whose going left us sorrow;
We'll join them on life's bright to-mor-
row,
Within the sapphire walls of heaven.

III.

We drift upon a shoreless sea,
On which to-day is but a wave:
Behind us darkly yawns the grave—
Before, shines immortality.

We do not die, as death doth seem,
In those we love; but upward rise
To scenes unseen by earthward eyes;
And brighter than the poet's dream.

Why reckon we then how years depart,
Since past and future both are ours;
And hope and mem'ry twine their flow'rs
In garlands grateful to the heart?

IV.

Our life is three-fold—three combine
 Ere we can leave the senses' night,
 And scale the reasons' cloudless height,
 Where truth's unfading treasures shine:

The Past, the Future, and the tie—
 Self-conscious thought—that makes them
 one,

Make man, whose flight of life, begun,
 Sweeps on forever, bright and high.

And thus, while on the topmost wave
 Of time we sail to-day, I greet
 Each with a song—an echo meet,
 Of voices now beyond the grave.

PALE STAR.

PALE star, that shone upon my youth,
 With calm and steady ray,
 Thou art the only friend whose truth
 Has never known decay.

And oft as night returns I gaze
 In rapture up to thee,
 And deem thy gentle beaming rays
 Intended but for me.

For oft I've watched thy holy light
 In childhood's sinless hour;
 And in the still deep hush of night
 Have thrilled beneath its power.

And when the care-worn world hath slept,
 I've stole from man's abode
 And been with thee, and vigil kept,
 Near the bright throne of God.

And when alone by the wild stream
 That knew my infant feet,
 I've thought of thee, and dreamed a dream
 Of love—pure, sinless, sweet.

How sad that wild stream murmur'd on
 When day had banished thee:
 All nature then was blank, and dawn
 And day a curse to me.

And when at last the sun went down,
 I've watched his shining track
 A moment with a childish frown,
 Then wished he'd ne'er come back.

And, then, with what deep joy I've turned,
 To catch thy peerless beam,
 As on the azure sky it burned
 Above my heart's wild stream!

Dear stream of childhood's happy home,
 To my fond soul 'twas given,
 To hear thy matchless music come,
 In echoes back from heaven.

But long ago those echoes died
 Within my heart, sweet stream,
 And sunk beneath life's restless tide;
 E'en thou art but a dream.

But still, pale star, thy constant ray
 Has been my steadfast friend;
 And lingers still o'er life's wild way,
 From dangers to forefend.

And thou wilt shine upon the spot
 Where I shall lay my head
 In death—forgetful—as forgot—
 Among the nameless dead.

IN CROWDS, AND YET SADLY ALONE.

IN crowds, and yet sadly alone,
 I gaze on the blue sky at even
 And list to the mellowest tone
 That ever fell softly from heaven:
 The tone of the harp of the air,
 Breathing warmly and low, as an angel at
 prayer,

Till it fills my wild heart with a thought
of the past—
Too bright, in its dreamlight of beauty, to
last.

But give me, O give me, the evening air,
With its voice of love, and its spirit of
prayer,
To blend with the hum of the murmur-
ing stream,
Whose waters glide on, like a beautiful
dream.

Alone, yet how thrillingly near
To all I have loved, now departed;
To her who ne'er spake but to cheer,
And bless with her love the lone-
hearted:

And now whilst I gaze on the sky,
And the stars in their brightness are
shining out there,
I remember how often my gentle one's eye
Used to gaze on those stars, as she
whispered her prayer.
Her eye! 'twas the light and the quiet
of my life—
Uncclouded by passion and warning from
strife,
No star ever shone in its beauty above,
Half as bright as her eye—the pure
star of my love.

—
TO VIOLA IN HEAVEN.

I AM alone:

To me the world hath lost its brow of
gladness,
And dewy dawn,
And day and night have robed themselves
in sadness,
And life hath naught for me but agony and
madness—

Since thou art dead.

Thy soul hath fled
To its bright sphere afar beyond death's
river;

Whilst I am led,
In gloom and grief along its shore forever;
And call thy name, but hear thy gentle
voice—O never!

Since thou art dead.

Life's dream is o'er—
Its spell upon the heart's deep fountain
broken

Forevermore:
But, in each word, thy lute-like voice hath
spoken,
Thou still hast left me many a treasured
token,

In mem'ry's store.

All warm and bright
Thy soul on mine, in each seems fondly
glowing

In love's own light,
And on the dim drear gloom of grief be-
stowing
A constant beam—pure as the stainless
starlight flowing

From heaven to-night.

O! while the light
Of thy last smile upon my soul doth
quiver,

As pure and bright
As day's last smile upon the blushing river,
Friend of my soul, I know thou art not
gone forever—

'Tis only night.

The morn will rise;
And for this night an endless day be given,
When thy dear eyes,
Whose sad eclipse sheds darkness o'er
life's even,
Will shine for me, in some bright love-lit
isle of heaven

Beyond the skies.

D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD, son of Rev. George Duffield, D.D., and Isabella Graham Duffield, was born in Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, in 1821, where he resided with his parents until their removal to Philadelphia. He remained at school in Philadelphia until 1836, when he entered Yale College. In 1842 he graduated at the Yale Law School, and was admitted to the bar at Detroit, Michigan, in 1843. In that city he has since continued in active practice. During the greater part of the last twelve years he has been prominently engaged on behalf of the free schools of Detroit, and has latterly served as the President of the Board of Education for that city. In addition to the labor of a large practice he is frequently called upon as a lecturer and writer, and as such, maintains an enviable rank among the young men of his State.

His character as a man of integrity and as a Christian gentleman, is without reproach, and in all the various relations of life he seeks the honest discharge of such duties as are devolved on him by Providence.

His poems are evidently more the result of spontaneous expression than elaborate labor, but although rapidly prepared, evince a degree of poetical talent which promises prominence among the writers of the North-west, if not of a still wider sphere.

THE MAID OF CHAMOUNI.

At Chamouni I kissed a maid,
A shepherdess was she,
And not a single word she said,
But high she tossed her graceful head,
And sternly frowned on me.

That she was pure, though low in rank,
No one could fail to see,
Pure as the wreath of old Mont Blanc,
Whose shadow, when the sun has sank,
Enshrouds all Chamouni.

I told her, I had longed to taste
The dews of Chamouni,

And the first flower that I had faced,
Whose petal lips those dews had graced,
Was she, and only she.

Then spake the maid with scornful air,
"You live beyond the sea,
But know this rule of every where,
'The thorns grow where the roses are,'
Holds good in Chamouni."

'Twas all she said, then waved her hand
And parted company—
Yet still, I could not help but stand
And watch her and her tinkling band,
Till shadows from Mont Blanc had
spanned
The vale of Chamouni.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

In darkness and in tears,
 The night of sorrow sped,
 As I, with lacerated heart
 Kept vigil with the dead;
 And o'er my baby's pallid brow
 The scented waters shed.

The morning broke, but ah!
 It brought no light to me,
 For ere that solemn day should pass,
 My child would hidden be
 Beyond the reach of mortal hand,
 Sealed for eternity.

In wretched mood I turned
 And threw the casement wide,
 When lo! in all its pearly bloom,
 Its soft and tender pride,
 The Morning-glory reared its head,
 And blessed me as I sighed.

From out its smiling eyes
 Flowed words of sweetest tone,
 And whispered that in Paradise
 With glory like its own,
 My child that morning bloomed
 Above Christ's holy throne—
 And so this flower to me became
 The precious emblem of its name.

FAREWELL:

AN ANTE-NUPTIAL LOVE SONG.

FAREWELL, Mary, for a season,
 Though that season brief may be,
 Yet the word must still be uttered,
 Farewell, Mary, then to thee.

Farewell, till Spring's softest breezes
 Sweep around your open door,
 Till the garments of old Winter
 On the hills are seen no more.

Farewell till the maple's blossom
 Dances on the swaying bough,
 And the blue-bird's joyous love-song
 Echoes all your garden through.

Farewell, till the fragrant meadow
 Hails the bright and jocund May,
 And the lark mounts up to heaven,
 Pouring forth his bridal lay.

Farewell, till all nature wakens
 And each brake and shady grove,
 Whispers with its thousand voices
 All the murmuring's of love.

Then, dear Mary, I shall join them,
 And once more upon your breast,
 Sing in words of heart-rejoicing,
 What the birds sing round their nest.

EARTH'S MOTHER-LOVE.

HE who once has known a mother,
 Kind and loving through his youth,
 Nevermore can love another
 With an equal strength and truth.

Mother! 'tis a word that opened
 Lips divine in Bethlehem's stall,
 And that word has ever tokened
 Christ's own love to those that fall.

From that life of sad dejection
 All our Lord could bear above,
 Was the pure soul-fed affection
 Of his virgin mother's love.

Well he knew her deep devotion,
 To the babe that graced her knee,
 Well recalls her wild emotion,
 Witnessed at the fatal tree.

And from those enthroned in glory
 As the circling ages move,

He will still respect the story
Of a mother's earthly love.

For it seems man's first contrition,
Prompting to the heavenly birth,
Oft matures to full fruition,
Thro' the mother's prayers on earth.

Then let earth in grateful chorus
Chant the mother-love she's known,
Glad that God's own child before us
Bore its fragrance to His throne.

THE SOUNDING SEA.

A MAIDEN sat on the rock-piled beach,
All pensively, all pensively,
And hymned her fading girlhood's thoughts
In the ears of the sounding sea,
The sounding sea.

My life is breaking from youth's spell
Full rapidly, full rapidly,
And soon my bark must launch and sail
O'er the waves of this sounding sea,
This sounding sea!

And who with fearless heart will come
To pilot me, to pilot me?
Who shield me from that tempest's wrath
Which oftentimes smites the sounding sea,
The sounding sea!

What star shall shine along my way?
Who'll answer me? who'll answer me?
What harbor shall my anchor hold,
If safe I pass this sounding sea?
This sounding sea!

Frail barks have carried others o'er,
Then why not me? say, why not me?
Sure there's a pilot and a breeze
To bear me o'er this sounding sea?
This sounding sea!

Her gentle words on ocean's ear
Fell silently, all silently—
But the maiden had no answer back,
Save the sobs of the sounding sea,
The sounding sea!

A SABBATH SUNSET PRAYER.

'Tis Sabbath eve—the sun in slow decline
Behind the clouds his banner bright has
furled,
And lofty trees in lengthening shadows
read
Their solemn lesson to a pensive world.

Above the clover-blossoms of the field,
Like aged men who with their children
dwell,
The dandelions with their silvery heads
Repeat the story that the shadows tell.

A sad-voiced bird from out the maple's
boughs,
Full gemmed and dripping with the re-
cent shower,
Sends forth his plaintive note, and seems
to sing
A lay well suited to the tranquil hour.

The neighing steed upon the distant hill,
Now lifts his head, and waits his mas-
ter's call,
While from the meadow and the tangled
wood,
The lowing cattle seek the home-roofed
stall.

The chirping swallows round the chimney
top,
In airy circlings drop into their nest,
And 'neath the night-bird's soothing lullaby
Tired nature calmly lays her head to
rest.

Oh, that the shadows round my life's decline,
 May linger long before the night shall
 come,
 And Heaven's mild glory down that valley
 shine,
 Through which my weary feet must lead
 me home.

ANNIVERSARY ODE.*

COME ye, whose feet old Erie kindly laves,
 And join to pour an anthem o'er her
 waves,
 This day to her broad breast she calls the
 free,
 And bids them welcome to her jubilee.
 Thou stately Queen of all the lordly lakes
 Down where Niagara's thundering chorus
 breaks,
 Snatch forth a strain of nature's lofty
 praise
 To swell the chant thy sister cities raise.
 Come, thou old Erie, worthy of thy name,
 Bearing the trophy of thy hero's fame,—
 The fragments of that torn and shattered
 wreck
 With battle's footprints still upon the deck;
 And thou, too, ancient "City of the Straits,"
 Bring forth the guns that once assailed thy
 gates.
 And thou fair Forest City, gliding from
 thy grove,
 Come like the swan and o'er the waters
 move.
 And coy Sandusky, nestled in thy bay,
 Where lovers dream the evening hours away,
 Come with Monroe from river Rasin's
 shore
 And proud Toledo, valiant as of yore ;

*Extracts from an ode read at a celebration at Put-in-Bay, on the forty-fifth Anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie, September tenth, 1888.

Come, grave Maumee, for years full wide-
 ly known,

By heroes, and a fever all thine own.

* * * * *

Let all our cities in one common hymn
 Send Perry's praise around old Erie's brim,
 Perry the young, Perry the bold and brave,
 The Christian hero of our common wave ;
 Let all the bugles their best music pour,
 Let all the cannon in glad triumph roar,
 And let their echoes, leaping from each
 shore,

Still chime his name,

And lofty fame,

Forever, and forever more !

* * * * *

New generations here this day we see
 With brilliant pomp and gay festivity,
 With lute and tabret and the vocal chime,
 That rings far down the avenues of time,
 With brazen trump and clanging drum and
 bell,

In soul-refreshing strains again to tell

How well,

How bravely well,

Great Perry stood

When shot and shell

Around him fell,

And vexed and seethed old Erie's peaceful
 flood,

And dyed her emerald waves with valor's
 precious blood.

* * * * *

Then let us send the towering shaft on high,
 To court new blessings from each morning
 sky ;

To teach our rising youth on land and flood,
 That liberty is worthy of their blood ;

And on its tablet write, in boldest line,

Those words that round this lake should
 ever shine—

That modest message of our hero's pen—

Long may it live among our naval men,

Long gleam from all our armed forts and
 towers—

"We've met the enemy, and they are ours!"

WILLIAM ASBURY KENYON.

THE first volume of poems published in the State of Illinois, was printed at Chicago, by James Campbell and Company, in the month of January, 1845. It was a small duodecimo, containing two hundred and eight pages, and was entitled "Miscellaneous Poems, to which are added writings in prose on various subjects by William Asbury Kenyon." The prose writings are illustrative chiefly of the poems, the major part of which were evidently suggested by prairie scenes. Several of them pleasantly satirize backwoods customs, but with more "truth than poetry." The author was a native of Hingham, Massachusetts, who taught school in Illinois, and who traveled widely in the Mississippi Valley. We select from the volume two poems which fairly represent Mr. Kenyon's capacity as a versifier.

TO THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

GAY little Oriole, bird of the Spring,
Welcome, again, with your glistening wing;
Though we lamented you, all winter long,
Quit are we now, in your sprightlier song.
There is your pensile cot, just as it hung,
High in the elm, where you cheerily sung,
Just as it hung, of yore, when, nestling
there,
You and your little ones swung in the air.
While you were far away, often there came
Blasts wildly fierce; but your cot is the
same;
Say, if you placed it there, your little bill,
Had it no help, save intuitive skill?
How, in our busy mart;—none others dare
Venture their notes on its turbulent air,—
How can you, fearlessly, carol so gay,
Out on the limb stretching over the way?
Just is your confidence; sing, and be free,
Gayly your whisking flight mingles with
glee;
Safely I say, in the name of all men,
Beautiful Oriole, welcome again!

CREATION.

CREATION is a poem, wrote by Him
Whose genius doth so far surpass our
own
That wise the reader who is early
shown
How small his knowledge and his sight
how dim.
This canto, Earth, will ne'er be fully
known,
And parts innumerable, each, from
each,
Distinctly fair, lay far beyond our
reach.
Here, every line a wonder lives alone,
Widely sublime, or nicely beautiful;
With oft a strain of more absorbing
tone,
Heaven's sweetest consonance pervades
the whole,
The vast, the perfect whole, whose Au-
thor's fame,
The glory of the great Creating Soul,
Should, and will, ever live, with hosts to
sing his name.

HORACE S. MINOR.

HORACE S. MINOR was a native of Tennessee. I believe that he was born on the seventeenth of June, 1822. His parents, whose names I do not remember ever to have heard, were in humble circumstances, and his opportunities for education were very limited. I became acquainted with him in Cincinnati about 1845. He was then, or soon after, employed in making and painting Venetian window-blinds. He was a frequent contributor to the daily papers of Cincinnati, and subsequently engaged in contributing to and editing a small weekly called *The Shooting Star*. He wrote over and under various pseudonyms for the *Star*, the *Morning Message*, the *Daily Nonpareil*, and other papers. In the summer of 1846 he went to Illinois, and married Hortensia Rockwell. Returning, he resided for several years on Walnut Hills, near Lane Seminary. There he formed the acquaintance, and by his amiability and intelligence won the friendship, of several literary gentlemen. In person, mind and writings, he constantly reminded me of my conceptions of Shelley. That physical gentleness, combined with intense love of the ideal beautiful, good and free, with its rebellious warfare upon the dwarfing and deforming conventionalities of life, were his; but he committed no breach of those conventionalities, and his morals were irreproachably pure. His spirit as a man, and his taste as a poet were well expressed in a poetical epistle to his friend, VIVA MONA, from which we quote:

“My grief! how many bards there be
In that great class, the human mocking-bird—
Their quills the very same—alike their glee!
'Tis well they mock, else were they never heard.
Those mimic tongues do save them, like the word
Shibboleth of the True; But O, the free!
The free, bold key-notes are my soul's loved strains,
The rough, the rude, or soft, so they scorn chains.”

He was a diligent writer, and wrote much that was never offered for publication. Of the merit of those writings I cannot now speak advisedly. There was probably much chaff, but certainly some golden grain that wanted only the winnowing of a more matter-of-fact critical mind, to entitle him to a prominent place among the poets of the West. His last contribution to the press, so far as my knowledge goes, was a prose story, of graphic satirical character, entitled “Tom O’Hurry,” published in *Sacket’s Parlor Paper*, in December, 1849 or ’50.

Mr. Minor’s health having been for some time failing—consumption had marked him for its own—he took his wife and his young son, Harold R. Minor, and went to Illinois, and there laid him down to rest.

The accompanying poems are from manuscript placed in my hands by my friend. They are evidently some of his earliest productions, and do not do justice to his abilities.

A NYMPH WAS DANCING ON A STREAM.

A NYMPH was dancing on a stream,
 And sporting with the sunset beam
 Right merrily:
 She loved the glances of the sun,
 And mourn'd when daylight's gleam was
 gone
 So drearily.

Just then appeared the night's fair Queen,
 The Nymph rejoiced in her silver sheen
 So carelessly;
 And rose again on the crystal wave,
 Danced with the ray the Night-queen gave,
 So fearlessly.

A voice in the breeze came rustling by
 And call'd the Nymph; she raised her eye
 So fearfully:
 "Why play the wanton with the beam
 Of sun and moon, on crystal stream,
 So cheerfully?"

"Away! away! false Nymph away,
 Thou hast no part in Luna's ray,
 Bright Sol's is thine;
 To his love-beam be true, false naiad,
 Or brooding clouds the stream shall shade,
 No ray shall shine."

The voice grew hoarse, the breeze a gale,
 The moon was hid beneath a vail,
 The Nymph had flown;
 And lo! the spirit of the rill,
 Whose shadow all the place did fill,
 Stood there alone:

And loudly laughed till the stream was
 rough,—
 The graceless wight knew well enough,
 The golden flame
 Of twinkling stars, and crescent moon,
 And ardent sun at highest noon,
 Were all the same.

THE MUSIC OF A DREAM.

WHEN cloudless is the sky of night
 Around a world at rest,
 When dew-drops catch the lunar light
 And gild the flow'rets crest;

When zephyr's voice is scarcely heard
 Low breathing in the grove,
 And when no more the evening bird
 Pours forth her notes of love,—

O! then's the hour when music sweet
 Seeks softer scenes than ours,
 Where fancy's peerless minstrels meet
 In fancy's airy bowers.

My soul hath been at that sweet time
 Where sleep's faint visions rise,
 And heard a softer, sweeter chime
 Than when the zephyr sighs.

Ah! mortal tongue can never tell
 Those symphonies, which seem
 Too high for harp or evening bell—
 The music of a dream.

The tremblings of the sweetest strain
 By mortal minstrels given,
 Vibrate to rival these in vain,—
 The dream-song touches heaven!

But ah! the phantom minstrel flies,
 And dream-charmed souls awake,
 To speak regret in real sighs,
 That his sweet strains should break.

'Tis thus with life—its terms of bliss
 Are measured by a song,
 The fitting form of happiness
 Ne'er tarries with us long.

The sweetest joys, the brightest hours
 That on life's pathway gleam,
 Die like the harp, whence fancy pours
 The music of a dream.

EMELINE H. JOHNSON.

EMELINE H. BROWN was born at Haverhill, New Hampshire, May seventh, 1826, being the youngest of five daughters of Jabez and Mary Brown, who removed from Haverhill to Massillon, Ohio, in 1828, at which place Mr. Brown died. In 1836 Mrs. Brown removed to Wooster, Ohio, starting a select school, the first successful enterprise of the kind in that place, where she remained a teacher for eighteen years.

The education of Emeline was, therefore, acquired entirely at home, and was only such as any good English school furnishes. Nature had, however, ordained her a poet, and no educational advantages could have done more than to bring out and help to adorn her native genius. United to quick and tender sensibilities in her disposition, was a brilliant wit, and the keenest perception of the ridiculous. This latter quality was so strong as sometimes to bring her under the displeasure of her acquaintances, who mistook for malicious satire the irresistible relish for humor which compelled her to touch up their peculiarities with her pungent wit. But those who knew her well, knew that her soul was too lofty and too passionate, to be attainted with malice, even of the merry sort. Her spirit was, as she herself expressed it, "moulded into being from the elements of fire;" and too early, alas! it consumed its frail and beautiful tenement. In 1845, at the age of nineteen, she was married to Perry Johnson of Wooster, and was left a widow at twenty-one. From the hour that she gave up the hope of her husband's life, the arrow had entered her own soul. Neither health, nor gayety, nor even cheerfulness, ever returned to her after the faithful but fruitless long watchings by his dying bed. The pale, drooping but beautiful, face of the heart-stricken widow, will never be forgotten by those who knew her then, for the hopelessness of incurable grief was too plainly imprinted upon it to be mistaken, or afterward forgotten. Under this weight of sorrow the life-chords gradually stretched and parted; and on the eighth of April, 1850, the long weariness was over, the grieving spirit set at rest by death. One child, a beautiful boy, was left, but only for a little season, for in less than a year from her death, the orphaned infant was laid beside his parents. Such is the history, in simple terms, of one born with gifts which might have graced the noblest circles of the witty and the wise: in these few words no image can be given of the thrilling heart-life which was experienced by the patient and enduring spirit.

No thought of being a "literary woman" was ever entertained by the subject of this sketch. Her girlhood was passed, as girlhood usually is, in mere dreamings of the future; and when the stern realities of life had come upon her, the terrible and startling meaning left her little leisure for the use of the pen, even had her mind not been so deeply absorbed in her love and her sorrow, as it was. The last productions of her pen, written from her sick-bed, appeared in the "*American Courier*," published in Philadelphia, under the signature of "Lilly Layton," and their identity was not known until after her death, when the original copies were found in her portfolio.

Out of seventy or eighty pages, a few selections have been made, from her more recent and most melancholy pieces. It is to be regretted that so few of her earlier, gayer and more sparkling verses have been preserved: but it is in a high degree satisfactory to be able to record even this slight testimony of one who was not only a poet and a wit, but a gentle daughter, a loving friend, a devoted wife and mother, whose light went out so early that the world had scarcely seen it ere it was extinguished.

MY CHILD.

THOU'RT weary, and thy little head hath
drooped upon my arm;
The mirth is hushed upon thy lips, so
bright and red and warm;
I meet no more the flashes of thy large
and dreamy eyes,
The dark fringe like a shadow, o'er their
starry deepness lies.
'Tis when the gentle dew of sleep thy
drooping eyelids close,
And the long raven lashes sweep the
blooming cheek of rose,
When from thy forehead carelessly the
wavy hair is thrown,
And thy little heart so haplessly is beat-
ing on my own;
'Tis then Affection's sweetest thrills life's
quivering pulses sweep,
And love my softened being fills, so wild
and pure and deep,
I tremble lest my erring heart, of other
ties bereft,
Should make an idol of the child God in
his mercy left.
My lovely boy, my only child, my only
hope art thou!
There beams a manly spirit on thy sweet-
ly dawning brow,
And large, and soft, and beautiful are thy
dark hazel eyes,
A wealth of unawakened thought in their
deep shadow lies.

And yet I often gaze on thee, and vainly
strive to trace
A lost, yet worshiped image, in thy pure
unshadowed face.
Thy smile, though soft and witching, and
thine eyes, though large and bright,
Have not the power of those that made
my heart one sphere of light.
The smile that was my being's life is now
forever hid,
Those glorious orbs are dark and dim, be-
neath the coffin-lid,
And all the beaming hopes lie dead, which
earthly love had given;
Thou art the only joy that comes between
my heart and Heaven.
Into the Future's dim domain my plead-
ing heart goes forth,
And claims for thee a place among the
glorious of the earth:
I sometimes think I can discern the prom-
ise, even now,
Of intellectual greatness, on thy pure, un-
sullied brow,—
Yet ere thy dawning mind shall grasp the
meed I ask for thee,
Ere the Future's dim uncertain years a
path to glory be,
The winds will wail a requiem oft, and the
wild grass shall wave,
And many a time the sweet spring flowers
shall bloom upon my grave.
For one, whose deepest, purest love, to
thee and me was given,

With love for us unfading still, dwells far
away in Heaven.
Those eyes are ever in my heart, drawing
my soul to him:
Their glance of love grows brighter still,
as the lamp of life grows dim.
Far, far beyond the glowing stars, in the
bright world above,
We will together watch o'er thee, and
guard thee with our love;
And though alone, in the dark world, a
strong unfailing arm,
Will be forever round thee thrown, defend-
ing thee from harm.
Thy feeble steps will be upheld, that tread
earth's lonely wild,
"The Father of the fatherless" will guard
my only child.

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

FATHER, they tell me to-night thou'lt bring
A bride to our home of sadness;
And the halls of mourning again will ring
With the sounds of mirth and gladness.
Father, my heart is sad—and wild—
With anguish my brain is reeling!
Nay! frown not thus on thy motherless
child,
But bear with this burst of feeling.

Thou know'st on my mother's grave, the
flowers
Of a year, have scarcely started;
Then chide me not, if in this sad hour,
I weep for the dear departed.
Oh, bear with the gushing tears awhile,
For my heart is oppressed with sadness;
And then to-night, I will strive to smile,
And wear a look of gladness.

Father!—a boon I ask—'tis all
Thou mayst grant to a heart thus riven;

'Tis the image that hangs in yonder hall,
Of her who is now in Heaven!
That beautiful face so sweetly mild,
With its look of gentle meekness;
Hath a power o'er the heart of her erring'
child,
In its wildest moments of weakness.

And to-night, when those maddening
thoughts arise,
Which my spirit of peace is robbing,
I will gaze in the depths of those soft dark
eyes,
Till it stilleth my heart's wild throbbing!
They tell me she thou wilt bring to-night,
Is fair as a poet's vision;
A creature with form and face as bright,
As they who people Elysium.

But it swelleth my heart with painful thrill,
That the image of another,
Ere her kiss is cold on our lips, should fill
The place of my sainted mother.
But grant me the boon I ask, and though
Each fiber with grief is aching,
Thy beautiful bride shall never know
That the heart of thy child is breaking!

AFFECTION BEYOND THE GRAVE.

THE dead! the dead! will they forget to
love us,
In the far spirit-land beyond the skies?
Do they not keep an angel guard above us,
Watching us ever with their starry
eyes?
And is not love inseparate from the spirit,
Our being's light, our life's vitality;
And will it not too with the soul inherit
The blessed gift of immortality?

In yonder room, from which the daylight
dying,
Leaveth a glory with its parting breath;

A wife bends o'er a couch whereon is lying
Her young heart's idol stricken down to
death.

Vain seems that suffering love, for what
availeth

The strength of all its wild intensity,
Striving with death, when death at length
prevaileth,

And strikes his heart with life's worst
agony?

Yet in that darkened soul one hope is
cherished,

A starlight gleaming through the mid-
night sky;

And that hope whispers, though the heart
hath finished,

The love within that heart can never
die!

Sees not thine inner sight yon spirit
bending

Amid the glory of the world above?

That spirit, with thine own forever blend-
ing,

Will guide and guard thee with a death-
less love.

Believes that mother's heart, whose all is
centered

In the child fading out of life, that now
Her pain hath no reward, since death hath
entered,

And placed his signet on that angel
brow?

Amid that very gloom her soul is catching

A glory which it never knew before,

She seeth with her heart above her
watching,

Her own bright guardian angel ever-
more!

And that pale mourning mother's heart is
teeming

With a still deeper, purer tenderness;

Those eyes forever in her soul are
gleaming,

Hallowing all its grief with holiness.

And hath that child cast off the heart for-
ever,

That mother's heart with its exhaustless
love?

If so, then death hath power indeed to
sever

The strongest bonds that draw our souls
above!

Oh, vain were all the heart's resistless
yearning,

And vain were life, and vain were
memory's trust,

Did the soul's life, the love within it
burning,

Die with the clay, and perish back to
dust!

Ah, no! one thought earth's lonely path-
way cheereth,

Bidding the darkness from around it
flee;

The loved in life, whom death the more
endeareth,

Dearest shall be through all eternity!

THE VOWS.

FLITTING memories o'er me come,
Like those half-forgotten dreams,
Which we catch in transient gleams,
Bringing in their flight the hum
Of wild birds and gushing streams;
And a vision strangely bright
Flits before my fancy's sight.

'Twas the pleasant summer time,
When the year is in its prime,
And the silvery-footed hours,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
Through a maze of gorgeous light,
Flinging music in their flight,
Glide in dreaminess along,

Bringing o'er the heart a throng
Of wild memories, sad and sweet,
While the hidden pulses beat
With a low and mournful tone,
For returnless pleasures gone.

'Twas a brilliant night in June,
And the mild and placid moon,
From her starry girted height,
Poured a flood of love-like light,
Over hill and vale and stream,
And the stars beamed sadly bright,
As the vision of a dream.
Two young lovely beings stood
In the margin of a wood:
One a youth of seventeen,
With an eye as flashing keen
As the eagle's in its flight,
When it drinks the blazing light;—
And he bent an earnest gaze,
On the young and girlish face
Turning upward to his own,
O'er which love's soft light was thrown;
She a girl of azure eyes,
Dark and dreamy as the skies.
One white arm, all round and bare,
Rested in his glossy hair,
And as arm and ringlet met,
Gleaming snow entwined with jet,
One dark, soft and silken curl
Lay upon her neck of pearl,
Mingling, in a mazy fold,
With her locks of wavy gold.
Let us listen to their vows:

“By the dew upon the boughs,
By the countless stars, that gleam
Yonder, in the silver stream,
By the lilies bending there;
As thine own young forehead fair;
By the violet-cups that lave
Their blue petals in the wave;
By the love-inspiring light,

Pouring down from yonder height;
By the dark blue midnight skies;
Deep as thine own azure eyes;
By the loveliest things we see,
Thee I love, and only thee!”

“Ah! that dew at dawning day,
From the bough will melt away;
And those stars, which beam so bright,
And that love-inspiring light;
All must vanish with the night,
And the flowers will droop and die,
Ere another day glides by;
And those skies so darkly blue,
In an hour will change their hue.
Even now these things decay,
Where's thy love then?—pass'd away!”

“By thine own sweet ruby lips
By thy cheek whose hues eclipse,
In their deep and changing glow,
Sunset's rosy gleam on snow,
By thy bright hair's wavy curl,
By thy spotless brow of pearl,
By thy deep and well-like eyes
Where a world of passion lies,
Do I bend before thy shrine;
And till these shall cease to shine,
I am thine, and only thine!”

“Ah! these too, must soon decay,
Where's thy love then?—pass'd away!”

“By the love that dwells the while,
In thine own bewitching smile,
By affection's springs, that deep
Hidden in thy bosom sleep,
By the love that spurns control,
Deep within thine inmost soul,
By the wild idolatry,
Thy young heart doth bear to me,
By this then, and this alone,
I am heart and soul thine own!”
“These can never pass away
I am thine, and thine for aye!”

ABBY ALLIN CURTISS.

ABBY ALLIN CURTISS is the daughter of Daniel and Betsey Allin, and the youngest of four children. Her father was long a sea-captain, in the foreign trade; his home being at Providence, Rhode Island. Resigning his profession, Captain Allin purchased and settled upon a farm, in Pomfret, Connecticut, where, September fifteenth, 1820, Abby was born. Miss Allin's earliest efforts in poetry were made in 1846. A pathetic ballad, "Take me Home to Die," her first piece, was published in *Neal's Gazette*. In 1850, James Monroe & Company, Boston, Massachusetts, published a volume of her poems, entitled "Home Ballads," which met with a pleasant reception, and enjoyed a full average popularity of young authors, with the literary public.

In September, 1852, Miss Allin was married to Daniel S. Curtiss, Farmer-Editor, then of Chicago, Illinois, and soon after removed with him to Madison, Wisconsin—where they engaged in agricultural pursuits—which is their present place of residence.

THE HEART'S CONFLICT.

THERE is no coldness in my heart to thee—

Thy presence thrills

Me with an added sense of ecstasy;

I would be still,

And mutely sit thus at thy side—

Aye, at thy feet;

And upward gaze

Into thy deep, mysterious eyes,

Whose softened rays—

Of pity, sooth, or tenderness—

Have power to bless!

Exalted by my love's excess,

It is most meet,

That at thy feet,

Clad in sweet love's humblest guise,

I thus should sit,

And watch thine eyes

Their life emit;

Whose rays, dropped down,

Fall on me like a crown!

Aye, lay thy hand upon my head,

And gather me to thy heart;

I would no longer be alone—

From thee a thing apart:

On this poor earth a pilgrim lone,

From whom all love hath passed and gone!

Love? aye, life—for love is life!

What a poor, petty, causeless strife—

Of words, we gather—

Of forms, the rather—

Thus manacled a free-born thing;

For love is life, and life a spring!

The world! What is it? Let it pass;

Like the dead image on the glass—

Like the spent shadows on the grass—

The mastery is thine own!

Sweet, press thy lips again to mine,

I am thine,

And thine alone!

Fond heart, why tremblest so? Thou lov-
est!

Others have loved before;
That whole sweet bondage that thou prov-
est,
Hath this extent no more!

What though man presumptuously,
Look on thee reprovingly—
Casting glances pityingly;
“Go to, thou whited wall!”
Cast thy pity elsewhere;
What am I that thou shouldst dare
Reproach me with my thrall?

Woman! O thou most inhuman,
To the weaknesses of woman!
Durst thou robe thyself in pride,
Casting marah in my cup—
Gathering thy garments up,
Passing on the other side?

O, the strife, the struggle deep!
I am weary, I would rest;
Let me rock myself asleep,
On the heavings of thy breast;
With the innocence of youth,
With the purity of truth;
Let me then, all undefiled—
Sheltered in thy watchful arms,
Safe from all this life's alarms—
Rest me, even as a child!

Thou high-priest of the inner shrine,
Conscience, the realm is thine!
Make thou the choice—
Thy still small voice—
Heard round about me everywhere,
Biddeth thee, true heart lean to prayer,
As refuge and repose;
Not to vain refuges of lies,
Turn thou thine eyes—
Look upward to the skies,
Poor soul, and find a close!

WORK WITH A WILL.

PULL away cheerily, work with a will,
Labor itself is pleasure and health;
Man is a creature of infinite skill,
And contentment is seldom the handmaid
of wealth.

Life is at best but a rugged ascent,
For ever, and ever, and ever up hill;
Yet nothing is gained to a man by dissent,
Then pull away cheerily, work with a
will!

Pull away cheerily, work with a will,
God is the Master urging us on;
Idleness bringeth us trouble and ill,
Labor itself is happiness won!

Work with the heart, and work with the
brain,

Work with the hands, and work with the
will;

Step after step we conquer the plain,
Then pull away cheerily, work with a
will!

Pull away cheerily, work with a will,
No one can tell the length of his stay;
Already the sun is climbing the hill!
Up and be doing, while it is day!
Never despair, though much must be done;
A river at birth is naught but a rill;
Another may finish what you have begun,
Then pull away cheerily, work with a
will!

Pull away cheerily, work with a will,
Let not a drone-bee live in the hive;
The world driveth on like a busy old mill,
And each with our web we busily strive.
Our Father, who scanneth the ocean and
land,

This beautiful world of valley and hill,
Seeth naught but a six days' work of his
hand—

Then pull away cheerily, work with a
will!

THOMAS W. HOIT.

THOMAS W. HOIT is a son of New Hampshire, who has been for about twenty years a prosperous merchant in St. Louis, Missouri. In early life he learned the art and mystery of printing newspapers, and was, for a short time, an editor. He has written several long poems for special occasions, which are well sustained, and is the author of many short ones which have the merit that finds favor with those who wield editorial scissors—directness and sweetness. Mr. Hoit is now about forty years of age. He has practiced prose writing with success, and has reputation as an orator. Most of his poems have been published in St. Louis magazines and newspapers.

CURE FOR SCANDAL.

<p>TAKE of the toad the brains and ear-wax; bring The spider's fang, the adder's poison sting; A lizard's eye-balls, tarantula's tongue; The chigre's eggs, and fire-fly's maggots young; Of newt the iris, armadillo's gall; Cockchafer's grub, and scorpion, sting and all; Two buzzards' beaks, first hardened in the fire; Four famished serpents ready to expire; A living asp, which sure the fang includes; A salamander's fluid that exudes; A flea's proboscis, and a viper's eyes; Four printed scandals, three detected lies; A beetle's head, a locust's palate dried; And ten mosquitoes' snouts in strychnine fried; A wasp's stiletto; flying-dragon's ears: These saturate with alligator's tears— With alcohol then simmer in the skull Of a black ape; fill the vessel full— Reduce the mass, and add one screech-owl's eye; The manis' tongue, cantharides the fly;</p>	<p>A coquette's dimples, and a flunky's nose, An idiot's brains, an hideous hydra's toes; A hornet's armor, and a wild boar's foam; A polecat's odor, and a shanghai's comb (Harmless this last ingredient, I trust, Save that a coxcomb always gives disgust;) The burning froth from hydrophobia's maw, A dragon's blood, a scolopendra's claw; Chameleon's thorax, monad's marrow, fine; A moth, a weevil, and an earwig's spine; Into the cauldron two apes' eyebrows fling, And fan the contents with a vampire's wing. Stir, stir the jelly with Attila's steel, His blood-stained dagger let the slanderer feel. Apply this mixture to the slanderer's tongue, Moistened with tears from slandered virtue wrung; And should one dose of this prescription fail, And the dire venom of his tongue prevail, Just add a section of the slanderer's tale. Should the concocted poisons fail of cure, The last named virus, added, will be sure.</p>
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ODE TO WASHINGTON.

THEY hold a taper to the sun,
And boast its glories near his shrine—
Who claim the palm for victories won,
Or regal fame, compare with thine!

The gild of pride, the pomp of power,
Like glittering insects, in thy rays,
Dissolve and vanish in an hour—
But fame prolongs thy lengthened days.

Heroes and kings may deck the page
With storied deeds, and trophies bright,
And laureled bards in phrenzy rage,
Their transient honors to requite.

But fame herself adorns thy brow
With honors time can never fade,
And truth, eternally, as now,
Shines forth in thy pure soul arrayed.

Why doth the sage thy deeds indite,
And gather trophies round thy tomb?
Why weave his glowing chaplet bright,
To deck that paradise of gloom?

What magic spell asserts its sway,
To kindle in the souls of men
Blessed visions of a brighter day?
Ah! all shall meet as brothers then!

The golden epoch shall return,
Peace guide the nations as of yore,
When man thy mission shall discern,
And at the shrine of truth adore.

Look down, Immortal! from thy car—
The chariot of the sun restrain!
I hear thee whisper from afar,
The peaceful age shall come again.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

I LOVE the woman! all her joy is home;
Her constant nature disinclines to roam:
Her love and joy the clouds of care dispel,
And angel hope, and peace, securely dwell:
Our rising country's hope its tributes bring,
Hence all our power, and fame, and glory
spring.

I love the woman! for the starving poor
Go satisfied and cheerful from her door;
Her generous nature shuns the pomp of art,
The social virtues cluster round her heart,—
Unchanged as maiden, widow, or as wife,
Graced with the bland amenities of life.

I love the woman! in her tranquil soul
Bright visions of the future gently roll,
One manly heart, reliant and alone,
Responsive knows her pleasure's all his
own.
So virtue crowns their days, renewed again
To life immortal, in their smiling train.

I love the woman! for the smiling throng
Of little loved ones listen to her song,
And, charmed to silence, turn their laugh-
ing eyes,
To mark her smiles of love, with sweet
surprise,
And at the end of each melodious strain,
Demand the song, and wake her smiles
again.

I love the woman! for no sland'rous tongue
Condemns her blushing cheek with bor-
rowed wrong;
No tell-tale nymphs dilate upon her fame,
Nor preface scandals with her honored
name;
All pay her homage who delight to share
Her blissful home, or copy virtue there.

WILLIAM HUBBARD.

BORN at the quiet rural village of West Liberty, on the southern border of Logan county, Ohio, on the seventeenth May, 1821, William Hubbard inherited nothing but an honest name, a healthy constitution, and a vigorous intellect. Deprived of a father's care at an early age, he grew up under the guidance of a widowed mother, whose exemplary virtues, strong good sense, and patient industry, left their impress on the mind and character of her son.

At that early day, the "log school-house" furnished almost the only means of education; but with this, and that home training which every mother should be competent to afford, William became well versed in all the usual branches of an English education.

Early in the year 1832 he took his first lessons in the "art preservative of arts"—the printing business—in the office of the *Logan Gazette*, a newspaper then edited and conducted, in Bellefontaine, by Hiram B. Strother. Here he served with fidelity, skill, and industry for seven years, when, early in 1839, he became the publisher of the paper, and continued as such for a period of six months. During all this time, as, indeed, in the years which followed, he employed his leisure moments in developing his literary taste, and in the profound study of the best writers of prose and poetry.

In the summer of 1841 he began his career as a school teacher in a district near his native village, in one of the ever-memorable, universal "people's colleges" of the times, the "log school-house." In this useful, but perplexing and ill-paid capacity, he continued most of his time, until the fall of 1845. Meantime, in 1841, he had determined to study the profession of law, and for that purpose became the student of Benjamin F. Stanton and William Lawrence, attorneys in Bellefontaine. His studies were somewhat interrupted by his duties as teacher, and by his literary pursuits, yet as he had made it a rule of his life never to do any thing imperfectly, he was not admitted to the bar until he had become a thoroughly well-read lawyer, in the year 1846.

In the fall of 1845, Mr. Hubbard was editor of *The Logan Gazette*, and, in 1847, becoming owner of the press, he has ever since been its editor and proprietor. As a political writer he has a wide and deservedly high reputation. Notwithstanding his duties as an editor, he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Logan county, in 1848, and again in 1850, and, in that capacity, served with skill and ability for four years, when he declined a re-election.

In 1858 Mr. Hubbard received the nomination of the political party to which he belongs, as its candidate for Congress. He could scarcely hope for success in a district largely opposed to him politically, but though defeated, his vote was highly complimentary. In debates and addresses in that canvass, he added much to a local reputation as an orator.

Early love of books, a warm imagination, cultivated by study and by the beautiful scenery of the fertile valley of the Mad river, with a heart full of pathos and of ardor, all contributed to

“Wake to ecstasy the living lyre,”

and turn his thoughts into eloquence and poetry. His first published poetical production was in January, 1838. We have never known a writer of so much genius with so little ostentation. He has never sought, but always shunned notoriety. His poetical writings, if collected, would make a good sized volume.

AT THE GRAVE OF SIMON KENTON.

TREAD lightly, this is hallowed ground!—
tread reverently here!

Beneath this sod in silence sleeps the brave
old Pioneer,

Who never quailed in darkest hour, whose
heart ne'er felt a fear—

Tread lightly, then, and here bestow the
tribute of a tear.

Ah! can this be the spot where sleeps the
bravest of the brave?

Is this rude slab the only mark of Simon
Kenton's grave?

These fallen palings, are they all his in-
grate country gave

To one who periled life so oft her homes
and hearths to save?

Long, long ago, in manhood's prime, when
all was wild and drear,

They bound the hero to a stake of savage
torment here—

Unblanched and firm, his soul disdained a
supplicating tear—

A thousand demons could not daunt the
Western Pioneer.

They tied his hands, Mazeppa-like, and set
him on a steed,

Wild as the mustang of the plains—and,
mocking, bade him speed!

Then sped that courser like the wind, of
curb and bit all freed,

O'er flood and field, o'er hill and dale,
wherever chance might lead!

But firm in every trial-hour, his heart was
still the same—

Still throbbed with self-reliance strong
which danger could not tame.

Yet fought he not that he might win the
splendor of a fame,

Which would, in ages long to come, shed
glory on his name;

He fought because he loved the land where
first he saw the light—

He fought because his soul was true, and
idolized the right;

And ever in the fiercest and the thickest
of the fight

The dusk and swarthy foeman felt the ter-
ror of his might.

Are these his countrymen who dwell where
long ago he came?

Are these the men who glory in the splen-
dor of his fame?

And can they not afford to give a stone to
bear his name?

O never let them more presume the hero's
dust to claim!

THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

WITH the darkest cloud that ever
 Cast its shadow on my way,
 Always came a gleam of sunshine,
 With its vivifying ray;
 To the bowed and broken spirit
 Ever thus it seemed to say:
 "There will come a day of sunlight,
 When the cloud has passed away."

And that promise ne'er was broken—
 Light has always come at last!
 And it ever shone the clearer
 For the darkness that was past.
 Thus was taught to me a lesson
 Which I never will forget—
 "Always hope the hour of triumph,
 It has never failed thee yet!"

Men may hate me and condemn me
 And my deeds misrepresent;
 To endure their shameless falsehood
 For a time I am content.
 There's a bow of promise o'er me,
 In my sky forever set—
 It will come, the hour of triumph,
 It has never failed me yet!

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Nor where the spicy breezes
 Of a tropic climate fann'd,
 The star-illumined banner
 Of the hero's idol-land:
 Not in the storm of battle,
 Where the bayonet gleamed high,
 'Mid the drum and trumpet's clangor
 Was the patriot to die!

When the cannon stilled its thunder,
 When the saber hid its sheen,

When the turf by blood encrimsoned
 Reassumed its garb of green:
 When the worn and weary soldier
 Laid his plume and helmet by,
 And the battle-horse unharnessed
 Paled the lightning of his eye;

When the swart and stalwart plowman
 From the field of strife and blood,
 Sought the brookside in the valley,
 Where his natal cottage stood;
 When the nation all was festal
 At the ghastly war's surcease,
 When the people were reposing
 In the radiant light of peace;

When a grateful nation bade him
 Lay the plume and helm aside,
 Then the scarred and stricken hero
 Of the many battles died!
 He is sleeping with the greatest
 And the bravest of the dead,
 With his country's blessing o'er him
 And her laurels on his head!

A SONG FOR THE FARMER.

A SONG I sing, an humble song
 For the farmer's honest calling;
 Whose sinews strong toil all day long
 In plowing, threshing, mauling—
 Whose manly step and upright form
 We recognize on meeting—
 Whose hardened hand we haste to grasp
 In friendship's cordial greeting.

No tinsel trapping decks the hand
 So honestly extended;
 Nor yet by kid or silken glove
 Is it from winds defended.
 Bronzed, and hard, and rough with toil,
 The breezes pass unheeded,
 Or warded off by housewife's thrift
 With mittens warm when needed.

No broadcloth fine from foreign land
 Was for his coat imported;
 No silk or satin for his vest
 By skillful hands assorted.
 That coat and vest in cruder form
 His own sheep wore while grazing,
 And even his shirt so white was wrought
 From flax of his own raising.

Dependent upon God alone,
 His bread, or corn, or wheaten,
 Is garnered from his fertile field,
 And thankfully is eaten;
 The family gathered 'round his board
 With reverence look to Heaven,
 And bless the God by whom alone
 Their competence is given.

Ho! 'tis the Spring—the sunny Spring!
 The grass is faintly peeping
 Above the earth where it so long
 In icy bonds was sleeping;
 The birds are singing in the brake,
 The cattle loud are lowing,
 The peacock struts with prouder step,
 And chanticleer is crowing.

Off to his field the farmer hies
 To plow the lengthened furrow—
 To rouse the ground-mole from his sleep,
 The rabbit from his burrow—
 To turn once more the mellow mould,
 Or rend the sod long growing,
 Or with the harrow harsh prepare
 His field for time of sowing.

Anon there come the fervid days,
 When—like a clear lake laving
 Its emerald shore with billowy spray—
 The golden fields are waving.
 Then does the farmer with the dawn
 Arouse the laggard sleepers,
 And hieing merrily away
 He leads the band of reapers.

Lo! Autumn comes! the misty days,
 So balmy, so delicious—

No sun “intolerably shines,”
 No wint'ry winds capricious—
 The golden apple ripely hangs
 On orchard bough well laden,
 And for the purple, clustering grape
 Go forth the swain and maiden.

And while they seek the luscious fruit,
 They plan the future party—
 The ever-merry husking night,
 Of pleasure free and hearty;
 Or for the idle who prefer
 A sport less mixed with toiling,
 They choose some bright October night
 For apple-butter boiling.

The mind must have its pleasures too,
 And by the log fire burning,
 Are old and young with useful books,
 The storied pages turning—
 Beguiled are those from ills of age—
 While these are well preparing
 For future life—its joys and ills,
 Its woes or honors bearing.

Thus is the farmer's house the home
 Of innocent enjoyment—
 Thus pass his moments when relieved
 From out-of-door employment:
 Oh ever thus may be his lot
 Of labor mixed with pleasure
 Until his threescore years and ten
 Fill to the brim life's measure.

THE PRINTER.

We knew a little printer once,
 Who was a clever fellow
 Until he got to be quite hard,
 By dint of getting mellow.

He well could “justify his lines,”
 And this induced his thinking

That he could justify his ways,
When he had ta'en to drinking.

He always did his work by "rule,"
But drank rum without measure,
The only variance he could see
Between his work and leisure.

"Coins" had he always "in the bank,"
But seldom in his pocket;
So when he journeyed for his health,
He always had to walk it.

He ever had a stick in hand
So far as we are knowing,
As well when he was at a "stand,"
As when a journey going.

He wicked grew extremely fast,
Yet with religious bias,
Whene'er he "knocked a handful down,"
He straitway became *pious*.

He "set in boxes" when at work,
But when, to see Othello,
He went to play, down in the pit
Did sit this honest fellow.

He was a Christian in belief,
Excelled perhaps by no man,
His printed faith was Protestant,
His printed works were "Roman."

In politics his words and acts
Composed a curious tissue;
He preached hard money, yet he toiled
To make the "paper issue."

His nose was "Roman," and his teeth
Were "pearl," such was their whiteness;
His eyes, ah! they were "nonpareil,"
Unrivalled in their brightness.

One day he "wet his form," alas!
Too much, and it was "shattered;"
He fell down stairs, and sad to say
His "bold-face" it was "battered."

His "form" was laid upon the "bed,"
Nor "monk" nor "friar" with blessing,
Was where the printer dying lay
His latest "white-sheets" "pressing."

He "marked his errors," and he prayed
For grace by Heaven directed,
Repentance came, and we believe,
His "matter was corrected."

LITTLE WILLIE.

THOU art cradled in a slumber which no
lullaby can know;
They have laid thee, darling Willie, down
to sleep beneath the snow.

Sunny eyes forever darkened, prattling
tongue forever still,

Vacant place in home's sad circle which
the world can never fill.

Of the love which from the present lifts a
weary weight of woe—

Of the hope which makes the future with
divinest radiance glow—

Of purest joy—of life itself—'twere sad,
indeed, to say

How much of all, lost Willie! has passed
with thee away.

Ah! did we say, lost Willie!—not lost, but
gone before;

The winged throng of cherubim—the ran-
somed, who adore—

The deathless ones—the sanctified, beyond
the river cold,

Have welcomed with a love divine, the
lambkin from our fold.

We miss thee, but we mourn thee not:
beatitude is thine!

Fruition of the Christian Hope, the Chris-
tian Faith divine;

For hath not the Redeemer said, that 'tis
of such as thee

The Kingdom of the Blessed through
eternity shall be!

MARY A. FOSTER.

MARY A. FOSTER—"Mary Neville"—was born on the seventeenth of November, 1823, in a quiet English town near the famous University of Oxford. Her ancestors on both sides were of high respectability, and those of her paternal grandfather had lived and died, for many generations, in the neighborhood. There too the Nevilles, also progenitors, had resided many years. "Mary Neville's" father was a man of some note in the community, and was much respected; her deceased mother, Elizabeth Bright, a woman of remarkable beauty, grace and intelligence. In 1840, having had reverses of fortune, they removed to London, changing their rural life for the busy hum of the great city. Several sons had attained to manhood, and the parents were, with great difficulty, persuaded by them to emigrate to the United States. They went first to Michigan with the intention of buying land, but abandoning that idea resided for two years in Detroit. The family then removed to Cincinnati, and finally to Columbus, Ohio.

"Mary Neville's" prose compositions are quite equal to her poems. In the style and sentiment which make the charm of epistolary writing, she excels. She assumed the ancestral name of "Neville" in commemoration of the fallen greatness of that ancient family once so renowned in English history.

Miss Foster has been, for six or seven years, a frequent contributor to the *Cincinnati Gazette*, the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and the *Ohio Statesman*.

HYMN TO THE STARS.

YE countless orbs that shine upon us nightly,

Serene and silent teachers from afar,
Fain would I read your lesson well and rightly,
No sentence mar!

Ages on ages, in unvarying splendor,
Have ye not preached, all eloquent and still,

The sermon, that our hearts unaptly render,
Yield to His will?

Ye shone as calmly, in the by-gone ages,
On the Chaldean, with his eager eye,
Who sought to read your mystic, holy pages,
And read awry.

Ah me! fore-guessing not your mightier glory,
He sought man's destiny in your bright gleams,
And turned to nothing but an earthly story,
Your warning beams.

Do we more truly learn your wondrous message,
Ye host of witnesses, with voiceless cry?

Do we essay, or comprehend its presage,
Or even try?

Ye mighty forces that through space im-
pelling,
From the first hour your equal course
was set,
Have kept upon your way, in silence tell-
ing
"He holds us yet!"

What are your records, so serenely closed,
As down on us ye smile, tranquil and
fair,

Ye worlds that seem to loveliness reposed,
All soft and rare!

We cannot open; but your priceless dower
To us, ye givers bountiful and high!
Is it not surety of the love and power
Of Him anigh?

Ye speechless messengers! your task
august,
Alike to worlds and ages hath been
done,
Ye orators sublime of peace and trust
In the all-guiding One!

Not audibly ye speak, consolers holy,
But in unuttered tones, perpetual, say,
"Fear not! He leads you o'er the rough
heights slowly
Upward, away!"

Sages, what wisdom do ye not inculcate?
Patient and tireless, with your unsolved
drift!

Again the theme of grandeur teach, pro-
mulgate,
Till the vail lift!

Poets and singers, who attune your num-
bers
To the vast universe in lofty swell,

Breathe on our ears awhile your strain of
wonders,
Your secrets tell.

Oh! stars, incite us with your greatness,
soundless,
Till we eschew all thoughts and actions
low,
Aspiring to ye and your Maker boundless,
Even below.

SUMMER.

OVER the lake and down the rippling river,
The chasing sun-beams softly dance and
play,
And strike the waters with a shining
quiver,
Sent from the radiant bow of golden day.

Lightly the breezes with the leaves are
playing,
All perfumed with the rare and odorous
smell
Of the rich fruits, that on the branches
swaying,
Woo the soft air with many a fragrant
spell.

And bending softly 'neath the enamored
gaze
Of the warm sun, with blushes bright
and rare,
The flowers droop gently in a sweet amaze,
As some fond maid that drops her eye-
lids fair.

But joyously look up the teeming fields
And greet the bridegroom sun with hap-
py glance,
And laughing, to his ardent kisses yield
Till the ripe crops begin to wave and
dance.

Green are the woods and green the graceful
 grasses,
 Yet shrinking at the midday's burning
 face,
 But when the night dew o'er the dry earth
 passes,
 Reviving with a new and sparkling grace.

The many-tinted butterfly betimes
 Bestirs himself, upon bright easy wing,
 And wantons gaily with the flowers and
 vines
 Sucking their sweetness with an amor-
 ous cling.

And here and there, about the forest flit-
 ting,
 Their colors glancing in the falling rays,
 Or on the lightsome boughs, in love pairs
 sitting,
 The brilliant birds rejoice in summer
 days.

But who are they upon the hill-side steal-
 ing,
 With steps so slow, and pauses oft and
 long,
 Resting anon, while through the trees re-
 vealing
 The sun just lights their bended heads
 upon ?

And rests upon the maiden's waving hair,
 And shines upon her white and tiny
 hand
 As up she raises it, with pretext fair,
 To ask or answer to some fond demand.

Summer upon the earth and with the
 maiden,
 For she beloved was and she dearly
 loved,
 And with its wealth of joy all richly laden,
 Her heart gave out the blossom and the
 bud.

Summer upon the hills and through the
 valleys !

Summer upon the mountains and the
 streams !

See how the glad bird on the pine-top ral-
 lies,

And never of the chilly winter dreams.

He sings of love in gayest, gladdest mea-
 sure,

While mute, the lovers listen in delight,
 Then whisper in a rapt and silent pleasure,
 "Summer is here—no winter and no
 night!"

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF TRUTH.

Be true, be strong, the battle rings around,
 The forms of fallen warriors strew the
 ground ;

Martyrs and victors, slain, but not to die,
 They give to us the noble rallying cry,
 Be true to death and more.

No fiery charger shakes the quivering sod,
 The marshaled forces are the soul and
 God ;

Nature and right 'gainst error fierce at bay,
 The powers immortal yield not but delay—
 Eternal Truth can wait.

No bannered host does mighty Truth dis-
 play,

No armies drawn in serried strong array ;
 But solitary warriors with her shield
 And shining sword, made ready for the
 field ;

These, and no more.

Thus to the field against the phalanx
 strong,

Error's great army drawn in columns long,

Countless, unnumbered, bristling to the
front
With motley armor and with clanging
trump,
Victory is theirs to-day.

But whose to-morrow, when with sword in
rest,
The silent soldiers pass the solemn quest?
The inquest of the future, when the hours
Clear and impartial, call the warring pow-
ers
To judgment and to sentence.

And who is worthy of the tested shield,
The proven sword, the arms that cannot
yield?
They, and they only, who forswearing all,
Present and future at the battle call,
Seek God alone and right.

For none but such could dare so dread a
strife,
Where victory waits not upon hope or life;
But dimly gleams remotely and afar,
When with the dead its fated champions
are.
But so to die, is life.

'Twas here the sons of science strove and
fell,
How nobly let ourselves and children tell;
Facing the world's stern ignorance they
fought,
Contending aidless, inch by inch, and
bought
Our light with worse than death.

'Twas here the patriots, earnest of their
time,
Invoked the children of their race and
clime
So oft in vain to freedom; here they led
Where few would follow, for no victor's
tread
Awakes the silent field.

'Twas here the sages, prophets of our race,
Piercing the shadowy future sought to
trace
The heights and depths of knowing, and
thus kept
Watch on the outposts while the nations
slept
Untroubled sleep, but dark.

Noble and worthy then to perish here,
Though seeming vanquished in the combat
sere;
The holocaust to duty bravely done,
The conflict waged till death, though still
unwon,
And ages keep the rest.

SONG.

THOUGH the warm sunlight of thy brow
By sorrow's blight is shaded;
Not from my heart, all faithful now,
The light of love hath faded;
No, dearer far thou art to me,
With tears alone for dower,
Than when in beauty's matchless glee
Thou shon'st, a starry power.

When triumph, in a brilliant shower
Around thee dazzling fell,
I would not ask so bright a flower
In my poor heart to dwell.
But now when grief hath dimm'd thy charms
And summer friends have fled,
Come—rest within these loving arms
Thy weary, drooping head.

And I will be to thee a sun
To dry away thy tears,
And chase from thee, my cherished one,
All sad and gloomy fears;
And I will wear thee in my heart,
As some rare, priceless gem,
And round thee love and bliss shall dart
Their radiant light again.

ISAAC H. JULIAN.

ISAAC H. JULIAN, a descendant of one of the pioneers of Indiana—who emigrated from North Carolina in the year 1807—was born in Wayne county, in that State, June nineteenth, 1823. His father died when he was an infant. Isaac enjoyed such common school advantages as were available to a boy who worked on a farm. When he was twenty-five years of age he turned his attention from agriculture to the study of law. Since that time he has written much in prose and verse, for the newspapers of Indiana, and was a regular contributor to the *National Era* and to *The Genius of the West*. In October, 1851, he published, at Richmond, an interesting pamphlet on "The History of the Whitewater Valley." Mr. Julian is now editor of *The True Republican*, Centerville, Indiana.

BOONE IN THE WILDERNESS.*

BRIGHT waved thy woods, Kentucky,
In the Summer's sunset glow ;
Enamored evening smiled upon
The scene outspread below ;
Nature's Eden, wild, magnificent,
Fresh from her hand was there ;
Even angels might admiring gaze
Upon a scene so fair.

Like a mighty temple, dark and old,
Waved the dim wilderness ;
God's ancient music spoke his praise
Amid the spreading trees.

* In one of Boone's visits to Kentucky, of all the emigrating party, only he and his brother reached their destination. Soon after, it was found necessary for the latter to return to the settlements for supplies, and Daniel Boone was left alone in the wilderness, seven hundred miles from the nearest white settlement, and spent almost three months in this solitary mode of life, amusing himself by hunting and exploring expeditions. He is supposed to have been the only white man at that time west of the Alleghanies.—Vide *Timothy Flint's Life of Boone*, p. 62, et seq.

By the dark and lonely rivers,
Flowing on in light and shade,
The red man and his shaggy train,
In sole dominion strayed.

From the forest's deep recesses,
Whence curls that wreath of smoke?
By what startling crack of rifle
Are their slumbering echoes woke?
For twice two score of nights and days,
The observant savage race
Have marked, with wonder and with fear,
The dreadful stranger's trace.

He has reared his lodge among them,
He has hunted far and wide—
Alone in the vast wilderness,
To range it is his pride !
Now at nightfall by his cabin door
He marks the stars appear—
His heart is filled with home-bred joy—
He smiles at thought of fear !

Woe to your fair dominion,
Woe to your day of fame,

Ye dusky dwellers of the woods !
 Your glory's but a name ;
 Awaken from your slumbers,
 Awake or perish all—
 The foe is on your hunting-grounds,
 The herald of your fall !

In vain—the tide of life flows in
 On the daring hunter's track,
 And not the Indian's high emprise
 Can turn the current back.
 Fierce battled he with force and fraud,
 Like a savage beast at bay—
 But his star of empire went down
 In many a bloody fray.

Bright wave thy fields, Kentucky,
 In graceful culture now ;
 The red man, like thy mighty woods,
 Has seen his glory bow.
 And by the dark Missouri,
 The lone hunter passed to rest—
 Till him thy "late remorse" called home
 To slumber on thy breast.*

THE TRUE PACIFIC LINE.

'Mid the evening twilight gathering,
 O'er my native Western plain,
 I mark the fierce careering
 Of the far-sounding railway train ;
 Shrieking and thundering and clanging,
 It startles the rural scene,
 Like the storm-god's sudden appearing
 On the summer eve serene.

As I sit and gaze, and listen
 To the yet unwonted sound,
 Busy Fancy backward wanders
 To the Past's enchanted ground ;

* It will be generally recollected, that a few years since the remains of Daniel Boone and his wife were removed from Missouri to Kentucky, and recommitted to the earth with distinguished funeral honors.

When, where yon smoke-steed courses,
 And tugs at his fiery rein,
 The dim aisles of the forest
 Knew ne'er a ruder strain,
 Than the wild bird's merry carol,
 Or the wild deer's stealthy tread ;
 While leaped the sportive squirrel
 'Neath the green arch overhead.
 Sunk 'neath the ax of the woodman,
 That forest no longer waves ;
 Though a pioneer here and there lingers
 Yet, 'mid his fellows' graves.

And I think how this chain of iron
 Ere long all our country shall bind,
 And waft its life and its commerce
 More swift than the lagging wind ;
 Aye, away to the far-distant sunset
 'Twill point the unerring line,
 Over mountain and valley,
 To the vast Pacific's brine.

How the fire-steed will hasten,
 Ever away—away—
 Over the boundless prairies,
 Where the elk and bison stray—
 Over the wandering rivers—
 Through proud States yet to be—
 And through the mountain passes,
 Prone to the Western Sea.

And while yet the startled echoes
 Are sounding their terror back,
 How the wide world's wealth and empire
 Shall hasten on the track ;
 O, the panoramic ages
 Shall pale their storied power ;
 And if Mammon is to rule the earth,
 Now comes his crowning hour !

But I seem to hear a murmur,
 On the breath of evening cast,
 From the bright, yet shadowy Future,
 From the melancholy Past ;
 A "still, small voice"—I hear it
 Like gentle music fall—

"One soul outweighs the spoil of worlds,
To the Ruler over all."

Then while ye pile Wealth's trophies
On plain and hill and glen,
Heed well that greater treasure—
A race of high-souled men;
Clear heads and hearts of purity,
The glory of a State,
The beauty of the passing hour,
Assuring prosperous fate.

Then lay the track of Progress
Through the broad realms of Mind!
Speed on the cars of Light and Truth,
To gladden human kind!
Through the howling wastes of Ignorance,
Through Pride's deceitful show,
With the banner of Salvation,
• Bid the swift-winged blessing go!

Thus shall Heaven's healing dews descend
On the Nation's fevered heart,
And sanctify the vital tides
That nourish every part;
And, as advancing empire
Looks to the Western Sea,
The Pacific of our Future
Shall spread infinitely!

TO THE GENIUS OF THE WEST.

O GENIUS of "my own, my native land!"
Majestic, glorious presence of my dreams,
I own the impulse of thy guiding hand,
I hail the light upon thy brow that
gleams,
Dear and familiar as the sun's bright
beams!

For thou didst smile upon my life's first
dawn,

A child, lone-wandering by thy quiet
streams,
Far from the vain and noisy crowd with-
drawn,
Thy partial glance didst mark and seal me
as thine own.

Thou bad'st me tune with joy my rustic
reed,

While smiling Love and Fancy led the
strain;
And first my willing voice, as thou decreed,
Essayed to sing the glories of thy reign.
Since, wandering wide out o'er thy broad
domain,
Thy presence still has cheered me in the
way,

And 'mid those vaster scenes, didst thou
again
Inspire a higher and a sadder lay
Than that of sportive Love, to crown my
manhood's day—

A lay of Truth, inscribed unto my kind,
Their joys and griefs, their liberties and
wrongs;

The spirit that would every chain unbind,
By thee invoked, inspired my later
songs

With stern rebuke of lying pens and
tongues.

O still be with me, Genius of the West!
And grant the boon for which my spirit
longs—

To weave the verse which thou shalt deem
the best,
Ere 'neath my natal soil, I peaceful pass
to rest!

WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL was born in the city of Hudson, New York, on the fourth day of June, 1823, and was educated at the University of the city of New York. He was first announced as a poet on the anniversary of Washington's birth-day, in the year 1843, when he delivered a poem entitled "Knowledge is Power" before the Junior Lyceum of Chicago, Illinois. He was then regularly occupied as a Civil Engineer, but for pastime contributed editorials to the *Gem of the Prairie*, a sprightly literary weekly paper. He was afterward editor of the *Democratic Advocate*, and for a brief period was one of the editors and publishers of the *Dollar Newspaper* at Chicago.

Mr. Bushnell has written graphic sketches of Indian life under the pseudonym of FRANK WEBBER, and is the author of a novel entitled "Prairie Fire." He continues to labor as a Civil Engineer, though he is a regular contributor to several Illinois journals, and is one of the editors of the *Chicago Leader*.

FLOATING DOWN THE TIDE.

SWIFT adown the silent river,
Down the ebbing tide of Time,
From where first the sunrays quiver
O'er a new heart's waking chime—
O'er a pulse from chaos beating,
With its mystic flow of pride,
We are drifting—ever drifting,
And are floating down the tide.

On the unknown shore of birth-land
Like a tiny pebble rolled,
Wreathed with flowers of love and beauty,
Laden deep with hopes untold;
Rests life's bark a moment only
Ere the zephyr seeks its side,
And it drifts a waif—drifts slowly,
And is floating down the tide.

From the flowers of glorious promise
That have ever fringed the shore,
Where the clay of life is quickened,
Turns the bark forevermore!

Riding gently o'er the wavelets—
Like a feather seems to glide,
Till the fresh'ning winds caress it,
And it hastens down the tide.

Then each sail youth spreads with gladness,
Thinking naught of storm or wreck,
And bright love and beauty only
Are the watch upon the deck;
As the prow the rising billows
Dashes foam be-gemm'd aside,
And the storm, unnoticed gathers
As it floats adown the tide.

Now the wary eye of manhood,
All in vain, may trim the sail,
And hope's anchor alone remaineth,
As a succor from the gale—
Wilder still the fleecy billows
That the shattered bark must ride,
As it dashes—madly dashes,
And floats helpless down the tide.

Then old age, with trembling fingers,
 No more strives to check its way,
 But low kneeling, seeks to fathom
 The wild, drifting, blinding spray;
 Seeks to gaze through gloom on Heaven,
 On the east-born star to guide
 His lone bark, that mastless, helmless,
 Sinking, floats adown the tide.

Nears the bark, death's fatal maelström—
 Through each open seam the wave
 Boils resistless, rushes, bubbles,
 Till it sinks in ocean grave:
 Vain is manhood, youth or beauty,
 Vain is wealth, or love, or pride—
 Life's frail bark is ever floating,
 Floating swiftly down the tide!

A SONG FOR THE PRESS.

A SONG for the Press! the Printing
 Press!

That has ruled the world alone,
 Since the finger of God first graved His
 laws

On the tablet of senseless stone;
 Since a spark of his wisdom downward
 sent

Woke the slumbering thought to birth,
 And the Press, as a meteor, flashed thro'
 the gloom,—

The darkness that lower'd o'er earth.

A song for the Press!—more potent far
 Than the fiat of crowned king—
 Than the cohorts of war—than the steel-
 clad men

That the mightiest can bring.
 Kingdoms, and tower, and palace wall,
 That have braved a century's might,
 Crumble in ruin, and totter and fall,
 When the Press wakes the giant Right.

A song for the Press—the lever long
 sought

The world to sway, in times olden—
 To check the power of Oppression's hand—
 Break the rule of the scepter golden;
 Pierce the gloom of the dungeon—the
 captive free,

Rive oak door and iron rod,
 And send broadcast o'er a sin-bound world
 The words of a living God!

A song for the Press—the Angel that
 lines,

In light on its record page,
 Each glorious thought, and each noble
 deed—

Each act of the passing age:
 The historian's pen, and the poet's wand—
 Each triumph—each God-born rhyme—
 Is recorded there, and forever lives,
 Defying the touch of Time!

A song for the Press! Like the armed
 men

That rushed o'er Rome's ivy'd wall,
 When Liberty swayed and trampled in
 dust

Cæsar's pride and judgment hall;
 So its silent step wakes the down-trod
 one,

'Mid his thralldom, his fear and gloom,
 And thunders in wrath round the crowned
 king,

Foretelling of death and of doom!

A song for the Press—the east-born star!
 Of religion—of liberty—power—
 Untrameled by wealth, by passion un-
 swayed,

'Tis the index—the scribe of each hour;
 And still shall remain—still the slender
 type

Shall “click,” and all nations bless;
 And the last star from earth that ever
 fades out

Be the God-model'd Printing Press!

WILLIAM DENTON.

WILLIAM DENTON, though a native of England, and an emigrant to America after he had attained manhood, may properly be classed among the writers of the West, because his literary life was developed in Ohio. He was born at Darlington, Durham county, England, in the year 1823. He went to an English Penny School for several years, and when nineteen years old attended a Normal School at London for six months. Since his residence in the West he has been a common school teacher and Lecturer. In 1856 he published a small volume of Poems* at Dayton, Ohio, a second edition of which was issued at Cleveland in 1860. He invokes the Muses chiefly for the purpose of giving the charm of rhythm to radical thoughts on "vexed questions;" rarely for the description of natural objects, or for the expression of passion or impulse.

THOUGHTS.

<p>THOUGHTS, gentle thoughts, are springing like the flowers in smiling May; Bright earth-stars, fair and golden, with a blessing in each ray; They gladden childhood in its dance along life's verdant lanes, And soothe the years of manhood, in its time of toils and pains; No desert soul so barren, but they beautify the spot; And where they fail to germinate, there God himself is not.</p> <p>Thoughts, holy thoughts, like stars arise, when night enwraps the soul; Or beacon lights above the sea, when waves of sorrow roll; They close the door on vanity, they shut out lust and pride, Like fairest angels, wandering forever at our side;</p>	<p>To ev'ry soul of earth, they give a seraph's burning wings, And far above the gates of morn, she soars aloft and sings.</p> <p>Thoughts, dreadful thoughts, at midnight come, the soul a drifting wreck; Their hurried footsteps pacing up and down the sounding deck; When dark misdeeds within the hold, weigh down the ship like lead— The creaking timbers groaning like the ghosts of troubled dead, While gaping waves around it for posses- sion seem to fight; From thoughts like these, God save us, in the lonely hour of night!</p> <p>Thoughts come like Spanish galleons, with treasures o'er the sea, With richest jewels freighted; priceless presents for the free: Each soul is on the tip-toe, when their gallants touch the sky,</p>
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* Poems for Reformers. By William Denton. Second edition, printed for the author, at the "Vanguard" office, Cleveland, Ohio, 1859. 12mo, pp. 118.

And hearts with high hopes laden, greet
those vessels drawing nigh:
Each noble ship be favored, then, its des-
tined port to win,
And Heaven's breath safe waft it, with its
precious cargo in.

Thoughts come like blazing comets, 'thwart
the gloomy ev'ning sky,
And wonder-stricken millions look with
terror up on high;
They dread lest ev'ry fabric, on this God-
made earth, should fall;
Lest comet so portentous should destroy
and ruin all,
But thoughts, too, have their orbit, all ec-
centric though they look;
No waver in their burning track, unwritten
in the book.

Thoughts come like avalanches, from the
lofty mountain brow;
The cedars, firm and mighty, with their
sturdy branches bow;
The rocky, moss-grown castles fall, no tur-
rets left unthrown,
While loud above the thundering, comes
Superstition's groan.
All hoary-headed wrongs are swept, like
feathers on the blast,
Into oblivion's deepest gulf, where sleeps
"the worn-out past."

Thoughts come like shocks electric, from
the battery of Truth,
To strengthen manhood's nerves of steel,
and fire the pulse of youth;
They wake to action virtues that have long
been left to sleep;
And stir the soul's calm fountain, to its
silent, slumb'ring deep;
They blast each growing error, with their
deadly lightning stroke,
And leave its stricken carcass, like a rifted
mountain oak.

Thoughts yoke themselves like fiery steeds,
and drag the world along;
Woe to the stumbling-blocks that would its
onward march prolong!
Vain tyrants, despots, slaveocrats, its
course ye cannot stay!
Resistless as the Universe, it moves upon
its way.
Dash on, brave Thoughts, in storm or
shine, in day, or darkest night!
The goal we're destined yet to reach, is
Love, and Truth, and Right.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

EVER there floats before the real,
The bright and beautiful ideal;
And as to guide the sculptor's hand,
The living forms of beauty stand,
Till from the rough-hewn marble starts
A thing of grace in all its parts—
So, ever stands before the soul,
A model, beautiful and whole—
The perfect man that each should be,
Erect in true integrity.
Keep this, O soul, before thy sight,
And form the inward man aright!

BLIND WORKERS.

As the polyp, slowly toiling,
Builds the wondrous coral hills,
Never dreaming of the office
It so dexterously fulfills;
So the merchants and the doctors,
Cabmen, barmen, grub-worms low,
Lawyers, parsons, politicians
Toil and moil, but never know
They are building like the polyp,
'Neath the dark tumultuous wave,
Mansions for a coming people,
Noble-hearted, true and brave.

CAROLINE A. CHAMBERLIN.

IN the year 1853, Ward and Taylor, booksellers and publishers, Cincinnati, printed a volume of poems by Mrs. C. A. Chamberlin, which was reviewed with favor by journalists of acknowledged ability. Mrs. Chamberlin had been for several years a popular contributor to the Cincinnati newspapers. When her volume was published, she resided with her husband at Oxford, Ohio. About the year 1858 they emigrated to California.

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

PALE toiler, with the brow of care,
And thoughtful, anxious eye
Scarce raised to note yon flow'rets fair,
Or radiance of the sky :

Toilest thou for gems, whose quenchless
ray

Lights thy bless'd spirit's shrine?
Then, what thou call'st thine own to-day,
To-morrow still calls thine.

Toil as becomes thy heavenly birth,
While waves of time shall roll ;
For there's no poverty on earth,
Like that within the soul.

Turn from the scenes of care and strife
Which ever round thee rise,
And hold in thy sweet inward life,
Communion with the skies.

For when thou yearn'st for wings, to be
With spirits pure in heaven,
Pure spirits will come down to thee,
And heaven on earth be given.

For oft they come with pitying eyes,
And gentle, noiseless tread,
The links between us and the skies—
Our loved and holy dead.

We think of them in evening hours,
And in the morn's first light ;
We link their memories with the flowers,
And all things pure and bright.

We weep, as through the still night air
We gaze on some loved star ;
Weep, though we deem them seraphs there,
In those pure homes afar.

We call them from the realms of death,
With love which cannot die,
And list to hear a word or breath—
But there is no reply !

For there are sounds which fall alone
Upon the spirit's ear :
We must be like the loved we mourn,
If we those sounds would hear.

THE SONS OF ART.

THE spirit's wreaths alone have twined
The present with the past ;
And the influence of one mighty mind
In every soul is cast ;
And though their forms from earth have
fled,
The glorious Sons of Art,—

We cannot rank those with the dead,
Who of our lives are part.

Let the stern cannon boom his fame,
Who, red with carnage, dies;
But let love's holiest, heavenly flame,
In deathless souls arise,
For those who, with seraphic might,
By the pale night-lamp's rays,
Have fought the holy spirit-fight,
Unheeding gold or bays.

He is not in thy halls, O Death!
Amidst forgotten things,
Who took the water's fiery breath,
And wove it into wings:
Through poverty and fearful strife
He won a victory brave;
And praise, that should have crowned his
life,
Wreathes garlands o'er his grave.

Amidst the busy city's mass,
Where life beats full and strong,
We feel his influence as we pass
Among the motley throng;
On sterile height—in bloom-clad dell,
Where earth a home can give,—
And where the blue waves proudly swell,
His name for aye must live!

Wait not his death, thou wreath, thou
lyre! —
His life thy gifts shed o'er,
Who placed the lightning on the wire,
And bid space be no more!
Who gave thought pinions, as the wind
Wafts flower-seeds o'er earth's face,
And closer knit the bands that bind
In brotherhood the race.

The only good, the only true,
Blessed, ever blessed, they'll be,
Who've still some solemn work to do
For wronged humanity!

Nor shall the poet ask a theme
For deep and burning song,
While, mingling with his loveliest dream,
Uprise that holy throng.

— — —
A PICTURE.

SHE stole upon one unaware,—
As sunbeams through the cloud-rifts
play,—
And ere they'd asked if she was fair,
She'd kissed the critic-spell away;
With step as falling blossoms mute,
And smile caught from celestial sphere—
And plaintive voice, like dove or lute,
She waked the thought, "What doth she
here?"
Too swiftly o'er her cheek's pure snow,
For health's warm flush, the rose tinge
flew;—
Too lightly dawned—too soon to go—
And left that cheek too pale of hue.
A sorrow, beauteously borne,
As earth bears twilight on her face—
As holy vesture meekly worn,
Spoke from lip, eye, and form of grace,
Whose every movement seemed to be
Attuned to touching melody.
One asks not why the flower love wakes,
Blessed in the spell it doth impart—
The sweet bird-minstrel captive takes
The soul—unquestioned of its art;—
The star-beams oft the heart have swayed,
All coldly dead to sterner power;—
And heaven in her the charms displayed,
The blended force of bird, star, flower;
So to the spirit's depths she stole
With gentle, yet with queenly grace,
And throned herself within the soul,
As if alone her rightful place;
Yet bound she not that soul to earth,
Nor filled it with an earthling's love;—
To love her, it must feel its worth,—
To love her it must soar above.

A spirit, from her changeful eye
 Looked forth, all saintly, mild and meek,
 Yet proudly, gloriously high,
 Looked forth—as with pure souls to speak.
 That look the lofty trust betrayed,
 Which most to virtuous deed doth stir—
 One might meet scorn, in guilt arrayed,
 Yet could not make her judgment err!
 Who light of woman's worth could think,
 Who for himself scarce breathed a prayer—
 From that high glance, abashed, would
 shrink,
 To read his thought's deep falsehood there.
 Her life was what the many teach
 Alone—in lofty sounding lays,—
 It chimed with seraph song or speech—
 Itself a melody of praise.
 One felt, she on their path to heaven,
 A purely tranquil light had thrown;
 And to their spirit's harp had given
 One more—perchance its sweetest tone

THE SOUL'S VISITANTS.

WHAT are those strange, mysterious things,
 Those fleeting ones and bright;
 That waken thus with unseen wings,
 The spirit's glimmering light?

They come when earth seems dark with
 woe,
 They lift the vail of strife;
 They come, these lovely ones, to show
 The life within the life!

They steal the cloud of sorrow,
 That on the spirit lies;
 And hue it with the morrow,
 The morrow of the skies.

They come like beauteous seraphs,
 And brightly glance awhile,
 Adown the soul's deep waters;
 Then vanish like a smile.

These voiceless ones and lovely,
 In song I would them twine;
 That they may speak to other hearts
 What they have breathed to mine.

But in the world of language,
 They have no home, no place;
 A beam of light upon the soul
 They leave—their only trace!

Think'st thou, thou know'st the poet,
 By the light song he sings?
 The loveliest treasures of the soul,
 Must aye be hidden things!

TO A MOSS PLANT.

O LITTLE plant, whose home is made
 Deep in the forest's somber shade,
 Why hast thou o'er my soul more power
 Than holds each beauteous garden flower?

Why shouldst thou be so dear to me,
 That I should leave the rose for thee?—
 The bright carnation's queenly grace,
 To gaze upon thy pale, meek face?

Is it because thou seem'st the care
 Of Him alone who placed thee there?
 While lavish wealth and love unite
 To shield the garden plant from blight!

Aye, this it is, and more—thou art
 The type of many a noble heart,
 That bravely bears its humble fate,
 By human love left desolate!

WILLIAM E. GILMORE.

WILLIAM EDWARD GILMORE was born at Chillicothe, Ohio, November third, 1824. He is the eldest son of William Y. and Mary Tiffin Gilmore. He graduated at Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, in 1846, and in December of that year, while reading law with Oliver Spencer and Richard M. Corwine, was married to Amanda, daughter of Samuel and Martha Betts, of that city. He began the practice of law in Chillicothe, in 1849, and is now a prominent member of the Ross county bar. Mr. Gilmore was a contributor to the *Western Quarterly Review*, published at Cincinnati in 1849, and has since written for *Graham's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, the *National Era*, the *Scioto Gazette*, and the *Genius of the West*. In 1854 and 1855 he was editor and proprietor of the *Ancient Metropolis*, a daily and weekly newspaper at Chillicothe, which has since been discontinued.

DESTRUCTION OF THE PRIESTHOOD OF BAAL.

THE rising sun with level rays of light
With glory crowns Mt. Carmel's rocky
height.

The wreathed mists collected dense below,
In gorgeous hues of gold and purple glow;
While lower yet upon its slopes are seen
Wide-circling groves of cedars, darkly
green;

And 'midst their verdure, gleaming here
and there,

The leaping mountain streams like silver
bands appear.

Hark! on the air, in wild concordance rise
From Carmel's base, a thousand mingled
cries ;

With rolling cymbals, and the harp's shrill
twang,

The whistling pipes, and brazen trumpets'
clang.

Lo! like an army comes a countless throng
With measured tramp, the winding way
along,

And flaunting banners proudly wave above
Exulting Priests of Baal and Prophets of
the Grove.

A single palm-tree, near a basined spring,
Towers o'er the scattered cedars, like a
king.

Hither they come; and soon beneath it
rise

An ivory throne, and tent of Tyrian dyes.
Through opening ranks stalks Ahab to his
seat,

And bursting shouts the son of Omri greet.
He waves his hand, and every voice is still,
And every ear attent to learn the royal
will.

"Ye Priests of mighty Baal—before whose
shrine

Samaria owns her deity, and mine—

This Tishbite scoffer dares our god condemn,
Mock at his power, his worshipers condemn.

An altar build; your votive off'rings pay.
With mystic rites supernal powers obey,
Call from the clouds the lightning's vivid flame,
That Israel may learn to venerate his name!

"Stand forth, thou scoffer!" Forth Elijah stood,

Calm and erect where others lowly bowed.
"Wilt thou persist in troubling Israel yet?"

"Ahab! not I; but thou and thine forget

God, and his law, on awful Sinai given,
And bring on Jacob's seed the curse of heaven!

Repent, O! king; for lo! this day the Lord

Will fearful vengeance take, and be by earth adored.

"Ye Priests of Baal! ye Prophets of the Grove!

Hear now the word which cometh from above:

This day ye perish! Go now, and obey
Thy king's command, thy impious homage pay;

Bow down to yonder senseless block of stone,

Which ye regard as God; when ye have done

The orgies vain, I'll pile an altar here
And call upon His name who hears and answers prayer!"

With anger paled the monarch on his throne:

"Thy choice is final! Let the work speed on,"

He cried, enraged; "and reckless dotard! hear

This further: now by all the gods! I swear

That while the fire consumes the sacred wood,
And hissing licks the bullock's pouring blood,

Thou shalt be thrown to writhe amid the flame;

And thus shall perish all who mock Baal's holy name!"

Elijah heard the horrid threat, and shout
Which rose in fierce approval; but without

A word or changing feature to betray
Fear of untoward issue to the day,
In holy ecstasy he stood; his soul enrapt, felt only the divine control;
All human feelings for the moment gone,
God's awful spirit reigned within his breast alone.

The work is done. The offered bullock's blood

Dripped slowly o'er the perfumed sandal wood,

While frankincense and myrrh and spices rare

Mingled rich odors with the sultry air.

Prophets and Priests in circling ranks around

Prostrate to earth, their foreheads to the ground,

Shouted in unison the idle prayer
Till Carmel trembled to the cry, "Hear, Baal! O, hear!"

Subsiding oft, then swelling forth again,
The cry arose, in repetition vain,

"Hear, Baal! O, hear!" till from the zenith shone

Upon the impious scene, the noonday sun.

Wild with excitement then, and boding
fear,
Each Priest and Prophet, to the girdle
bare,
His bosom gashed with many a ghastly
wound,
And sprinkled human blood o'er all the
space around !

Wide o'er the plain Mt. Carmel's shadow
fell,
Ere on the air the clamor ceased to swell ;
With strength expended and exhausted
breath,
And trembling dread of close impending
death,
They watch Elijah's preparations. Soon
Twelve stones compose an altar, rough, un-
hewn ;
About its base the ground is deeply
trenched,
With water from the spring three times
the whole is drenched.

All things complete, Elijah bowed in
prayer.
Then shook Baal's votaries with gasping
fear ;
But as the minutes silent stole away,
They borrowed courage from the long de-
lay.
With haughty mien, his crown upon his
brow,
From the royal seat uprises Ahab now,
Stalks to the altar, and with gesture
proud,
Speaks in exultant tones thus to the won-
d'ring crowd :

"Why trifle we? and here with childish
thought
Seek from the heavens to have an answer
brought
To teach us who is God? Behold in me
Thy king anointed, and thy deity !

Thus level with the dust each shrine pro-
fane
That is not reared in Ahab's sacred name!"
He turns with rash design, but startled,
hears
Wild shrieks of terror break on his aston-
ished ears.

For lo! amid the cloudless sky, a blaze
Of lightning like a sporting serpent plays,
Writhing its folds in fiery volumes vast,
With open jaws and fury-sparkling crest,
A moment plays; attending thunders crash;
Carmel recoils affrighted from the flash,
Which scatters far and near the idol's pyre,
And wraps Jehovah's altar in consuming
fire !

'Tis morn again ; but now the risen sun
Is hid by clouds and mists, cold, thick, and
dun,
As 'twere to veil from the All-seeing Eye
The flame-scathed forms that dank and
fest'ring lie
On Carmel's slopes. The obscene vultures
prowl,
Silent among the dead; the ravening jack-
als howl,
Eager and savage o'er their loathsome
feasts ;
The Groves are solitudes ; Baal's temples
have no Priests !

O, I WAS HAPPY YESTERNIGHT.

THE hearth was piled with glowing coals,
Diffusing warmth and ruddy light,
Alone, with Annie in my arms,
O! I was happy yesternight !

Her beating heart, I felt its throb
When'er I strained her to my breast ;
And in its raptured trembling read
The love I wooed her for, confessed.

Her tearful eyes, so brightly blue,
 Turned not their melting rays on me ;
 Upon the shadowy ceil she gazed,
 Like one who dreamed in ecstasy.

And not with words we plighted faith ;
 For words the rapturous spell had broke ;
 Yet firmer, truer vows than ours,
 O ! never yet hath lover spoke.

All fears, all sorrows I forgot,
 My soul was ravished with delight ;
 Alone, with Annie in my arms,
 O ! I was happy yesternight !

LINES WRITTEN ON MOUNT LOGAN.*

YE who love only Nature's wildest form :
 The desolate rock, the desolating storm ;
 The toppling, crackling avalanche of snow,
 Threat'ning with ruin all the plain below,
 Where the poor peasant from the chilly
 soil,
 Wrings half a maintenance with double
 toil ;
 The beetling crag, out-jutting from the
 shore,
 Where ocean chafes with everlasting roar,
 Mindless how oft the drowning sailor's wail
 Has mingled there with winter's whistling
 gale ;
 Who, with romantic affectation, call
 The dreary, lifeless deserts beautiful,
 Where bleaching bones of perished pil-
 grims lay
 Pointing the future caravan its way ;

* A prominent hill near Chillicothe, Ohio.

Go, find such scenes where Lybian sands
 are spread,
 Or huge Mont Blanc uprears its glittering
 head,
 Or Scylla frowns, the sailor's constant
 dread.
 But thou, O gentler tourist, who dost feel
 A purer pleasure o'er thy spirit steal,
 When softer landscapes open to thy view
 Their endless novelties of form and hue ;
 Come wander here, with pensive step and
 slow,
 Where sweet Scioto's silver waters flow,
 And smiling Nature owns how kind a God
 Gave man this bright and beautiful abode.

YON BROOK HATH WATERS PEARLY
 BRIGHT.

YON brook hath waters pearly bright ;
 Its bed hath pebbles pure and white ;
 Upon its marge the violet grows ;
 Beside it blooms the carmine rose.

I know a maiden brighter far
 Than e'er its sun-kissed waters are ;
 No white so pure its channel knows,
 As Annie's parted lips disclose.

Her eyes are deeper, sweeter blue
 Than yonder violets bathed in dew ;
 A rose to peer her vermeil cheek,
 In vain 'mong yonder clusters seek.

And softer than its waters' flow,
 Her voice, so musical and low ;
 And ah ! her soul shows more of heaven
 Than in the brook's reflection's given !

BENJAMIN ST. JAMES FRY.

BENJAMIN ST. JAMES FRY has been a resident of Ohio since he was three years of age, but he was born at Knoxville, Tennessee, on the sixteenth day of June, 1824. He received a liberal education at Woodward College, in Cincinnati, and then prepared for the ministry, and became a member of the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is now President of the Worthington College for Young Women.

Mr. Fry began his literary career as a contributor to the *Cincinnati Daily Times*, about the year 1840. In 1844 he was joint editor and publisher, with Austin T. Earle, of the *Western Rambler*, one of the many unsuccessful literary magazines which too hopeful young men have undertaken in the West. He is the author of several prose works, and is a contributor to *The Methodist Quarterly Review*, at New York, and the *Ladies' Repository*, at Cincinnati.

DROOP NOT.

"O CHILD of sorrow, toiling o'er life's way,
Droop not!" I heard a white-robed angel say;
"And God shall give thee yet a triumph-day.
"Tyrants may pierce thee with the keenest steel,
And rack thy body till the brain shall reel,
But God shall guide it for thy lasting weal.
"Who falls for God and man, he never dies,
But, deathless, liveth ever in the skies,
A king among the saint's of paradise.
"And if they hide thee from the sun's bright gleams,
Though prison bars may rend thy fondest dreams,
They cannot shut thee from the Spirit-beams.

"They sleep not listless on a bed of down,
Who win the lasting plaudit of renown,
But wear, with joy, the martyr's thorny crown.
"Thy Master drank a bitter cup for thee,
And canst thou hope the eternal King to see,
If from his bloody cross thy soul would flee?
"List, ye! Thy brother man, with soul sublime,
That lived within the olden Jewish clime,
And prophesied the stately march of time:
"His glowing Spirit pages thus I read:
In the dim morning sow thy precious seed,
Nor let the evening shades retard thy speed.
"And though death's shafts shall lay thy body cold,
The God of hosts, who reigneth as of old,
Shall give thee better harvest than earth's gold.

"O child of sorrow! couldst thou only see
Thy Saviour, as he smileth now on thee,
Thy heart would mount like bird in spring-
tide glee.

"Thou wouldst not heed the storms on life's
dark way,
But fix thy vision on the gleam of day
From the eternal throne—nor think to stay.

"I charge thee, brother, if thy soul hath
caught
The light of heaven, let not a single
thought
Rest on these fancied toys that sin hath
bought;

"But seek thee ever for the throne-girt
spring,
Till angel-bands thy triumph notes shall
sing,
And heaven's high arches with the echoes
ring."

SAY, I LOVE HIM YET.

I PRAY thee, say, I love him yet,
Although long years have passed,
And I am strangely altered now
Since he has seen me last;
The vermeil hue that tinged my cheek
Has faded from it now;
The smile has wandered from my lips,
And clouded is my brow!

Tell him, I love him yet! The words
He whispered in my ear,
So full of pure and godlike love
E'en now in dreams I hear,
Like angel's voice from yonder world,
So musical its tone;
Transported with the sound, I wake,
And find I am alone!

Tell him, a woman's early love
Is changeless as the sky;
The first true feelings of the heart
Are those that last for aye;
And like the star of evening,
Far brighter is its ray,
As darker grows the thickening gloom,
Which shrouds the face of day.

I pray thee, say, I love him yet
As in the moon-lit hour,
When first he knelt him at my feet
Within the vine-clad bower;
Then my every thought was his,
The crimson blush—the sigh;
Too true I feel they are so still,
And will be till I die!

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.*

THERE sleeps beneath this marble tomb,
A little flower, that 'gan to bloom,
But withered ere the even;

For came the giant wizard, Death,
And stole away its fragrant breath,
As bees the sweets of flowers.

It was a gentle little thing,
Like violets that bloom in Spring,
Within some pleasant meadow.

It gently smiled a time or two,
And oped its eye of liquid blue,
But not on earthly sorrow.

We wept not o'er its flowery bier:
Why should we shed a single tear,
That it had flown to heaven?

Its mother lost an evening star:
Its gains, indeed, were greater far—
It 'scaped to-morrow.

* It died the day it was born.

MARY E. FEE SHANNON.

MARY EULALIE FEE was a descendant, on her father's side, from the family to which John Philpot Curran belonged, and, on her mother's side, from the Pilgrim pioneers of Plymouth, Elizabeth Dutton Carver, her mother, belonging to the seventh generation in a direct line from John Carver, who came to America in the Mayflower. Her parents were married at Marietta, Ohio, on the twenty-sixth of October, 1817. She was their third child, and was born at Flemingsburg, Kentucky, on the ninth day of February, 1824. Her father died when she was eleven years old. The family then resided in Clermont county, Ohio. Her mother, a woman of uncommon energy of character, being left in destitute circumstances, was obliged to provide for, and educate her family, until her two sons had attained strength and experience which enabled them to afford her assistance; yet Mary E. was well instructed, not only in the branches of learning ordinary for young ladies, but was given the best opportunities for musical culture which Cincinnati afforded—opportunities which she practically improved. When quite a young girl she wrote verses which highly pleased her friends, and was afterward an acceptable contributor to *The Columbian and Great West*, to the *Cincinnati Daily Times*, Arthur's *Home Magazine*, and other periodicals. She wrote with great ease, and was very reluctant to revise.

Miss Fee was married at New Richmond, Ohio, on the thirty-first day of January, 1854, to John Shannon, then editor of a newspaper at Auburn, California. In the month following she accompanied her husband to his home, promising herself literary, as well as other usefulness, on the shores of the Pacific; but her health, which had never been robust, declined rapidly, and she died on the twenty-sixth day of December, 1855. Among the papers, returned from California to her friends in Cincinnati, was a poem in which a painful foreboding that she would never tread her native land again, was sorrowfully expressed:

There's a storied vale romantic
Beyond the wide Atlantic,
Where the red June rose is blushing
'Neath the melody outgushing
From each embowering grove.
Shall my feet again be roaming,
In the evening's pleasant gloaming,
Where they were wont to rove?
The fitful winds are sighing o'er and o'er,
And my heart-chorus low replying, nevermore.

In August, 1854, Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co., Cincinnati, published her poems in a neat duodecimo of one hundred and ninety-four pages. It was entitled, "Buds, Blossoms, and Leaves."

NEVER STOP TO LOOK BEHIND YOU.

NEVER stop to look behind you,
 Never loiter through the day,
 Never let inaction bind you
 In its woof of brown and gray;
 But up! and onward, ever!
 To the left, nor to the right,
 Let your gaze be turning never;
 But where beams the beacon light
 Of duty, straight before you,
 Keep your feet upon the way;
 For though clouds should gather o'er you,
 They must quickly pass away.

Never stop to mope in sadness,
 To mourn, and sigh, and fret,
 'Tis a sinful kind of madness,
 To believe your star is set
 In a night of hopeless sorrow;
 Oh, arouse, and soon forget,
 In the stirring, bright to-morrow,
 Each unworthy, vain regret;
 Fortune never stoops when, sighing,
 The suppliant breathes her name;
 At her feet are only lying,
 For the brave, her wreaths of fame.

What though the friends you've cherished,
 And the hearts that were your own,
 And the dreams your fancy nourished,
 Like meteor gleams have flown;
 The soul is narrow moulded,
 If, in all this world of ours,
 Brighter gems are not enfolded
 In the hearts of human flowers,
 To give thee at the asking,
 Their freshness and their bloom,—
 If but earnest smiles were basking
 Where now hangs that sullen gloom.

With youth and health distilling,
 In that manly frame of thine,
 The blue veins, softly filling
 With life's sweet, rosy wine,

'Tis naught but rank insanity
 To fold the arms, and sigh
 O'er the faults of frail humanity,
 And moan, and pray to die;
 With slaves and cowards, never
 Let the powers you possess
 Ignobly sink forever,
 In the slough of idleness!

A WISH.

O! WOULD I were a poet!
 I'd teach my harp to breathe
 Like a bright, enchanted thing,
 And from its chords and bosom fling
 The sunny lays I'd weave.

O! would I were a poet—
 Not for the wreath of Fame
 That twines around a poet's brow,
 Nor the homage of the souls that bow
 Unto a deathless name;

But, oh! in sorrow's trying hour,
 'Tis surely sweet, to rove
 Afar on Fancy's iris wing,
 To a world of our imagining,
 All pure, and bright with love.

I'd be a poet—ah, and yet
 One other boon I crave—
 A priceless gem, that is not bought
 With yellow gold, nor is it brought
 From 'neath the crystal wave:

It is a gentle heart, to thrill
 In concord with mine own,
 To hold for me affection pure—
 Abiding love, which shall endure
 When change-fraught years have
 flown.

WILLIAM W. FOSDICK.

WILLIAM WHITEMAN FOSDICK was born in the city of Cincinnati, on the twenty-eighth day of January, 1825. His father, Thomas R. Fosdick, was long known as a merchant and banker of that city, and his mother, Julia Drake, as an actress of much merit. The boy Fosdick was first sent to school to Samuel Johnson of Cincinnati, afterward to the Cincinnati College. He was at this time more remarkable for brightness than application; and, though frequently proving a puzzling case to the pedagogic mind, was known amongst his fellows as a generous and whole-souled youth, who scorned all meanness, and possessed a keen wit.

Mr. Fosdick was graduated at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, and immediately went to Louisville to study law with Garnett Duncan, of that city. He afterward completed his studies with Judge Pryor, of that State. He began the practice of the law in Covington, Kentucky, in partnership with James Southgate. Ere long he took up his residence in Cincinnati, where he practiced law in partnership with George C. Williamson. About this time Mr. Fosdick, still a youth, gained some distinction as a poet by a dramatic effort, entitled "Tecumseh," composed merely as a vehicle to histrionic fame for one of his friends. Yet his first real appearance in the literary world was as the author of "Malmiztic, the Toltec; and the Cavaliers of the Cross," a novel whose fault is over-ornamentation, whose virtue is a historic fidelity and knowledge which cannot be found outside of the old Spanish histories themselves. Mr. Fosdick, in the years 1847-49, traveled in Mexico, and his scenery is, therefore, truthful and brilliant. We trust that the author will one day prune and simplify this interesting romance, and that it may be reproduced. This work was published in the year 1851. Soon afterward Mr. Fosdick went to reside in the city of New York, where he remained, in the practice of the law, for seven years. Here, in the year 1855, he published a collection of poems, entitled "Ariel, and other Poems." The work contains the last works of illustration from the pencil of the celebrated Dallas, and was in every way an elegant production. This work is a strange medley, and is characteristic of the mingled smiles and tears which make the inevitable storm and bow which blend in the poet's life: for life has been made a battle to him chiefly through the fraud of those who should have been most generous to him.

The delicate sprite Ariel is taken up from the point where Shakspeare leaves him, and followed to the prison, more potent than that inflicted by Sycorax, of Llama, Flame. In other words, Ariel loves; Air feeds Fire.

Mr. Fosdick has resided in Cincinnati for the past three years, where he has been ever regarded as the City Laureate. In nearly every festival, whether of pioneers, artists, or literati, he is the poet. He is every where regarded as a man generous to a fault. He is widely known as a lover of the drama, of music, and every kind of art.

He is at present editor of *The Sketch Club*, an illustrated paper, supported by the artists of Cincinnati and their friends.

Mr. Fosdick's poems have so long flown through the West, like winged seed, and taken root in so many hearts, that we need not produce here many specimens. He has written with spirit and beauty, a number of poems which could not have been inspired elsewhere than in his native West—of which "The Maize," "The Catawba," and "The Pawpaw," are specimens. His songs have set the pulses of nature to music, and, as wedded to melody by Vincent Wallace and others, have made many a room grow stiller, and many an eye moisten. The verses "Light and Night," published May, 1860, in *The Dial*, a monthly magazine of Cincinnati, are a fine indication of a deeper mood. The poem "Lute and Love," is a fair specimen of our author's lyric grace.

THE MAIZE.

A SONG for the plant of my own native West,

Where nature and freedom reside,

By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever bless'd,

To the corn! the green corn of her pride!

In the climes of the East has the olive been sung;

And the grape been the theme of their lays,

But for thee shall a harp of the backwoods be strung,

Thou bright, ever-beautiful Maize!

Afar in the forest where rude cabins rise,

And send up their pillars of smoke,

And the tops of their columns are lost in the skies,

O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak—
Near the skirt of the grove, where the sturdy arm swings

The ax till the old giant sways,

And echo repeats every blow as it rings,

Shoots the green and the glorious Maize!

There buds of the buckeye in Spring are the first,

And the willow's gold hair then appears,

And snowy the cups of the dogwood that burst

By the red-bud, with pink tinted tears;
And striped the bowls which the poplar holds up

For the dew and the sun's yellow rays,
And brown is the pawpaw's shade-blossoming cup,

In the wood, near the sun-loving Maize!

When through the dark soil the bright steel of the plow

Turns the mould from its unbroken bed,
The plowman is cheered by the finch on the bough,

And the black-bird doth follow his tread.
And idle, afar on the landscape descried,

The deep-lowling kine slowly graze,
And nibbling the grass on the sunny hill-side

Are the sheep, hedged away from the Maize.

With spring-time, and culture, in martial array

It waves its green broad swords on high,
And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray,

And the sunbeams, which fall from the sky—

It strikes its green blades at the zephyrs at noon,

And at night at the swift-flying fays,
Who ride through the darkness, the beams
of the moon,

Through the spears and the flags of the
Maize!

When Summer is fierce still its banners
are green,

Each warrior's long beard groweth red,
His emerald-bright sword is sharp-pointed
and keen,

And golden his tassel-plumed head;
As a host of armed knights set a monarch
at naught,

They defy the day-god to his gaze;
And, revived every morn from the battle
that's fought,

Fresh stand the green ranks of the
Maize!

But brown comes the Autumn, and sere
grows the corn,

And the woods like a rainbow are
dress'd,
And but for the cock, and the noontide's
clear horn,

Old Time would be tempted to rest;
The humming bee fans off a shower of
gold,

From the mullen's long rod as it sways,
And dry grow the leaves which protecting
enfold

The ears of the well-ripened Maize.

At length Indian Summer, the lovely, doth
come,

With its blue frosty nights, and days still,
When distantly clear sounds the waterfall's
hum,

And the sun smokes ablaze on the hill!
A dim vail hangs over the landscape and
flood,

And the hills are all mellowed in haze,

While Fall creeping on, like a monk 'neath
his hood,

Plucks the thick rustling wealth of the
Maize.

And the heavy wains creak to the barns
large and gray,

Where the treasure securely we hold,
Housed safe from the tempest, dry shel-
tered away,

Our blessing more precious than gold!
And long for this manna that springs from
the sod,

Shall we gratefully give Him the praise,
The source of all bounty, our Father and
God,

Who sent us from heaven the Maize!

THE CATAWBA*

O, WEAK are words to well express
The rich, ambrosial fruitiness,
Catawba! of thy juicy flood,
Thy delicate, delicious blood,
Now vermeil, softer in its dye
Than falls in from a rosy sky,
Through chapel windows, just as dawn
Looks o'er the level of the lawn—
Now topaz lighted, and now 'tis kissed
With tender tints of amethyst,
And changes in the sparkling glass,
Like dew-drops in the sunny grass;
Next, with a tinge of gold endued,
And now translucent, amber-hued—
Change after change so swift succeeds,
It catches roses in its beads!
Ambrosial essence, excellent,
Thou nectar of the Occident!

Long may the green leaf brightly shine
Upon those sunny slopes of vine,

* Dedicated to Nicholas Longworth.

Whose vintage unto labor yields
Returns more rich than harvest fields—
In healthful occupation free,
Rewards well honest industry,
Till vineyard cottages are made
The homes where Plenty smiles in shade.
Long may the lovely valley shine
With miles of waving slopes of vine,
Blushing with its unpressed wine,
Where luscious clusters, amber-clear,
Under the purple leaves appear—
Long may the traveler gladly gaze
On fields of vine and fluttering maize,
And see Ohio's valley smile
More rich with harvests than the Nile,
And find, though Egypt be not blessed,
There's corn and wine far in the West.

THE PAWPAW.

ASIA hath banian and Afric hath palm,
And Europe the sweet-scented haw ;
The isles of the South have their forests of
balm,
Where blazes the brilliant macaw ;
The fern on the ground, and the pine on
the crest
Of the mountain, my sympathies draw ;
But far more I love thee, thou plant of the
West,
My native, my backwood pawpaw !

Where the woodland is darkest, so dark in
its shade,
That the sun on the roof of the trees
Can only peep through where a parting is
made
In the thatch by the hand of the breeze ;
In Kentucky's deep woods, where my heart
has its home,
Where the flashing-eyed hunter and
squaw,

Of old, were wont through the forest to
roam,
There grows the green, polished pawpaw.

Broad, broad are its leaves, and as green
as the sea,
And its blossoms are chocolate bells,
Where booming inside is the hum of the
bee,
Like the roar of the ocean in shells ;
And brown as a wine-skin, transformed to
a purse,
Are the rinds that its riches enfold ;
A heart of bright yellow—black seeds in-
terspersed—
A fruit of ambrosia and gold !

Oh ! white are the caps of the elder in
May,
That gracefully nod o'er the fence,
And many the plumes that the sumachs
display
Of velvety crimson intense ;
And the Indian arrow has scarlet, 'mid
snows,
That shames the red berries of haw ;
But doubly more dear to my bosom than
those,
Are the broad, ribby leaves of pawpaw.

Green plant ! 'mid a forest of giants in
green,
Of cottonwood Titans in black,
Where like a Colossus the sycamore's
seen,
Through summer, with snows on his
back ;
And huge above all, in proportion so vast
That dizzy grow upturned eyes,
The poplar, in blossom, floats out in the
blast,
Like an island of bloom in the skies.

There, there is the land that no place can
supplant ;
No magic of nature, or art,

Can ever bring such a majestical haunt,
 Or my youth, once again to my heart!
 And the eyes of the maid that bewitched
 the broad shade,
 'Mid the greenery, will memory draw,
 Where the rivulet played, and the wood-
 haunting Naiad
 Made her home, in the groves of paw-
 paw.

—◆—

LIGHT AND NIGHT.

Out through the loom of light,
 When comes the morning white,
 Beams, like the shuttle's flight,
 Other beams follow,
 Up the dawn's rays so slant,
 Forth from his roof and haunt,
 Darts the swart swallow.

Back, like the shuttle's flight,
 Sink the gold beams at night;
 Threads in the loom of light
 Grow dark in the woof;
 All the bright beams that burn
 Sink into sunset's urn;
 Swallows at night return
 Home to their roof.

Thus we but tarry here
 A moment, a day, a year—
 Appearing, to disappear—
 Grosser things spurning,
 Departing to whence we came,
 Leaving behind no name—
 Like a wild meteor flame,
 Never returning.

Back to the home of God
 Soul after soul departs,
 And the enfranchised hearts
 Burst through the sod;

Death does but loose the girth
 Buckling them on to earth,
 Promethean rack!
 Then from the heavy sod,
 Swift to the home of God,
 The Soul, like the Shuttle and Swallow,
 flies back.

The Swallow, Shuttle, Soul, and Light,
 All things that move or have a breath,
 Return again to thee at night—
 To thy dark roof, O ancient Death!

—◆—

WOODS OF THE WEST.*

WOODS of the West! Thine, ever thine,
 am I;
 Thine in my boyhood, thine more
 strongly now—
 In my youth my heaven was just beyond
 thy sky,
 And only there can I to heaven bow;
 When, with a star upon her forehead fair,
 The dusky Even glides along the West,
 When swallows ride the morning's golden
 air,
 I turn to thee, as to my mother's breast.

Let others praise their climes of sun or
 snow,
 Thou art the land of green, majestic
 groves,
 Where fresh seas shine, and endless rivers
 flow,
 Where Spring with Summer, Fall with
 Winter roves—
 There seasons meet and clasp as they were
 friends;
 And the dark pigeon from the land of
 snow,

* Extract from a poem on "The West," delivered at the Anniversary celebration of the Sigma Chi Society of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, June, 1857.

Where wind Atlantic with Pacific blends,
Meets the white sea-bird from the Gulf
below.

In those green woods the brave with
beauty dwell,
Nor houseless there may mortal creature
roam,
The cordial welcome and the frank fare-
well
Greet every stranger in a backwoods
home.
Our cabins may be rude, uncouth, and
small,
Still freely there may each one share a
part,
For Hospitality extends a hand to all,
And with that hand she gives a back-
woods' heart.

Pines may be green upon the North's
white hills,
Magnolias blanched in many a Southern
grove,
Give me the forest which the wild vine
fills,
And tulip-poplars load the air with
love.
Give me the West, beneath its sun, or
moon,
Its white December, or its flowered
May;
Give me the hunter's home, the land of
Boone,
Where generous hearts beat music night
and day.

Loved heart of this broad land, no one
extreme
Sheds luster sole upon this nation's
head;
But when the life-blood stops in thy great
stream,
The center dies, be sure the nation's
dead.

When, at last, the Pioneers are gone,
And all the generous impulses they bore,
Vanish like flowers, fading on the lawn,
Toll heaven's bell—Columbia is no more!

LUTE AND LOVE.

COME let us sing—
Life's silver string
But half its songs hath spoken,
And in the soul
Love's golden bowl
Lies by the well unbroken;
Then seize the lute,
Nor deem Mirth's fruit
The apples of Gomorrah,
Since Joy and Bliss
The tear-drops kiss
From off the cheek of Sorrow.

The day but shows
Its gloom to those
Who live amid repining;
Nor night so dark
But some bright spark
In shade will yet be shining;
While Winter's snows
But bring the rose,
The spring-time's scarlet token:
Then let us sing
The silver string
And golden bowl unbroken.

To love and song
Our lives belong,
They make this earth elysian,
And death so strange
Is but to change
To heaven's brighter vision;
While He above
Will bless the love
And words our lips have spoken,
And we shall sing
When silver string
And golden bowl lie broken!

MARY E. NEALY.

MARY ELIZABETH HARE was born in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, December twelfth, 1825. Her father, Peter Hare, was a mechanic. Her mother, whose maiden name was Margaret Pickering, died while Mary was nine years old.

Mary was sent to the public schools of Louisville from the time she was seven years old, until she was eleven. She made unusual proficiency in her studies for one so young, in consideration of which she received the first premium for scholarship during each of the last two years of her attendance at school. She had no further opportunities of prosecuting her studies under the direction of a master; and when her mother died she was left pretty much to pursue her own inclinations. But she had already acquired a thirst for knowledge, that urged her to read whatever promised to allay it. Of course she read much that was useless, but her mind was too pure and powerful to feel the incumbrance of such materials, and derived continual nourishment and means of growth from whatever tended toward the True, the Beautiful, the Good. Although her ascent was through the mists and vapors that float around this "dim spot, which men call earth," yet her own clear eye saw, upon their enveloping glooms, bright rainbow gleams that told her of sunshine and daylight above the darkness, and sustained her orphaned spirit in its unfriended struggles toward them.

Miss Hare was married to Hugh Nealy, December twenty-fifth, 1842, in Harrison county, Indiana. Her husband continued to reside in that county, where he held several important offices, until the fall of the year 1856, when he removed to Indianapolis. He has been peculiarly unfortunate; soon after his removal to his present residence, having been permanently disabled by a railroad accident. This misfortune devolved the entire burthen of supplying the wants of their family upon his wife. With very feeble health, limited acquaintance, and almost no resources at all, save those found "in the innate force of her own soul," she met the new obligations imposed by her husband's misfortunes, with firmness, capacity and energy.

Left alone in the world in early childhood, she became "a lonely, isolated, desolate child," and "sought in the land of dreams what she found not" in the real world. She made friends of the old forest trees, the streams, the clouds, the moon and stars, and found in them companions far dearer to her melancholy spirit than among the children of men. Apart from her human associates she often read or dreamed in the glorious evenings and quiet moonlight, until life's rough places to her seemed smooth, and the glorious gates of Paradise but just beyond. Nevertheless, the loneliness and sorrow of her early years left their hues upon her profoundest being; face, voice, thought, poetry and life—all are colored but not marred, by the shadows of those mighty specters—Solitude and Sorrow. Nor has her subsequent life been such as to soften these early glooms. But as the light of night's queen is rendered more glorious and beautiful when it falls upon us through a gentle vail of silver clouds, so the

radiance of her soul, while softened, is multiplied and rendered "more exquisite still" by the light and shadowy veil which early grief has drawn over it.

Mrs. Nealy was deterred from publishing any thing during her youth, and for several years after her marriage, by excessive distrust of her own abilities, and an undue fear of the censure of the literary world. Her diffidence may in part at least be attributed to her lonely childhood, and in part, no doubt, to her sense of the defectiveness of her early education. To these more than to any feeling of natural inability or inferiority, may be referred her studious avoidance of the public applause or censure likely to follow the first appearance of a young author.

Her poems, always written in haste, and under circumstances utterly at war with all our notions of study and reflection—in the midst of the labors and cares and perplexities of her domestic affairs, were received with very general favor; and she was soon heard and recognized by the literary world as worthy of an association with the gifted children of song. The *Louisville Journal*, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, the *Southern Lady's Book*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, *Scott's Weekly*, and other journals, received and welcomed the new poet to their columns; and were in turn enriched and made better worthy of public regard by the contributions of her mind. Through these channels "The Little Shoe" and other poems found their way into the British papers. It is not saying too much, to affirm that they are worthy of all the consideration they have received.

THE LITTLE SHOE.

I FOUND it here—a worn-out shoe,
All mildew'd with time and wet with dew;
'Tis a little thing;—ye who pass it by,
With never a thought, or word, or sigh;
Yet it stirs in my spirit a hidden well,
And in eloquent tones of the past doth tell.

It tells of a little fairy form
That bound my heart with a magic charm,
Of bright blue eyes and golden hair,
That ever shed joy and sunlight there—
Of a prattling voice so sweet and clear,
And of tiny feet that were ever near.

It tells of hopes that with her had birth,
Deep buried now in the silent earth;
Of a heart that had met an answering tone
Which again is left alone—alone!

Of days of watching and anxious prayer,—
Of a night of sorrow and dark despair.

It tells of a form that is cold and still—
Of a little mound upon yonder hill,
That is dearer far, to a mother's heart,
Than the classic statues of Grecian art,
Ah! strangers may pass with a careless
air,

Nor dream of the hopes that are buried
there.

Oh ye, who have never o'er loved ones
wept—

Whose brightest hopes have ne'er been
swept

Like the pure white cloud from the morn-
ing sky—

Like the wreath of mist from the mountain
high—

Like the rainbow, beaming a moment here,
Then melting away to its native sphere ;

Like rose leaves, loosed by the zephyr's
sigh—

Like that zephyr wafting its perfume by—
Like the wave that kisses some grateful
spot,

Then passes away—yet is ne'er forgot ;
If your life hopes like these have never
fled,

Then ye cannot know of the tears I shed.

Ye cannot know what a little thing
From memory's silent fount can bring
The voice and form that were once so dear.
Yet there are hearts, were they only here,
That could feel with me when, all wet with
dew,
I found it this morning—this little shoe.

THE STARS.

SWEET "islands of the bless'd !"

They dreamed in the olden time,
That away, far away in the distant West,
Was a land where the weary soul might
rest,

Where love and joy, by the hours ca-
ress'd,

To the sunlit waves made rhyme :

Where the fields were ever green,
And the bright flowers did not die,
And where, all day long, 'neath the eme-
rald sheen

Of breezy forests, with meads between,
And where bird-songs gushed from each
leafy screen,

The world-worn soul might lie :

And where in the dreamy eve
They might sail in a pearly boat,

And tales of bright enchantment weave
Of a land whose promise they could be-
lieve,

And where never a sound the heart to
grieve

O'er the coral dells might float.

For sorrow was all unknown

And dark death's ghastly fears ;

And no yearning spirit walked forth—
alone !

Bewailing its fate like the sad *Ænone*,*
Filling earth and air with its bitter moan,
And the heart with its unshed tears !

But ever, the whole day long,
'Neath the morning's warm, bright kiss,
Or the gentle night-bird's love-toned song,
The soul was full and feared no wrong ;
For it needed not hope to bear it along
To a day of more perfect bliss.

And I think those Western isles
Are the gems in our Western sky ;
For naught in our earth so sweetly smiles,
Or if, for a time some charm beguiles,
The sad soul, sick of her changing wiles,
Looks up—for the Pure and High.

And now, as I gaze to-night
On those blessed stars above,
I cannot think such a soft, sweet light
Is shed from a land where the mildew
blight
Warns them, e'en at the dawning, to dread
the flight
Of their brightest dreams of love.

It surely cannot be—
A light so fair and pure !
Like an islet of gold in a sapphire sea,
There's one that twinkles and says to me,

* The author is aware that in Greek words, *all* the vowels are pronounced distinctly ; but this *would slide in as it is* !

"Come hither! I've room for scores like thee—
Thou art weary of earth, I'm sure!"

O, yes! I'll come, sweet star!
With my chosen few, to thee:
And then the golden gates we'll bar,
And be careful never to leave them ajar,
For some I would leave on the earth afar
Would be sure to follow me!

TO A LADY.

LADY, bright and fragrant flowers
In my garden bloom,
Shedding o'er my lone heart's altar
Rich and rare perfume.
Few they are, yet life without them
Scarcely life would be,—
Lady, yet among those flow'rets
There is room for thee.

Lady, love hath wove a garland
'Round this heart of mine,
Friendship brings a few fair blossoms
In the wreath to twine.
They are more than all the jewels
Earth could give to me—
Lady, here, within that garland,
Is a place for thee.

Lady, some sweet stars are shining
O'er my lonely way,
In my spirit's depths enshrining
Friendship's purest ray,
Pouring beams of heaven's own gladness
O'er my life's dark sea—
Lady, 'mid those radiant star-gems
Is a home for thee.

Lady, life were like a desert,
Or a naked tree,
Unattended by the angels,
Love and Sympathy;

Some few flowers within that desert
Sweetly bloom for me—
Lady, there's a vacant corner
Waiting there for thee

Lady, ever-blooming garlands
Round that tree entwined,
Which will live till death's dark angel
Stills this heart of mine.
Yet each new wreath meets a welcome
Warm and true from me—
Wilt thou twine an ivy circlet,
Lady, round my tree?

UNREST.

Ah, why so sad, my soul!
Is not this bright earth filled with lovely things?
O, are they shadows, Father, from Thy wings
That o'er my spirit roll?

Thou'st planted in my breast
A boundless, deep and overflowing love
For all that's bright in earth and heaven above,
And yet I find no rest!

My spirit wanders lone,
Yearning and striving for a nobler life,—
O tell me, tell why this ceaseless strife
For that I have not known.

Is it that I have come
From some more blessed world than this?
Afar
Amid yon blazing orbs is there a star
Which is my native home?

O, take me home once more!
Unloose again my spirit's mighty wings,
Take off the earth-mould that around it clings,
And let it upward soar.

For now it seems like one
Chained down, a captive, in a foreign land,
Where none its language e'er can under-
stand,—

“Unknowing and unknown!”

Ah, why is there a deep
Within this soul which they can never
sound—

A struggling fountain bound beneath the
ground,

Whose waters cannot sleep!

My soul has ever striven
To reach an elevation where its breath
Might not be stifled by the mould be-
neath—

Where it could dream of heaven.

But when it upward springs,
Forced by its very godliness to soar,
Some dark, invisible chain forevermore
Draws down its yearning wings.

O, will this ever be?
Is life naught but the struggling of the
soul
To break the bars which all its powers con-
trol,
And gain its liberty?

It cannot, cannot be!
For Thou, O God! art good and wise and
just,
I will believe—in Thee I will have trust
That we may yet be free—

That every yearning soul
Shall find its own Utopia, which is heaven—
That all which now is void will then be
given
Full, free, without control—

That not one chain shall bind
Th' enfranchised spirit—that its brightest
dreams

Will change to life in heaven's refulgent
beams—

The life it longs to find.

O let me always think
That this will be! Were it a thousand years,
I could bear all life's longings, all its fears,
At such a fount to drink,—

To quench the burning thirst
That oft has raged within this heart of
mine,
For weary years, and met no answering
sign,
Till it has almost burst!

Father, I do believe
This will be so. And in this faith I'll live,
And strive, and bear, and suffer, and forgive,
And long no more, nor grieve.

“DO I LOVE HIM?”

Do I love him? Why should brightness
Like a tide of glory beam
O'er what once was dull and irksome—
Darkened glen and shaded stream!
Why like some gay lark up-springing,
Does my spirit greet the sun?
While my heart keeps singing, singing,
Till the Eden day is done—
Is this because I love him?

Do I love him? One soft evening,
When the moon among the flowers
Shed her wealth of light and shadow—
Ebon clouds and silver showers!—
We were walking—both were silent—
When a pure white rose he brake,
Kissed it once, then gave it to me,
Trembled I, but never spake—
Was this because I loved him?

He is gone. Yet I am happy,
 For I know he'll come again;
 Like a bird in fragrant bower
 Sing I, let it shine or rain.
 All things in the heaven above me,—
 Every thing on earth beneath,
 Seems to whisper "He does love me."—
 Words to me he did not breathe—
 O! it must be that I love him!

ADA.

LOVELY, little blossom
 Of the darken'd earth,
 Chasing from my bosom
 Sadness with thy mirth;
 Brightest sunbeam, wreathing
 'Round my clouded life!
 Sweetest song-bird, breathing
 Balm for all its strife!

How the quick light falling
 Of thy sinless feet,
 And that clear voice, calling
 "Mother," soft and sweet,
 Banish deepest sorrow
 From my heart and brow,
 Lifting up to-morrow
 Hope-crowned, from dark now!

Earth is filled with beauties,
 Mountain, stream and wold;
 Life is filled with duties
 Stern, and dark, and cold.
 Yet when all is dreary
 In the aching breast,
 Nature to the weary
 'Never can give rest.

But there is a healing
 For the wounded soul;
 'Tis when 'round it stealing
 Love's soft murmurs roll.

This which wreathes the mountain
 With its sweet romance;
 This which makes the fountain
 Diamond-like to glance.

And the love of childhood
 Flows like yon pure stream,
 Shaded by the wild-wood,
 Free from passion's gleam,
 Gushing, rippling, welling
 From the fount above,
 To the lone heart telling
 Life,—yes, life is love!

Then my own bright Ada,
 Through earth's simoom-breath
 Sink, like some Armada,
 All my hopes in death,
 If but thou art near me,
 Though all else be gone,
 Darling, never fear me,
 I can still live on!

VALENTINE.

As the sparkling wavelet, tripping
 O'er the rocks in playful glee,
 As the joyous sunlight, tipping
 With bright hues the dark old tree,
 As the moon's soft splendor streaming
 O'er the dark and trembling sea—
 Light, bright light through darkness beam-
 ing
 Is thy smile, dear one, to me.

But, as on those wavelets gliding,
 Leave the rocks to weep and mourn,
 As the golden sunbeams, hiding,
 Leave the tree of beauty shorn,
 As the gentle moon, declining,
 Leaves old ocean's breast forlorn,—
 So my heart is ever pining,
 When by fate from thee I'm torn.

ABRAM SANDERS PIATT:

ABRAM SANDERS PIATT is more generally known to the political than the poetical world. The two pursuits, so wide apart as they are, seldom center in one individual. Did Mr. Piatt seriously follow either, this would not probably be the fact in this instance. But the happy possessor of broad acres—and beautiful acres they are—in the Macacheek Valley, Logan county, Ohio, he dallies with the muses, and worries the politicians more for amusement than aught else. His serious moments are given to the care of an interesting family, and the cultivation of his farm. No one of any refinement could long dwell in the Macacheek Valley and not feel more or less of the poetry that seems to live in its very atmosphere. So rare a combination of plain and hill, wood and meadow, adorned by the deep clear glittering stream that gives name to the valley, seldom greets the eyes. There, the hawthorn and hazel gather in clumps upon the sloping hill-sides, or upon fields, while, like great hosts, the many-tinted forests of burr-oak, maple and hickory close in on every side the view.

Nor is the Macacheek without its legends and historical associations. Men yet live, rough old backwoodsmen, with heads whitened by the snows of eighty winters, who will point out the precise spot where a poor Indian woman, seen lurking about the smoking ruins of the Macacheek towns, only then destroyed by the white invaders, was shot by a rifleman, who mistook her for a warrior.

Near the Piatt homestead may be seen the spot where Simon Kenton was forced by his cruel enemies to run the gauntlet, when between lake and river lay a vast unbroken wilderness. It was near this, that he and Girty, the renegade, recognized each other, and the hard heart of the murderer was touched at the sight of his old comrade and friend, and he saved his life at a time when this bold act endangered his own.

The family to which Mr. Piatt belongs is one of the pioneer families of the Mad River Valley, and has prominent association with the literature and politics of the West. Donn Piatt, his brother, is well known as a writer and political orator. Carrie Piatt, a niece, has contributed popular articles in both prose and verse to Western Magazines; and John J. Piatt, a nephew, of whom notice is hereafter taken in these pages, is one of the young poets of the West, from whom much is expected.

A. Sanders Piatt's poems have been published chiefly in the Cincinnati *Daily Commercial* and in the *Macacheek Press*, a sprightly weekly paper, published at West Liberty, of which he is now the editor.

THE DAINTY BEE.

THE dainty bee 'mid waxen cells
Of golden beauty ever dwells
And dreams his life away;
His food a million flowers caught
From out the sunlight, as they wrought
Through spring and summer's day.

Slothful bee, the spring-time's morning
Wakes him from his winter's dream,
Reveler 'mid the pleasures gathered
From the wild-bloom and the stream;
But the spring-time's ray of gladness
Calls him to the fields again,
Calls him with the voice of flowers
Flowing 'mid the sunlit rain.

Goes he to the fields of plenty,
Searches 'mid the rare perfume,
Gathers honey from their beauty,
While he sings his wanton tune;
Filling 'mid the sweets and fancies
That o'erburthen all the air,
Gathering dainties for the palace
That the queenly group may share.

Drunk with treasures, overladen,
Slow he wings his way along,
Gladdens all the scenes with humming
O'er his dainty little song.
Wanton bee, ah! busy-body,
Drinking from each perfumed cup,
All day straying in the valley
Gathering sweets to treasure up.

Lives he in a world of beauty,
Floating on its rare perfume,
Sipping May-time's early blossoms,
Reveling in the bed of June;
In the snows amid the clover,
Dainty snows, how sweet and shy!
Threaded with the green of summer,
Perfumed frosts of mid July!

Thy home is Nature's world-wide palace,
Nature's wild secluded ways,

Lit with night's dews, dream of morning,
Wakened with a million rays,
See the sunlight's silver fingers,
Lifting fragrance to the sky,
Fill the vale with many rare joys
As they slowly waft them by;

Scents the air, thy wings to bathe in,
Guides thee to the treasure pure;
Airs that play the rarest music,
For such dainty epicure.
Labor, while the summer lingers,
Labor, while the south-wind blows,
Ere the North King, marching southward,
Fills thy garden with his snows.

SING, CRICKET.

SING, cricket, sing your olden song—
We'll have some chat together;
The snow and rain, against the pane,
Proclaim a change of weather.
The long blue grass has fallen down,
Pressed closely to the earth;
There are no summer spots, and snow
Has chilled your songs of mirth.
The lily with its gorgeous leaves,
Decked blue and white and gold,
Has crept back to the earth again,
Chilled with the autumn cold.
And thou art left, thou brownie elf,
So come in to the fire:
Get you into your little cell—
For winter tune your lyre;
And through its weary hours we'll sing
Of hearts that loved us well,
Of flowers, and their birth in spring
That weaves life's fairy spell.

Sing, cricket, sing, from out your cell,
Thou hermit of the hearth;
More joy about your songs doth dwell
Than in the wine-cup's mirth.

The busy housewife plies her cares
 To duties, as they chime
 To your glad notes that cheerful float,
 And with her footfalls rhyme.

Sing, cricket, sing; old sympathies
 Make more than palace halls
 Of hearth-lit scenes that round me rise
 And drape the cottage walls
 With pictures of the past so true:
 They flow from out thy chimes—
 As here you cite their wonders o'er,
 Thou chronicler of times.

Thou necromancer of the hearth,
 As waves thy mystic wand,
 Its spells invoke the genii of
 The summer's fairy band,
 Who in their winter cells do dwell,
 The nestlings of the earth,
 And spread their leaves upon the air
 When spring to love gives birth.

So tell thy sunny wanderings,
 Their harvest treasure fling
 From fields of russet, ripened grain,
 When chimed the bells you ring
 At the wedding of the flowers,
 Unto a cunning fay,
 Who caught from sunlight colors rare
 To robe them while they stay.

Sing, cricket, sing; your merry chirps
 Tell o'er the pleasant days
 That down the stream of time have gone;
 Your song their joy portrays,
 That gathered round the heart to win
 The moment's golden dust—
 Where all life's duties thronging came
 With faith and love and trust.

Sing, cricket, sing; within my heart
 Are cells thy song doth thrill,
 With faces that from memory start,
 The vacant seats to fill.

Around my soul their arms are twined,
 Like angel wings that lift
 The heart from sin, with gentle words—
 Spirits, of hearth-stone gift.

Softly sing of chilly showers
 That damped the genial flame,
 And took bright lights from off the hearth,
 That left us all in pain,
 Though not alone: the absent ones
 Yet dwell within our heart,
 And ever as thy song doth ring
 To life they warmly start.

DAISIE.

COULD you but list the waterfall,
 Its laughing, willful song!
 How years now gone its tones recall,
 While gurgling swift along!
 It tells thy name—its words repeat
 (The past lives o'er in this)
 The quickening of thy heart's soft beat,
 When parting from my kiss.

Ah, Daisie! know the birds yet sing,
 Above the water's flow;
 They warble blithely, on the wing,
 Of times now long ago.
 While fitting there, sweet Daisie dear,
 They stole thy heart's song-nest;
 To me 'tis left but to revere
 The birds and streams so bless'd.

Another love has won thy heart,
 But not thy gentle ways:
 They live within these scenes apart,
 The theme of other days.
 Ah, it is mine; the birds and stream
 Yet tell it o'er to me;
 How sweet it is! though but a dream
 Within my heart to be.

WILLIAM P. BRANNAN.

WILLIAM PENN BRANNAN is the only poet-painter, native to Ohio, of whom we have knowledge. He was born at Cincinnati, on the twenty-second day of March, in the year 1825. His father was a farmer, and his early opportunities for education were limited. He is not only self-instructed as a scholar, but as a portrait and landscape painter, and he has good reason not to be ashamed of his teacher. Mr. Brannan is a regular poetical contributor to several leading literary journals, and is the author of humorous sketches in prose, which have been read wherever American newspapers are circulated. He is at present practicing his art in Chicago. It is understood that he is preparing an elaborate poem for publication in a volume.

THE SOUL'S HERMITAGE.

I HAVE a hermitage of common clay,
Wherein are treasures neither rich nor
rare,

Yet sacred relics to my life are they,
And hoarded up in secret caskets there.

My pilgrim soul resides there all alone,—
Its weary years of wild unrest are o'er;
Now soiled and travel-worn from many a
zone,
And vain researches on the sea and
shore.

No prying eyes look through the portals
there—

No shameless pleasure tempts the soul
within;
Despair without, must still remain despair;
I have no room for any pleading sin.

In dim past shadows of a distant morn,
I still can see the budding of my years,
Still hear my hopeful songs or sighs for-
lorn,
Still see the rainbow in life's morning
tears.

Within this hermitage my sleepless soul
Lives o'er again the stormy years of life,
And nerves itself for that eternal goal
Where puny man ends all his petty
strife;—

Lives o'er again the wild, enchanting prime
That played with golden gladness through
my brain,
And swept with dire alarms, or thrills sub-
lime
The diapason of all joy and pain.

I entertain no stranger unaware
Within my soul's most secret solitude;
No guest but Death may ever enter there—
No vandal foot shall ever dare intrude.

No one can share in all my bliss or woe;
No eye may see my rapture or despair;
On beggar palms no alms can I bestow
Of sacred relics, or of treasures rare.

My house of clay stands midway on a slope;
Oblivion's stream meanders at its base;
Upon the summit of this mount of Hope
The sons of Fame have found a dwell-
ing-place.

I ne'er may write my name upon their
scroll,

Or see the glories of their temple fair;
Yet I can hear those thund'rous voices
roll

Their godlike anthems through the echo-
ing air.

I can o'erlook the world a little way,
See isles of palm and blooms forever
sweet,

Behold the rising of the orient day,
And sing low murmurs in my safe re-
treat.

O blessed midland of my soul's domain,
Secure retreat from envy, hate and
scorn;

Here let me close my simple hermit reign,
And rest in quiet till the coming morn.

THE OLD CHURCH ROAD.

WINDING through the everglade,
Where my school-boy scenes were laid;
Near the meadow where the bees
Tell their thefts to every breeze;
Where the woodland flowers bloom,
Wasting all their sweet perfume;
Passing by a cottage door,
Now, alas, my home no more;
Leading to the house of God,
Is the blessed Old Church Road.

Ambushed in a bower of green,
Yonder spire is dimly seen,
Like a sentry from on high
Pointing upward to the sky;
In that pleasant ambuscade,
Checkered with the sun and shade,
Stands the church where first I trod
In the way that leads to God;

Now I drag life's weary load
Up along the Old Church Road.

I have come to see once more
The dear haunts I loved of yore;
Comrades of my early years,
Where are now your smiles and tears—
Smiles of welcome, tears of joy,
Greeting home the long lost boy?
Silence palls my listening ear,
No familiar sound is here.
On the grave-stone gray and cold
The sad tale is briefly told;
They have spent their latest breath
In the holiday of death;
Tired with life, they fell asleep
Leaving me alone to weep,
Who would fain lay down life's load
With them, near the Old Church Road.

Cruel mem'ry, let me deem
This is but an idle dream!
There was one—oh, heart, be still!—
Wont to wander near the rill,
Murmuring yet along the glade
Where our plighted vows were made—
There was one, the maiden queen,
Reigning o'er this sylvan scene,
Who had strayed from paradise,
With the splendor of its skies
Sleeping in her dewy eyes.
Never more must I rejoice
In the music of her voice?
Must the pilgrim's lonely tread
Wake but echoes o'er the dead,
As he nears his last abode,
On the blessed Old Church Road?

Where the modest violets bloom
In the shadow of her tomb,
Shall the wayworn wanderer rest,
Deeming death a welcome guest?
Life's last sleep were passing sweet
Where his dust with thine shall meet—
There, beneath the self-same sod,
Lay him, near the Old Church Road.

LOST YOUTH.

A STRAIN, like songs of dying swans—
 A fragment of forgotten rhyme—
 A vision of the ghostly dawns,
 That woke me in the olden time
 To hopeless love and cruel scorns,
 And thoughts of unforgiven crime.

Thus come the memories of the past,
 With faded light and smothered joys ;
 With daring hopes, too bright to last,
 With peals of fame—now empty noise,
 With high aspirings, grand and vast,
 My hopeless soul no more enjoys.

Like Indian Summer's azure air,
 And music heard in holy dreams—
 Like voices lost in silent prayer,
 And murmurings of distant streams,
 Come back those days, when life was fair,
 With muffled sounds and hazy gleams.

Within my soul the memory preys ;
 My lost youth was a dream of fame.
 Those half-forgotten, wildering days,
 When I, too, sought to win a name,
 Give but the phantom sounds of praise—
 The knell of what I fain would claim.

REPENTANCE.

OH! human souls, throw wide your doors!
 A fellow mortal pleads his pain ;
 With anguish bowed he fain implores
 His prayer be not in vain.

Some drops of heavenly pity shed
 O'er erring souls that go astray,
 Lift up a drooping brother's head
 And point the better way.

O boast not loudly nor elate
 Thy power o'er sin and human wrong,
 Thy strength to show thy brother's fate,
 Thy faith and virtue strong.

For know, a man of gentlest mould
 Some giant sin may lead astray,
 With mighty power and demon hold,
 With fierce and fiendish sway.

O, gentle hearts, throw wide your doors,
 And let the pleading stranger in ;
 A wayworn pilgrim fain implores
 Release from shame and sin.

HOMELESS.

I HAVE a home no more. The humble
 cot,
 That, like a modest bride half hid in
 flowers,
 Smiled all its blessings on life's morning
 hours,
 Has passed from earth—now strangers
 own the spot.
 The guardian power that holds my life in
 trust,
 Still shows the picture to my loving
 view,
 And paints the blessed forms, to mem'ry
 true,
 Which long have slept in consecrated dust.
 All things have changed—my home is home
 no more—
 The favorite haunts where hopes, de-
 spairs, and loves
 Once circled round my soul like cottage
 doves,
 The glass of Fancy only can restore.
 The alien plowshare, for unnumbered
 years,
 Has made deep furrows for my bitter
 tears.

BENJAMIN T. CUSHING.

BENJAMIN TUPPER CUSHING was born at Putnam, Muskingum county, Ohio, on the twenty-sixth day of January, 1825. His ancestors were among the pioneer settlers of the North-West;—Rufus Putnam and Benjamin Tupper, of the maternal stock, having, at the close of the war for Independence, settled at Marietta, while his paternal ancestors early emigrated from Plymouth, Massachusetts, to the central part of the State of New York. His father, at the age of sixteen years, came to Ohio, and settled at Putnam. When five years of age, Benjamin was placed at school at Marietta. Drilled with a class of boys superior to himself in respect of years and mental discipline, he tired of the class routine, and sought for himself a course of study more spirited and congenial. At the age of twelve, upon the removal of his father's family to Wisconsin, he entered a printing-office at Milwaukee. In 1839 he returned to Ohio, and pursued his trade in the *Ohio State Journal* office, at Columbus. An eagerness to read whatever fell in his way, and a searching inquisitiveness as to the reasons for opinions expressed by authors whose works he perused, became habits of his character. The result was a constant tendency to clothe with verse the offspring of his quaint and sleepless fancy, and many hundred folio pages, then written, bear witness to its fertility and range, if not to its cultivation and discipline. At Milwaukee and elsewhere, his verses were welcomed by the Press, and answered with cordial encouragement of the author's aspirations. The turning-point in his career came suddenly and decisively. An incident, in itself unimportant, furnished the spur to his forming purpose, and gave birth to the idea of a sacred poem, which thenceforth became a vital element in his plans, and rapidly unfolded the deep and tender sympathies that pervaded his character. Resolved at last to fit himself for a station where he might "at least enjoy the society, if he might not partake of free converse with educated minds," he left the printing-office. Within eighteen months he completed the freshman and sophomore routine of classical study, and entered the junior class of Marietta College, in 1844. His college career realized his ambition. He continued his analysis of the British classics—finished the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, together with a partial law course, and graduated with the highest honors of his class. He studied law with Joseph R. Swan and John W. Andrews, at Columbus, during the year 1847. Upon admission to the bar, he practiced his profession for a few months in the office of Salmon P. Chase, at Cincinnati, but returned to Columbus, during the year 1848, for the purpose of making it a place of permanent residence. He had entered upon his profession with energy, while at the same time pursuing his literary tastes into the choicest fields of prose and verse, and had just begun to enjoy the long-coveted access to men of cultivation, and a wide-spread credit as a good writer, through contributions to the standard magazines of the country, when bronchial difficulties inter-

rupted the regular practice of his profession. He devoted several seasons to their removal, returning, after brief intervals of medical treatment, to his literary and legal studies. The former began more fully to interest his attention, and challenge his energies. Though many qualities of his mind conspired to make him more uniformly a good prose writer, the field wherein his hopes were garnered was that of verse. Here, however, the rapidity of his education had left his discipline imperfect, and he felt that he wrote too copiously for that perfection of style which he made his aim. Thus, when emotion was wanting, his hurried verses became artistic only, or merely common-place. But when the heart was touched, he wrote with taste and power. In the midst of self-examination and discipline, the cherished idea of his sacred poem gained new favor, and he regretted more and more that he had not selected the sacred ministry as his profession—that thus he might have been brought more intimately near the subject of his epic.

During the fall of 1849, Mr. Cushing's bronchial difficulties returned, and in the January following, he visited Wilmington, North Carolina, to seek, in a change of climate, their relief. Hitherto, he had been cheerful under all trials, but the impression that he must die young, at length broke with crushing weight upon his spirits, and for a few days he failed rapidly. The "*Lay of the Improvisatrice*," a poem of rare excellence, pathos and beauty, then written, tells plainly the feeling that oppressed him.

"*The Christiad*"—the title which he had given his sacred poem—now engrossed his attention. Shapes and scenes startled into being by the influence of Milton, Dante, Homer, and Swedenborg, and to which he had given whole nights of earnest contemplation—imagery and sentiment, gathered from observation and reflection, now rose before his mind like realities. The Bible, long studied in its relations to his theme, became his constant companion. The prophecies were examined, and their harmony with the Saviour's character brought into requisition to enrich the sentiment "*made perfect through suffering*." Urgent appeals to dismiss care and consult health only, were answered cheerfully, but in the spirit of his labors. At length, finding the Atlantic breezes only prejudicial, he tried the hydropathic treatment, at Brattleboro, Vermont, but without benefit. Pulmonary disease had already fastened upon his vitals. But the mind was still active—too active. The night itself was made his servant, and, as before leaving home, so at Brattleboro, he would suddenly start from bed to record the more fantastic and less studied fancies that played through the mind while the body courted repose. He spent a month with friends at Wallingford, Connecticut, and though too ill to pursue methodically his "*Christiad*," still indulged in random verses. He left Wallingford early in September, and, after a long journey, reached his native home, still full of hope and mental vigor, though sinking rapidly to the grave.

Such is the faint outline of a life devoted to a single purpose, and one demanding for its fruition the energy of a mature life. Its greatness was appreciated, and for its greatness he followed it, confident that he might at least realize a high cultivation and noble acquirements in its pursuit. In the community where he lived, he was regarded

as a man of good talents, energy, and perseverance, and his manly aspirations interested many in his success. His character was imbued with the spirit of true religion. To its claims he sacrificed first impulses, if they shrank from a test by its standard. From its sacred oracles he drew the great lesson of our probation. In its precious encouragements, his hope brightened. In its anticipated future, he had a foretaste of his reward. In the study of the perfections and earthly experience of its Author, he prepared for nobler and loftier ascriptions of praise to his divine Redeemer. He lingered but a few weeks at Putnam; yet his last thoughts were upon his life's great hope; and the disposal of the unfinished "Christiad" was the burden of his last whisper, as the spirit for a moment lingered, then took its upward flight. May we not justly repeat the sentiment so beautifully addressed by himself to the mother by whose side we laid his remains? He "has learned the poetry of heaven from the lyres of the archangels!"

LAY OF THE IMPROVISATRICE.

"THE spell of Death is on me!" I have heard

In dreams the rustling of his shadowy wing

Above me like a prophecy! The bird
That wakes his carol in the breath of Spring,

Knows not more surely that his joy is nigh
Than my sick spirit that I soon must die!

My eye is bright, they tell me, and my cheek

Wears still the rosy color that it wore
When life's full tide glowed through each pulse, to speak

In eye and cheek as they shall speak no more;
It is a feverish brightness—day by day
The inward fire consumes my strength away!

Time was when I had sighed to leave the earth,

With all its beautiful and glorious things;

Its babbling streams, its music and its mirth,

Its pastures green, and birds with rainbow wings;

Hope was beside me then, and from her eyes,

My spirit borrowed all their iris dyes!
I walked upon the mountain like a nymph,
Drinking the breeze and nourishing the flowers

With dew as lucent as the crystal lymph;
With joy I trod the shadowy noontide bowers;

Bright smiled young Evening through her twilight bars,
And I beheld glad spirits in the stars,

That held communion with me—and my soul

Had its deep thoughts and dreams unutterable

In common language—and I dared the goal

Of poesy—filled the bright goblet full
Of the delirious wine, and deeply quaffed
The inspiration of the glorious draught!

I longed to be immortal; longed to be
 Like Sappho, early lost!—or Hemans,
 gone
 In light eternal—and weave minstrelsy
 Such as could charm to life th' "Undy-
 ing One,"
 Or that bright spirit's, who, on Avon's
 shore,
 Made Avon's swans "deem Shakspeare
 lived once more!"

But not alone my fancy soared to reach
 The heaven of Invention—there was one
 Whose lightest whisper to my soul could
 teach

A thrilling music—one whose every tone
 Came o'er my spirit like the fitful wing
 Of the soft zephyr o'er th' Æolian string!

In my gay rambles at the morn or eve
 He wandered by my side—knew all my
 dreams

Of passion or of poesy—could grieve
 When I did grieve—joy in my joy's glad
 streams;

He sought my flowers, foreran my slight-
 est want,

Nor asked return save what my love could
 grant!

My love I gave—and thenceforth he be-
 came

Part of my being—for the child of song
 Loves not with common fervor—the rich
 flame

Blazes at once intense and trebly strong;
 Destined to prove, in its ethereal fire,
 A heavenly beacon or a funeral pyre!

Mine was absorbing as the air of light,
 The flower of dew—the earth of sum-
 mer rain—

I lived but in his presence; all my bright
 And beauteous dreams were clustered in
 his train;

For him I wished to pluck Corinna's crown,
 Or draw the glorious notes of angels down!

Nay more—I promised to forswear the
 wreath

For which I panted—'tend his humble
 cot;

Drive home his bleating kine across the
 heath—

The world forgetting, by the world for-
 got!

Blessed in his smile forego all else beside,
 And lose a kingdom to become his bride!

But he betrayed his trust and left my side,
 Won by a golden charm and simpering
 tongue,

To woo a richer—not a fairer bride,
 And I was now alone! The chords that
 rung

With music and with joy were torn apart—
 My lips were silent; but it broke my
 heart!

The flowers have lost their beauty—song
 its charms—

The earth is barren—drear the frowning
 sky—

A bride, I give me into death's cold arms,
 Yet cannot curse my murderer ere I
 die!

Farewell, my harp—I swell thy strings no
 more—

My dreams of Love and Fame are sadly
 o'er!

COMPLAINT OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

By my lone casement in the eve I'm sitting
 Looking far out upon the deep blue sky,
 "Fretted with golden fires," while clouds
 are fitting

Across its face. Beneath, the forests lie,
 And plains and hills in distance; and the
 falling

Of sheeny waters flashes on my sight—

Books tell me that they murmur, but their
calling
Comes not to me—my ear is closed in
night!

I oft have wondered what strange power is
lying
In that mysterious thing which men name
sound—

What hues it paints upon the soul with
dying
So rich and beautiful, yet so profound!
Is it something which the ear in viewing
Is touched with rapture, as by flowers
the eye?

In vain my fancy tires her wing pursuing,
I cannot grasp the secret though I die!

They point to me the bird which high is
winging
Its way where boughs float on the sum-
mer air—

They write me that a gladsome lay 'tis
singing.

Is its gay song, then, like its plumage
rare,
That shines in gold and purple? They do
tell me

The somber owl gives forth a dismal
call:

I'm sure that song could ne'er with rapture
spell me—

It must be like a coffin's mournful pall.

I now remember childhood's sky was o'er
me,

When first I pondered how my brethren
there

In some fond secret were far, far before
me;

And as I pondered, could I but despair?
Lo, when our mother, so serene and beau-
teous,

Moved her sweet lips, they seemed to
catch the bliss,

And answer it with smile and movements
duteous—

I then thought sound was like my
mother's kiss.

As I grew older, by the shore they took
me,

Where the big wave came foaming to-
ward the rock,

But whilst I stood there, they in dread
forsook me,

Stopping their ears as if they felt the
shock,

Before it came, of the huge billow dash-
ing

Against the beach. Then I thought
there must be

A feeling in their ears which knew the
lashing,

As did my shaken limbs, of the great
sea!

But when all backward rolled that billow
teeming,

They took up from the shore whereon
'twas cast,

A spiral shell of many-colored gleaming—
Red, yellow, purple—like the clouded
east;

With joy we danced! Soon tired I of the
treasure,

But to their ears they placed it, and
with glee,

Again they sprang—thence deemed I
sounds of pleasure

Were like that colored shell by the deep
sea!

I view the soldiers on their chief attend-
ing,

And deem their war-note like their daz-
zling march;

Goes it not upward with the steed-tramp
blending,

And flaunting, like their banners, heav-
en's proud arch?

And when the youth in dances brisk are
moving,
Speeds not their music like their flying
feet?

And have not lover's words a power like
loving?
And is not beauty's voice as beauty
sweet?

I had a dream of most supernal splendor,
Of a green field where gushing fountains
played,
And broad-branched trees grew up, and
blossoms tender,
'Neath everlasting sunbeams; and that
glade
Was full of winged creatures robed in
glory;
And as they hovered o'er me, the rich
tone
Of wind, and brook, and birdlet, told its
story,
Like odors, to my ear! I woke, 'twas
gone.

I see yon girl the lyre's soft numbers steal-
ing—
I watch her moving lips, and view the
crowd

Stand entranced—then yearns my heart
with feeling,
As if by hunger's fiercest pangs 'twere
bowed.

I long—I pant for that same sweet emo-
tion,
Which others feel in music's glorious
round;

Oh, give me hearing as the winds to
ocean—

I faint—I die in the wild thirst for
sound!

But I must bear! This life will soon be
over—

Then in a land more lovely shall I
be,

Where no dark clouds this longing ear
shall cover—

Where I shall hear even as on earth I
see;

Then shall I know the soft voice of mother,
Softer than those bright eyes I used to
love—

Then shall I hail each merry-hearted
brother;

Oh take me, Father, to that world above!

THE POET.

THE new moon treads the azure sky,
The stars in glory walk on high,
The dews of night fall fast and chill,
And sighs the wind around the hill,
Moaning in fitful gusts and wild,
Like a fond mother o'er her child;
The lake is calm, in distance lying,
And Echo's voice seems scarce replying
To the sad wind, or mournful bird,
Which from that ancient oak is heard;
Oh who, 'mid this, on yonder height,
Alone with Nature and the night?

Who stands upon that peak so high
In bold relief against the sky?
As if to solemn thought addressed
His folded arms lie on his breast;
From his broad brow the sunny hair
Is flung back careless on the air;
His cheek is pale, but falls his glance
Keen as the gleam of warrior's lance;
And on his curving lip of pride
Sublimest joy sits deified!
Tell me, what doth he, pausing there,
Looking far up the deep blue air?

It is—it is the Poet youth—
The prophet-bard of Nature's truth,
The high of soul, upon whose brow
God's seal doth like a star-flame glow

Radiant and beautiful! whose task
The pure Immortals well might ask;
Within whose heart's cell ever burn
High thoughts, like stars in Night's blue urn;
And whose clear voice, so deep and kind,
Charms, blesses, glorifies mankind!

Upon him from his earliest day
A golden charm from Nature lay,
Which bade the world, to others dim,
Reveal a beauteous realm to him,
And seem as fair as when she burst
From her Creator's hand at first;
And let him go where'er he will
That charm of life is round him still.

To him the simplest flower that blooms—
The rose-bud, laden with perfumes,
The lily, pale as cloistered nun,
The cowslip, colored by the sun,
The meek-eyed violet's grassy bed,
The dainty daisy tipped with red—
E'en lichens from the rude rocks bowing,
And butter-cups in meadows growing,
And moss that waves by waters clear,
Give inspiration fresh and dear.

He loveth, too, Earth's living things:—
The humming-bird on radiant wings,
Like a plumed jewel, fallen down
All glittering, from a rainbow's crown;
The lark that sings, the soaring eagle,
The bounding doe, the baying beagle,
The lambkin sporting wild with play
On a green bank, of summer day;
All these,—and vales, and dashing floods
And thickets deep, and wild old woods
Where springs are born, which the bright
sun
Strives through thick leaves to look upon,
And mountains brown, and heaving sea,
Grand in its deep-toned minstrelsy;
These charm him, whether lit at morn
By the sun's early torch, or warm
With the thick fire which noontide showers,
Like small, bright rain on thirsty flowers,

Or whether fair and soft they lie
Steeped in calm evening's rosy dye!

But better far than these he loves,
The glorious night, when fields and groves,
In their thrice sacred beauty spread,
Solemn as mourners o'er the dead;
When all gay Nature's myriad forms
(So fancy-hued in Day's wide arms)
Now, in one somber garb arrayed,
Bow down and worship in the shade
Of the great temple God hath made!
Whose floor is earth's circumference wide,
Whose organ is the ocean's tide,
Whose pillars are the mountains high,
Whose lamps the stars, whose roof the
sky;

That temple where both great and small
Proclaim God in, above, through all!

Yes, when the Night spreads out her tent
With golden orbs of light besprent,
The Poet seeks yon lofty mound,
And scans the dreamy landscape round—
The darkened woods, the distant river,
And the stars shining on forever—
Nature's dear child, most glad with her,
To be a silent worshiper!
And as he gazes, o'er his soul
Those tides of song in music roll,
Which yet shall break on time's dark
shore,
And ring melodious, evermore!

Oh, solemn Night! thine is the hour
When Poesy hath deepest power,
When inspiration, like a flood
Of mellow glory, bids the blood
Dance swifter through the veins, and fires
The heart with fond and proud desires;
Thine is the hour when most we love
To radiate toward the Soul above—
When tender thoughts abroad are stealing,
And tender wishes past revealing;
Thine is the hour for dreams most bright—
Then let the Poet love the Night!

I DO NOT LOVE THEE.

I DO not love thee—by my word I do not !
 I do not love thee—for thy love I sue not,
 And yet I fear there's hardly one that
 weareth

Thy beauty's chains, who like me for thee
 careth ;

Who joys like me when in thy joy believ-
 ing,

Who like me grieves when thou dost seem
 but grieving.

But though I charms so perilous eschew
 not,

I do not love thee—no, indeed I do not !

I do not love thee—prithee, why so coy,
 then,

Doth it thy maiden bashfulness annoy,
 then ?

Sith the heart's homage still will be up-
 welling,

Where Truth and Goodness have so sweet
 a dwelling,

Surely, unjust one, I were less than mortal,
 Knew I not thus before that temple's por-
 tal.

Others dare love thee—dare what I do
 not,

Then let me worship, bright one, while I
 woo not.

THE PAST.

WHEN twilight shades are stealing
 Across the sky,
 And zephyrs, gently wailing,
 Are wandering by,
 Then sit I sadly dreaming,
 With brow o'ercast,
 While to my soul comes beaming
 The holy Past.

The Past ! how fair it rises
 Before the sight—
 Clad with unchanging graces,
 Arrayed in light !
 Moved by its visions glowing,
 The free heart bounds—
 Soft as a stream's sweet flowing,
 Its music sounds !

Ah ! then how many knew us
 Who know no more—
 How many who now view us
 From heaven's dim shore !
 The fond, the dear, the cherished,
 Removed from day,
 Their forms of beauty perished
 In cold decay.

Our love could not enchain them
 With bondage sweet—
 Our hopes could not detain them,
 As rainbows fleet ;
 They gave for earth, in leaving,
 One yearning sigh—
 One wish for those left grieving—
 Then sought the sky.

The Past ! what joys enshrined it !
 How fresh and fair
 Were the flower-wreaths that entwined
 it—

Those moments rare ;
 Their odor yet embalms it
 In beauty lone,
 And when the present names it,
 I sadly moan.

The Past ! its scenes are banished—
 Its glories o'er ;
 Each blissful dream hath vanished,
 To come no more ;
 Yet like the mournful blossoms
 That deck a tomb,
 Their memories in our bosoms
 Will ever bloom !

CELIA M. BURR.

CELIA M. BURR was born in the town of Cazenovia, New York, about the year 1825. She was the adopted child of Henry and Sarah Tibbitts, of whom she speaks with loving kindness as persons of unblemished integrity of character. Her education was mainly acquired at the district school-house, a mile distant from her home. More liberal opportunities were offered her for a short period, at a popular Seminary, when she became a school-teacher, and was successfully employed in that capacity until her marriage, in January, 1844, to C. B. Kellum, then a citizen of Albany, New York. Soon after marriage Mr. Kellum removed from Albany to Cincinnati. There Mrs. Kellum began her literary career. Adopting the signature CELIA, she wrote prose and verse which were acceptable to leading papers. In 1849 she became the literary editor of the *Great West*, a weekly journal of large size and of popular character, which E. Penrose Jones had established in 1848. Mr. Jones was the leading member of the firm of Robinson & Jones, booksellers and publishers, who were agents for literary journals printed in Boston and New York, with editions for the western market dated at Cincinnati, Louisville, or St. Louis. The success of Robinson & Jones as agents induced them to become legitimate proprietors.

Judiciously conducted and liberally advertised, the *Great West* attained a large circulation in all the Western States. All the prominent writers of the Ohio Valley were paid contributors, and Mr. Jones was able to show that the West could have as good a literary journal of its own, as those New York and Philadelphia publishers sought to provide for it. In March, 1850, the *Great West* was united with the *Weekly Columbian*, a paper of like character, which had been in existence a few months. The product of this union, *The Columbian and Great West*, published by E. Penrose Jones and edited by William B. Shattuck, was eminently successful until September, 1853, when it was suspended on account of embarrassments growing out of a *Daily Columbian*. Sprightly letters written for the *Great West* by Mrs. Kellum as "Mrs. John Smith," were much admired and widely circulated by other literary papers. When the *Great West* and *Weekly Columbian* were united, Mrs. Kellum was engaged as a regular contributor; and she afterward wrote for the *New York Tribune*, for *Graham's Magazine*, and other literary periodicals published in eastern cities.

Having obtained a divorce from her husband, Mrs. Kellum married, in 1851, C. Chauncey Burr, who is well known as a lecturer and writer. This marriage proving uncongenial, Mrs. Burr separated from her husband and returned to the profession for which she had fitted herself in early life. She is now a teacher in the University of the Swedenborgian Church, at Urbana, Ohio.

THE REAPERS.

AROUSE thee, faint-hearted! what fearest
That thou goest not forth with the day,
But sitting all listlessly, hearest

Unheeding the harvesters' lay?
The sun is far up o'er the hill-top,
The reapers are out on the plain,
And the strong and brave-hearted are
filling

Their garners with ripe, yellow grain.

The dew has gone up from the clover,

The morning is waning apace,
The days of the summer are over,
And winter will autumn displace:

Then why art not out in the valleys,
And working with hearty good will,
To gather thy share of the harvest,
Thy garner with plenty to fill?

"I sit in my place all the morning,
Because when I went to the plain,
In the first early gray of the dawning,
And looked on the far-waving grain,
I saw, in its midst, sturdy reapers,
With arms that were steady and true,
Whose sickles went flashing before them,
Like sunbeams enameled with dew.

"And strong as the warriors of olden,
They stood in the midst of their sheaves,
While before them the harvest all golden
Swept down like the wind-shaken leaves,
And I knew 'twas a useless endeavor
For me to go forth to the plain—
The weak have no place at the harvest,
No share in the treasures of grain.

"They would laugh me to scorn—they
would jeer me,

Those men, in the might of their pride;—
I know all my weakness—and fear me
To seek for a place at their side.
And so I have stayed in my dwelling,
While the dew has gone up from the
plain;

For I have no place at the harvest—
No share in the treasures of grain."

Woe betide thee! thou weak and faint-
hearted,

That goest not forth to the field!
For, behold when the day is departed,
What fruit will thy fearfulness yield?
And what if thy arm be not strongest!
Wilt therefore sit idly and pine,
Neglecting to use what is given,
And wasting e'en that which is thine?

Go forth to thy work, idle dreamer!
There is room in the harvest for all;
And if thine be the work of the gleaner,
Gather carefully that which may fall—
So shalt thou have place at the harvest,
A share of its treasures be thine,
And e'en if thy share be the smallest,
Still let not thy spirit repine.

For the labor of each one is needed,
The weakest as well as the strong,
And the chorus of no one unheeded
In the swell of the harvesters' song.

LABOR.

I.

"TELL me, maiden," said the year in going,
"What the message I shall bear from
thee,
To the angels who with love past-knowing
Fed the life-lamp of thy infancy?
When I meet them they will murmur low,
'Oh, year! what tidings from the loved
below?'"

"Tell them, tell them that beside the sea
I wait a passage to the land of morn;
That Hope has whispered, o'er the waves
to me,
A goodly vessel by the winds is borne,

To waft me proudly to that sunny land
Where all the castles of my dreaming
stand.

"Day after day I watch the ships go by;
And strain my eyes across the purpling
deep,

Where dimly pictured 'gainst the summer
sky

The hills of morning in their beauty
sleep.

But look! even now across the shining
sea,

The ship of promise bearing down for me."

II.

"Silent mourner, on the wreck-strewn
shore,

When the angels of thy infancy

Ask if homeward turn thy steps once
more,

What, I pray thee, shall my answer
be?

'Tell us! tell us,' they will say, 'Oh
year!

Draws the loved one unto us more near?'"

"Leave me! leave me! all is lost, is lost!
My goodly ship is crumbled in the
deep,

My trusted helmsman in the breakers
tossed;

All's wrecked! all's wasted, even the
power to weep.

The mocking waves toss scornfully ashore
The ruined treasures that are mine no
more.

"Leave me alone to pore upon the waves,
Whitened with upturned faces of the
dead;

Earth for such corpses has, alas! no graves;
No holy priest has *requiescat!* said.

There's nothing left me but the bitter
sea,

God and his angels have forgotten me."

III.

"Earnest worker, in the fire-light dreaming,
What the message I shall bear from
thee

To the angels whose soft eyes are beaming
From the portal where they watch for
me?

'Is she coming?' they will say, 'Oh year!
Draw her footsteps to the home-land
near?'"

"This the message—that I sit no more
With eyes bent idly on the hills of
morn,

That in the tempest on the wreck-strewn
shore,

A holier purpose to my soul was born.
'Give leave to labor'—was the prayer I
said,

Leaving the dead past to inter its dead.

"And it was granted—by my hearth to-
night,—

Tell the beloved ones,—I sit alone
But not unhappy; for the morning light
Will show my pathway with its uses
strewn.

Happy in labor—say to them, Oh, year!
I wait the Sabbath which I trust draws
near."

THE SNOW.

PEACEFULLY, dreamily, slowly,

It comes through the halls of the air,
And falls to the earth like a spirit

That kneels in its beauty at prayer.

'Mid the sere leaves she layeth her fore-
head,

While the forests are murmuring low,
And telling the beads she has brought
them—

The beautiful spirit, the Snow.

OBED J. WILSON.

THE school-teachers of the West have contributed a proportionate share of our poetical literature, which will survive partial friends and special interests. Mr. Wilson holds respectable rank among them. Ten years ago he was a frequent writer to the daily and weekly papers of Cincinnati. In a note, from which in justice to him we quote, Mr. Wilson says:

My poems were written when the pastime of versifying involved no censurable neglect of the serious duties of life. At a time of life when my enjoyments left me some leisure, I found much pleasure in making rhymes. For the past eight or ten years I have written but little.

Mr. Wilson is a citizen of Cincinnati, and is the literary referee of the book publishing firm of Winthrop B. Smith & Company. He is about thirty-five years of age.

THE STARS.

HERALDS of power, in beauty sent,
All flaming from the hand of God,
To sweep along the firmament,
And bear his glorious seal abroad,
Ye roll as grandly, proudly bright,
As erst ye rolled in youthful prime,
And fling your rays of rosy light
Along the starry steepes of time.

I stand entranced, and gaze afar
Across the blue long reach of heaven,
And watch each richly-blazing star
Come pressing through the shades of
even;
Till far around the cope of night,
All downward to its dusky hem,
Is beaming, beautifully bright,
With many a radiant stellar gem.

Ye central suns, that power divine
Sent wheeling through the deeps of
space,

I come to worship at your shrine,
And in his works their author trace;

Through nature, in its varied forms,
Behold the high omnific hand,
That braids the lightnings, weaves the
storms,
And wraps old ocean round the land.

Whose was the hand that fashioned space,
And walled it with the violet sky;
That bade the stars go forth and trace
Their pathways through immensity?
Who rolled the waves of darkness back,
And loosed your streams of silvery rays,
To flow along the golden track,
That each pursues through endless maze?

The stars in concert sweetly join
The glorious answer to rehearse;
Proclaiming, 'twas a hand divine
That framed the mighty universe;
That decked it with all gorgeous dyes,
And gemmed it with effulgent spheres,
And robed it with the sapphire skies,—
The grand chronometer of years.

Roll on, ye stars, sublimely roll
In beauty and in grandeur on,

Still bearing to your distant goal

The freshness of your primal dawn ;

And shining out as purely bright

As in the ages past ye shone ;

When Chaldee's shepherds watched by
night,

Your march along yon blazing zone.

Ye pilgrims round the eternal throne,

With censers filled with living light,

My thoughts go wandering forth alone

To track' with you the wastes of night ;

Above the clouds and tempests' rage,

Across yon blue and radiant arch,

Upon your long, high pilgrimage,

I watched your glittering armies march.

Along the blue, ethereal plain,

Your living splendors meet and blend,

Forming a constellated chain,

Without beginning, break, or end ;

And on this telegraph of light,

Worlds beyond worlds, far out in space,

Send down across the Infinite,

Their tidings from God's dwelling-place.

What myriad rills of pearly beams

Come rippling down the slopes of even,

The sources of whose living streams

Are in those far-off founts of heaven :

But whose the hand that e'er supplies,

Age after age their drainless springs,

And bids them gush along the skies,

When night abroad her mantle flings ?

Make answer, ocean, with thy full,

And deep, and solemn undertone ;

Make answer, earth, all beautiful

With life, and love, and blossoms strown ;

Make answer, heart and soul within,

Make answer, thoughts that rove abroad ;

And ye, bright minstrelsy, begin,

And in your chorus answer, God !

LINES.

I FEAR not scandal, though its tongue

My reputation blast,

And o'er a name I've stainless kept

Its withering venom cast ;

For virtues that might pass unknown

In fortune's sunny day,

When slandered by the lips of guile,

Shed forth their gentlest ray.

I fear not hatred, though it arm

Itself in secret guile ;

For kindness changeth it to love,

And charms it with her smile :

Till where dark passions lurked before,

Plotting their deeds of wrong,

Meek virtue makes her dwelling-place,

And loving grows, and strong.

I fear not poverty and want,—

Misfortune's haggard train,—

Contentment mailed in cheerfulness

Disarmeth them of pain :

She strews the sloping walks of life

With roses rich and rare,

And they who tread her pleasant paths

Will find no serpents there.

I fear not sorrow, robed in weeds,—

Affliction's tearful child,—

It wins me from a world of sin

That else had love beguiled ;

And points me to a Better Land

Far o'er Time's stormy main,

Where long-lost friends, death Sundered
here,

Shall meet and love again.

I fear not sickness and disease,

Though pains companion them ;

They can but mar the casket,

They may not soil its gem :

They teach me that the ills of life

Are blessings in disguise,—

The mingled good and ill we heir

From distant Paradise.

I fear not all thy terrors, Death,
 I dread not even thee;
 Thou canst but take its citadel
 And set the spirit free;
 Free to commence its endless round
 Of usefulness and bliss,
 Where sin and sorrow never come,
 In fairer worlds than this.

But I do fear the slavery
 Of passions deep and dark,
 That drive us on o'er gulfs of vice,
 As winds the helmless bark:
 Till on some lone and stormy sea
 The worthless wreck goes down,
 With tempests raging round it,
 And beneath a clouded sun.

— — —
 LIFE—A JOURNEY.

"ALL aboard!" Conductor shouted;
 To the engineer he spake;
 Then were loosed the fettered flanges
 From the shackles of the break:
 Loud and shrill the whistle sounded;
 Slowly out the long train moves;
 Stoutly play the shining pistons,
 Up and down the oily grooves.

Faster, faster, breathes the charger,
 Which nor time nor load can tire,
 With his iron limbs and muscles,
 And his breath of steam and fire;
 Him with brazen bands they've harnessed,
 And have fettered to the car,
 And bravely and right gallantly
 He bears us now afar.

How his mane of sable blackness,
 With the fire-sparks intertwined,
 As he rushes grandly onward,
 Back is thrown along the wind!
 Faster, faster, and yet faster,
 Plunges on our iron steed,

Tramping, with his tread of thunder,
 Over upland, plain, and mead.

Winding round the base of mountains,
 Penetrating ancient woods,
 Vaulting valleys, wild and gloomy,
 Threading prairie solitudes:
 Racing thus for miles unnumbered,
 We outstripped the lagging gale;
 On, and on, and on, for hours,
 Rattling o'er the ringing rail.

Thundering down across the country,
 Came another train as fleet,
 Dashing on to make connection,
 Where converging courses meet:
 Soon we reached the intersection,
 Whistles sounded, stopped each train,
 Friends exchanged brief salutations,—
 "All aboard!"—away again!

Again away our trains went speeding,
 Freightied with their wealth of life;
 Onward to their destination,
 Bearing love, and hope, and strife;
 Hearts with grief and anguish laden,
 Bosoms filled with dumb despair,
 Loud-voiced mirth and bright-eyed laugh-
 ter,
 Sober thought and anxious care.

Such is life, a rapid journey,
 Thus to death we hurry on,
 Thus we meet and thus are sundered,
 Come in haste, in haste are gone;
 Thus our paths are intersecting,
 Thus we part to meet no more,
 Speeding down diverging pathways
 To death's dim and solemn shore.

None can loiter, none can tarry;
 Infancy, and youth, and age,
 Ever restless, all are speeding
 On this unknown pilgrimage.
 O, may Virtue, sweet and holy,
 O, may Faith, the gentle one,
 Fit us for the Better Country,
 When our journeyings here are done!

EDWARD D. HOWARD.

AMONG the young men who attracted attention as contributors to the *National Era*, soon after its establishment at Washington City, was Edward D. Howard, then a resident of Orwell, Ashtabula county, Ohio, now a citizen of Cleveland. Mr. Howard is a native of Tolland, Connecticut, where he was born, September twenty-seventh, 1825. His parents settled in Ohio when he was a boy, and he was educated in the common schools of Ashtabula county and at Kirtland Academy. He was for several years a school-teacher in Northern Ohio, and has been editor of the *Western Reserve Chronicle*, at Warren, of the *Free Democrat*, at Youngstown, and of the *Cleveland Leader*. He has been a poetical contributor to several magazines of established reputation, as well as to the *New York Tribune*.

MIDSUMMER.

I LIE beneath the quiet trees

That murmur softly, like a song,
Breathed gently through unconscious lips ;
Happy as summer days are long
I lie and gaze, while pulse and thought
Flow on with deep and lingering tide,
The one into my dreaming heart,
The other outward, vague and wide.

The drowsy hours full-freighted drift
Along life's ocean, as of old,
Deep-laden argosies went down
To eastern cities, fraught with gold ;
And tropic fruits, and spicy drugs,
Whose very names a fragrance bear,
As vases which have held rich flowers,
Betray the sweetness once was there.

Not of the Future dream I now ;
The Spring will with those dreams return ;
And hope and energy will wake,
When Winter's fires again shall burn :
Nor of the Past—let mem'ry sleep,
Till Autumn's pensive touch, once more,

Shall tune my heart to sad delight,
And paint lost visions fondly o'er.

Hope—memory—regret—despair—
Gone are your hours of light and gloom ;
Midsummer days are not for you,
For the rich Present now make room !
The womanhood of nature breathes
Its warm fruition every where ;
And the deep triumph of her heart
Fills, like a passion, all the air.

I breathe its inspiration in ;
She bears it brimming to my lips ;
Not half so full of rosy joy
The wine the flushed bacchante sips.
So Hebé bore the fabled cup,
To bless the heathen gods of yore ;
So deep they drank the fragrant bliss
From the full chalice running o'er.

Oh, weary heart, with passion sick,
Has thy deep love unanswered, lost,
Brought no repayal to the breast
Which gave it at such fearful cost ?

Has life grown weary in its noon,
 Uncrowned, inglorious, incomplete?—
 Has the flower faltered in its bloom
 Withholding its precious sweet?—

Around its fragrant center still
 Folding, in darkness and decay,
 Those inmost petals, which in love
 Blossom life's fragrant joy away?
 Oh, come with me beneath the trees;—
 Forget thyself in nature's joy!
 Here dwells no baffled, longing pain—
 No disappointment to annoy!

Here triumph in her full success;
 Here revel in her boundless bloom;
 Blend her sweet consciousness with thine,
 And take her sunlight for thy gloom.
 Thus shall thy inmost spirit feel
 The thrill of deep, victorious song,
 And life be crowned with happiness
 When fair midsummer days are long.

FRATERNITY.

COME together, men and brothers,
 Come together for the right;
 Come together in the dawning,—
 Come together in the light;
 As the rays of sunny gladness
 Mingle o'er the mountains gray,
 Mingle we in bonds fraternal,
 Blending joyfully as they!

COME together—do not linger
 By the fires of hatred old;
 Love is better and more worthy,
 Beautiful an hundred fold.
 Grope no more amid the ashes—
 Bury deep the embers there;
 For a purer light now flashes
 Through the vivifying air.

COME together—be united!
 Common friends for common good:
 What is best for you, my brother,
 Can on no one's rights intrude.
 "What is sorrowful and evil
 For the humblest of mankind,
 This is sorrow to all others!"
 Saith the pure, enlightened mind.

COME together!—Earth and Heaven
 Wait expectant of the time;
 Freedom brightly o'er us
 With a smile of hope sublime.
 Angels linger at the portals
 Of the bright and happy world,
 Gazing down with joyful glances
 Where free banners are unfurled!

I DREAM OF THEE.

I DREAM of thee, and sleep becomes
 The spring-time of untold delight;
 While Heaven, which lingers far away
 By day, comes near me in the night.

I dream of thee, and life becomes
 A blessing fraught with nameless bliss;
 Till angels in their starry homes
 Might envy me the joys of this.

The daylight fades,—soft shadows fall—
 Care spares me till to-morrow morn;
 While sleep o'ertints with love and light
 Night's visions, brighter than the dawn.

I love the night for starry hours,
 For quiet thought, and peaceful rest;
 But when it brings a dream of thee,
 Oh, then the night indeed is bless'd!

'Tis said this life is but a dream,
 I would that such my life might be:—
 A lingering dream of countless years,
 If 'twere a dream of love and thee!

D. CARLYLE MACCLOY.

IN the month of October, of the year 1853, Howard Durham, who had been publishing a semi-monthly literary and musical paper which he called *The Gem*, issued the first number of a monthly magazine of original western literature, for which the title of *The Genius of the West* was adopted. It contained thirty-two octavo pages, which were filled with contributions from the pens of Coates Kinney, Alice Cary, M. Louisa Chitwood, and others among the younger writers of the West. It was received with encouragement, and the young publisher drew around him a corps of writers, till then enjoying merely local reputations, whose poems, sketches and tales, republished from *The Genius* in leading papers of western cities, were read with pleasure in all parts of the Mississippi Valley. Among the most successful of those writers was the subject of this notice. Both the poems hereafter quoted, were contributed to *The Genius*, "The Moquis" in January, 1854, and "The Fragment" in February, 1855. Through all the changes of publishers and editors affecting the fortunes of *The Genius*, Mr. Maccloy was its steadfast friend. In June, 1854, Mr. Durham associated Charles S. Abbott and Coates Kinney with its management, and in the succeeding month withdrew from it and started a magazine of similar character, called the *New Western*, of which only three numbers were issued. In August, 1854, William T. Coggeshall became a joint partner with Abbott and Kinney, and in September the sole proprietor, Mr. Kinney remaining as co-editor until July, 1855. In December, 1855, Mr. Coggeshall sold the magazine to George True, then of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, who was its publisher until July, 1856, when he discontinued it. It had, in all its history, the confidence and support of the literary men of the West, and generous encouragement from conductors of city and county papers, but it never more than paid the expenses of printing—typifying hope and faith on the part of publishers, editors and authors, as in times past for many magazines in Ohio, rather than healthful exercise on the part of the public of just local pride in home literature.

Mr. Maccloy wrote poems, critiques and sketches for *The Genius* quite equal to contributions of similar character, common to magazines imported from sea-board cities, which are popular "out West." He was born, we believe, in the Muskingum Valley (near Zanesville), about the year 1825. He received a liberal education, having, we think, graduated at Gambier College,—and then devoted himself to teaching school. He was, in 1856, Principal of the High School at Chillicothe, Ohio.

In 1855 Mr. Maccloy read a sprightly satirical poem before several Lyceums in Ohio, and appeared then ambitious for literary distinction, but, since 1856, has rarely given his name to the world.

A FRAGMENT.

HERE in my palm, now, is a simile:

Mark you this corn and chaff, unwinnowed yet;

See how the plump, round grains, filled to the skin

With honest meat, from their own weight go down

Till they are lost beneath the worthless husks,

Which from their very lightness rise and hide

What better doth deserve the kiss of day.

Well, see, I blow upon it, so—mark now,

How doth the idle chaff fly off until

The passing winds bear it away unseen,
Where it shall rot, and no more court the gaze:

But these pure germs, instinct with life to come,

The fruitful earth receives, and from their tombs

Sends forth the heralds of their patient worth,

Until an hundred generous harvest fields,

Waving like molten gold beneath the sun,

Proclaim the glory of those quiet seeds!

Herein behold the false and truly great.

Be patient, then, if those, with specious acts

Do draw large audience and great applause;

Let them alone, they are the worthless chaff

Which winged Time shall winnow quite away;

They purchase with this life of bastard fame,
Eternity of blank oblivion!

Nor do complain, if these, kin to the gods,

Walk here with their divinity concealed.

Such men may walk in their own times alone,

With souls that live in ages yet uncome,

And we not know till their soul-age is in.

They are the hid but germinating seeds,

From whose decay rich harvests shall be reaped.

They make no noise, but quietly work on,
For greatness is possessed and humble too.

They seek not fame as a great end in life,
But from their deeds she comes a consequence;

And death is seedtime of their fair renown.

Lo! him who sleeps by peaceful Avon's tide!

Himself the grand epitome of man,
To whom all passions and affections did
Unmask, while he explored the mazy soul,
And tracked each shy suggestion to its source,

And found the key to every character—
From him, "the foremost man of all the world,"

Down to the meanest and most slighted job
Of "Nature's journeymen."

The jocund Will!

How little in his time they dreamed that
Fame

Would write his deathless name in gold
atop

Of all she hitherto had registered,
And name his very times—Shakspearean!

The first installment of his fame scarce
paid,

He paid stern nature's debt, and fell asleep,
Bequeathing to the world a legacy

Of fair report that doth outparagon
The glory of an hundred Waterloos!

Lo! him who sang of godlike themes,
and swept

From Heaven-gate down to Tartarean
night!

Obscure—for his slow times knew not the
man—

He dwelt apart, as if the strumpet Fame,
Intending slight, passed by the other side.

Then like to blind Mæonides in fate,

Now walketh he abreast of him in fame!

And now his mighty name goes on before,
Smiting the shadows from the path of man!

THE MOQUIS.

WESTWARD toward the setting sun,
Far beyond the Gila's sources,
Lives a race of happy men,
On their laughing river courses.

In a basin 'tween the Juan
And the Colorado stream,
Where fair nature seems in ruin,
'Mid the desert sands that gleam,

Rise some gentle, sloping mountains,
Studded o'er with woodlets green,
Vocal with the limpid fountains
Leaping downward in their sheen.

Stretcheth outward from the bases
Of those mountains in the sand,
A sweet valley, and embraces
Many a rood of goodly land.

There the Moquis in the glory
Of sweet innocence abide;
For 'tis better to grow hoary
In simplicity than pride.

Rich their cornfields grow, and yellow,
Plain their tables, though well laden,
Ripe the luscious fruit, and mellow,
Gilds the basket of the maiden.

And those simple natives, artless,
Have nor our boasted manners,
Have nor our great and heartless,
Nor our money-clutching planners.

There they need no midnight warders,
And no bolt confines the door,
For no theft lurks in their borders,
To molest unguarded store.

There fresh nature is not rusted,
There no consciences to let,
There the heart is not all crusted
Over with false etiquette.

There young love knows no abortion,
For no moneyed reason urges
Slightest hint of stingy caution,
To suppress the warm heart's surges.

All their realm the desert roundeth,
And they seek no foreign shore;
All their lives contentment boundeth,
And they never sigh for more!

Well contented with sweet labors,
In that garden paradisaal,
Never do they harm their neighbors,
Nor for wrong make sore reprisal.

War's fell implements they know not,
Save the simple bow and arrow,
And for conquest lust they show not,
Though their lands be very narrow.

And when cruel foemen rattle
In full harness o'er the plain,
They find naught but flocks of cattle,
And the waving fields of grain:

For the Moquis, upward climbing,
Fly the danger in its vastness,
And above the war song's chiming,
Sit secure in mountain fastness.

And they deem it wrong to offer
Deep resistance unto blood;
For they think it best to suffer,
Trusting Providence for good.

O we have our learned sages,
And the good of every clime,
And we have the thought of ages,
All concent'ring in our time:

O we boast our homes so lighted
By the torch in progress' hand!
But the men are clearer-sighted,
In the far-off Moquis land.

ALFRED BURNETT.

ALFRED BURNETT, though born in England in 1825, was bred a Western man, his parents having emigrated to Cincinnati when he was a lad. Mr. Burnett is well known in Cincinnati as a Confectioner, and has a reputation throughout the West as a successful Lecturer on Elocution, and delineator of character. He has been editor and publisher of several ephemeral periodicals, and has contributed poems to the *Louisville Journal*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, the *Daily Nonpareil*, and other Cincinnati journals. In 1847 he published a pamphlet entitled "Magnetism Made Easy," and in 1859 a little volume of poems and recitations, original and selected.

THE SEXTON'S SPADE.

ALL battered and worn is the sexton's
spade,

And soon 'twill be thrown aside;
It hath lasted well, and many a grave
Hath it spaded full deep and wide!
And many a tale could that old spade
tell—

Tales of the church-yard drear,
Of the silent step, and the doleful knell,
Of the coffin, shroud, and bier!

It could tell of children who died in spring,
When roses were blooming around,
While the morning lark its carol would
sing

As it flew o'er the burial ground!
How it parted aside, with its iron blade,
The grass which so lately grew;
And a grave for the young was carefully
made,
'Neath the shade of the broad-spreading
yew.

It could tell of those in the bloom of youth,
Whose steps were so light and free—

Whose thoughts were pure, and whose
hearts were truth,

But who now sleep silently!
How their graves were made in the sum-
mer-time,

When the flowers around were bright,
And wreaths were made of the eglantine,
And placed o'er their brows so white.

It could tell us of manhood's slow decay;
And how, in the hour of pride,
The spirit hath left its house of clay,
And all that was mortal died;

How the autumn leaves that strewed the
ground

Were quietly brushed away,
While sorrowing friends were gathered
around,

When the clay returned unto clay!

It could tell us of weak and hoary age,
With its feeble step and slow,
Who gladly seized upon the gage—
The gauntlet Death did throw;
How graves were made when old winter's
breath

Had blown on the flowers so fair:

All seasons and ages belong unto Death—
Youth, manhood, nor age will he spare!

All battered and worn is the sexton's spade,
And soon 'twill be thrown aside;
It hath lasted well, and many a grave
Hath it shaped both deep and wide!
And many a tale could that old spade tell—
Tales of the church-yard drear,
Of the silent step, and the doleful knell,
Of the coffin, shroud, and bier!

DEAR MOTHER, WAS IT RIGHT?

To the grove beyond the meadow
Where the stream goes rippling by,
In the twilight, yester even,
Wandered young Glennhold and I;
And when the twilight deepened
Into the shades of night,
Still in the grove we lingered:
Dear mother, was it right?

Was it right, my dearest mother,
As we wandered thus along,
For his arm to be around me?
I'm sure he meant no harm,—
And when a fitting cloud, mother,
Had hid the moon's pale light,
His lips he pressed to mine:
Oh, tell me, was it right?

Should I have then repulsed him,
When he promised to be true?
In such an hour, dear mother,
What should a maiden do?
My heart was wildly beating,
As if with sore affright—
Yet I felt more joy than sadness:
Dear mother, was it right?

Was it right that I should tell him
I would love him all my life,
And both in joy and sorrow
Prove a true and loving wife?

And now, dear mother, tell me,
And make me happy quite,
If I did not yester e'en
Act womanlike and right?

MY MOTHER.

MOTHER, thy locks are growing gray,
Thy form is bent with years,
And soon thou'lt bid farewell to earth—
Its joys, its hopes, its fears.

Yet time hath gently dealt with thee;
Adown life's billowy sea
Thy bark hath sailed without a wave
Of dark adversity!

Thou who first taught my infant lips
To syllable thy name,
To thee I dedicate this lay;
Thou who art still the same—

The same kind mother of my youth
And manhood's wayward years;
Ah! mother dear, I fear I've caused
Thee many bitter tears.

I know I can not e'er repay
The wealth of love that's thine—
A mother's love cannot be told
In feeble verse of mine.

Yet will I strive to be as thou
Thyself wouldst have me be,
And know in doing thus I'll prove
Sincerest love to thee.

And shouldst thou be the first to pass
The shadowy vale of death,
Thy blessing, mother, be it mine
E'en with thy latest breath.

Then shall I better be prepared
To battle on through life,
And meet thee in the spirit-land,
Afar from earthly strife.

FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

FRANCES FULLER BARRITT was born at Rome, New York, in May, 1826. When she was four years old her parents removed to the "pinery" of northern Pennsylvania, and there, for several years, she enjoyed nature in its most notable moods, receiving impressions which, at a later day, coined themselves into expression. In 1839 the family removed to Wooster, Ohio, where, under the influences of good schools and good social relations, Frances developed rapidly. To such a nature as hers, authorship is a necessity; hence we are not surprised to learn that, at the age of *fourteen*, she became an acceptable contributor to the press. Besides poems to the local papers, she wrote a story "Seventy Times Seven" for the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*—then a highly popular journal of light literature—all of which, for a girl of fourteen, proved her mind to be one of no ordinary character. She had for a companion, besides her sister Metta, a girl of singular endowments of mind, Emeline H. Brown, who, in her brief life, made her mark as a poet. Together, these three read and talked and wrote; and out of their young dreams came the resolves which both Frances and Metta have since so entirely fulfilled, namely, to make a name and fame for themselves.

Frances early became a contributor to the leading journals of belle-lettre literature in this country. In 1848 she especially succeeded in arresting attention through the columns of the New York *Home Journal*, whose editors, N. P. Willis and G. P. Morris, did not hesitate to give her a foremost position among current female authors. "The Post-Boy's Song," "Revolution," "Kate," "The Old Man's Favorite," "Keats," "The Deserted City," "The Country Road," "The Midnight Banner," "Vision of the Poor," "Song of the Age," were poems which served to arrest the attention of the press of England as well as of America. Edgar A. Poe, in his somewhat noted paper on Mr. Griswold's volume of "Female Poets," took occasion to refer to Miss Fuller as among the "most imaginative" of our lady poets. The poems above named are characterized by a power of diction and individuality in conception which give them the force of imaginative creations; but we are disposed to think her genius is not representatively "imaginative" according to Poe's definition of that word. She has that self-reliant spirit and clearness of perception which betray power and *practicality*—if we may be permitted the use of such a word in speaking of true poetry; hence, her poems, full of fine imagery and originality of conception as they are, still are marked with the correctness of the real rather than with the indefinitiveness of the ideal. This applies more particularly to the productions of her earlier years—to those named above; her poems of later years have grown more introspective, show a more intense love of nature in her quiet moods, and may, perhaps, be regarded as more imaginative than her compositions previous to 1854.

Miss Fuller's first volume was given to the public in 1851, under the editorial super-

vision of the late Rufus W. Griswold. It embraced most of the compositions named above, and others of very decided merit. "Azlea, a Tragedy," the most lengthy of her productions, is a composition marked by the true dramatic instinct, which, while it carries along the thread of the story, with a firm hand, weaves in, with a subtle perception of the fitness of position and scene, the lights and shades of character, which awaken a living personal interest in the drama. It was written in 1846.

In the year 1853 Miss Fuller was married to Jackson Barritt, of Pontiac, Michigan, to which State she had removed in 1852. In 1855 Mrs. Barritt removed to the far West, in quest of that "New Atlantis" which speculators would fain have us believe lies west of the Missouri. In the excitement and hardships of a pioneer life the poet had little incentive to write; yet she was maturing in those experiences through which all must pass who truly and fully penetrate the great mysteries of character and life. We find in her later poems—among which we may mention "Passing by Helicon," "The Palace of Imagination," "Autumnalia," "Moonlight Memories"—a profound sense of circumstances and realities of existence, which shows how her mind has labored with itself.

Mrs. Barritt has been drawn into the great literary, as it is the great commercial, metropolis of the Union, New York City, like other leading writers, of whom the West has reason to be proud. Mrs. Barritt is engaged upon various literary labors, contributes to our leading magazines both prose and poetry, and, should her life be spared, will prove one of our most successful and serviceable authors.

THE POST-BOY'S SONG.

THE night is dark and the way is long,
And the clouds are flying fast;
The night-wind sings a dreary song,
And the trees creak in the blast:
The moon is down in the tossing sea,
And the stars shed not a ray;
The lightning flashes frightfully,
But I must on my way.

Full many a hundred times have I
Gone o'er it in the dark,
Till my faithful steeds can well descry
Each long familiar mark:
Withal, should peril come to-night,
God have us in his care!
For without help, and without light,
The boldest well beware.

Like a shuttle thrown by the hand of fate,
Forward and back I go:
Bearing a thread to the desolate
To darken their web of woe;
And a brighter thread to the glad of heart,
And a mingled one to all;
But the dark and the light I cannot part,
Nor alter their hues at all.

Now on, my steeds! the lightning's flash
An instant gilds our way;
But steady! by that dreadful crash
The heavens seemed rent away.
Soho! here comes the blast anew,
And a pelting flood of rain;
Steady! a sea seems bursting through
A rift in some upper main.

'Tis a terrible night, a dreary hour,
But who will remember to pray

That the care of the storm-controlling
power

May be over the post-boy's way?

The wayward wanderer from his home,

The sailor upon the sea,

Have prayers to bless them where they
roam—

Who thinketh to pray for me?

But the scene is changed! up rides the
moon

Like a ship upon the sea;

Now on my steeds! this glorious noon

Of a night so dark shall be

A scene for us; toss high your heads

And cheerily speed away;

We shall startle the sleepers in their beds

Before the dawn of day.

Like a shuttle thrown by the hand of fate

Forward and back I go:

Bearing a thread to the desolate

To darken their web of woe:

And a brighter thread to the glad of heart,

And a mingled one for all;

But the dark and the light I cannot part,

Nor alter their hues at all.

SONG OF THE AGE,

MEN talk of the iron age—

Of the golden age they prate,

And with sigh on lips so sage

Discourse of our fallen state.

They tell of the stalwart frames

Our gallant grandsires bore;

But, honor to their good names,

This century asks for more:

It asks for men with the toiling brains,

Whose words can undo the captive's chains,

For men of right and men of might,

Whose heads, not hands, decide the fight!

And a mighty band they come,

More strong than the hosts of old;

Nor by clarion blast nor drum

Is their onward march foretold.

But with firm and silent tread,

And with true hearts heaving high,

On, on where the wrong hath led—

They will vanquish it or die!

And they beard the lion in his den,

With the fearless souls of honest men,

Like men of right and men of might,

Whose heads, not hands, decide the fight.

Tell not of the ages past,

There is darkness on their brow;

For truth has only come at last,

And the only time is now!

Away with your empty love,

And your cant of other times,

For mind is the spell of power—

Ye will learn its might betimes!

For this is the age of toiling brains,

Of liberties won, and broken chains,

Of men of right and men of might,

Whose heads, not hands, decide the fight.

RESOLUTION.

Room, room for the freed spirit! Let it
fling

Its pinions worn with bondage once more
wide,

And if in earth or air there is a thing

To stay its soaring, let the heavens chide!

Away, the silken bondage of young dreams;

No more in gentle dalliance I'll lay

My hand upon my lute, like one who seems

In half unconscious idleness to play.

But all there is in me of living soul,

Of high, proud daring, or of untried
trust,

Shall not be subject longer to control ;

For my desire is upward, and I must
Spurn back the fetters of the slothful past
As the loosed captive tramples on his
chain ;

From now, henceforth, my destiny is cast,
And what I will, I surely shall attain.

Onward and upward ! strengthening in
their flight,

My thoughts must "all be eagle thoughts,"
nor bend

Their pinions downward, until on the
height

That nurses Helicon's pure fount I stand.
Onward my soul ! nor either shrink nor
turn,

Be cold to pleasure and be calm to pain ;
However much the yielding heart may
yearn,

Listen not, listen not, it is in vain !

Upward ! "a feeling like the sense of
wings,"

A proud, triumphant feeling buoys me
up,

And my soul drinks refreshment from the
springs

That fill forever joy's enchanted cup.

A glorious sense of power within me lies,
A knowledge of my yet untested strength,

And my impatient spirit only sighs
For the far goal to attain at length.

THE PALACE OF IMAGINATION.

FULL of beauty, full of art and treasure,
Is that palace where my soul was bound ;
Filled harmoniously with every pleasure
Sweet to sense, or exquisite of sound.

Light whose softness rival summer shad-
ows—

Shadows only softer than the light,

Like those clouds that dapple the June
meadows,

Make its chambers rarely dark and
bright.

Nightingales are nested in its bowers ;

Unseen singers stir the fragrant air ;
Fountains drop their musical, cool shadows
Into basins alabaster fair.

Ancient myths are storied here in marble,
Busts of poets people every nook—

Forms so like the living, that the warble
Of their voices thrills you as you look.

Rare creations of all times and ages.

Wrought by inspiration of high art,
Live in sculpture, speak from gilded pages,
Throng with beauty its remotest part.

In this Palace did my soul awaken,

From what Past it thirsted not to know ;
With the bright existence it had taken
Wandering, tranced—like Cherubim
a-glow.

Till, from dreaming, rose unquiet fancies—

Frightful phantoms glided in and out :
Gnomes and ghouls read of in old ro-
mances,

Haunted all its shadowy halls about !

Then my soul sat with averted vision,

Cold and pallid in a nameless fear,
Seeing with inward eyes a new elysian
Dream of pleasure, inaccessible here.

And she uttered, sighing deep and sadly,

"Here, though all is fair, yet all is cold ;
I would change my matchless palace glad-
ly,

For one hour of life in love's warm
fold."

This she said, and straight the sapphire
air

In the palace, rosy grew, and gold ;

Statues pale, and pictures heavenly fair,
Blushed and breathed like forms of
earthly mould.

Happy laughter with the zephyrs mingled,
Sweet young voices murmured Love's
soft words ;

Lightning rays along my soul-nerves tin-
gled,
Till it fluttered like its young brood
birds.

Now my soul no longer pale or pining,
With sweet mirth makes its rare palace
sound ;

Golden light through every shadow shining,
Shows the beauty lying waste around.

PASSING BY HELICON.

My steps are turned away ;
Yet my eyes linger still,
On their beloved hill,
In one long, last survey :
Gazing through tears, that multiply the
view,
Their passionate adieu.

O, joy-unclouded height,
Down whose enchanted sides,
The rosy mist now glides,
How can I lose thy sight ?—
How can my eyes turn where my feet must
go,
Trailing their way in woe ?

Gone is my strength of heart ;—
The roses that I brought,
From thy dear bowers, and thought
To keep, since we must part—
Thy thornless roses, sweeter until now,
Than 'round Hymettus' brow,

The golden-vested bees,
Find sweetest sweetness in ;—
Such odors dwelt within
The moist red hearts of these—

Alas, no longer give out blissful breath,
But odors rank with death.

Their dewiness is dank ;
It chills my pallid arms,
Once blushing 'neath their charms ;
And their green stems hang lank,
Stricken with leprosy, and fair no more,
But withered to the core.

Vain thought ! to bear along
Into this torrid track,
Whence no one turneth back,
With his first wanderer's song
Yet on his lips, thy odors and thy dews,
To deck these dwarfed yews.

No more within thy vales,
Beside thy plashing wells,
Where sweet Euterpe dwells,
With songs of nightingales,
And sounds of flutes that make pale silence
glow,
Shall I their rapture know.

Farewell, ye stately palms !
Clashing your cymbal tones,
In through the mystic moans
Of pines at solemn psalms ;—
Ye myrtles, singing Love's inspired song,
We part, and part for long !

Farewell, majestic peaks !
Whereon my list'ning soul
Hath trembled to the roll
Of thunders which Jove wreaks,—
And calm Minerva's oracles hath heard,
All more than now unstirred !

Adieu, ye beds of bloom !
No more shall zephyr bring
To me, upon his wing,

Your loveliest perfume ;
No more upon your pure, immortal dyes,
Shall rest my happy eyes.

I pass by : at thy foot
O, mount of my delight !
Ere yet from out thy sight
I drop my voiceless lute ;
It is in vain to strive to carry hence
Its olden eloquence.

Your sacred groves no more
My singing shall prolong,
With echoes of my song
Doubling it o'er and o'er.
Haunt of the muses, lost to wistful eyes
What dreams of thee shall rise !

Rise but to be dispelled,—
For here where I am cast,
Such visions may not last,
By sterner fancies quelled :—
Relentless Nemesis my doom hath sent,
This cruel banishment !

CHILDHOOD.

A CHILD of scarcely seven years—
Light-haired, and fair as any lily ;
With pure eyes ready in their tears
At chiding words or glances chilly :
And sudden smiles as inly bright
As lamps through alabaster shining,
With ready mirth and fancies light,
Dashed with strange dreams of child-
divining :
A child in all infantile grace,
Yet with the angel lingering in her face.

A curious, eager, questioning child,
Whose logic leads to naive conclusions
Her little knowledge reconciled
To truth, amid some odd confusions :

Yet credulous, and loving much,
The problems hardest for her reason ;
Placing her lovely faith on such,
And deeming disbelief a treason ;—
Doubting that which she can disprove,
And wisely trusting all the rest to love.

Such graces dwell beside your hearth,
And bless you in a priceless pleasure ;
Leaving no sweeter spot on earth
Than that which holds your household
treasure.

No entertainment ever yet
Had half the exquisite completeness—
The gladness without one regret,
You gather from your darling's sweet-
ness :
An angel sits beside the hearth,
Where'er an innocent child is found on
earth.

AUTUMNALIA.

THE crimson color lays
As bright as beauty's blush along the West :
And a warm, golden haze,
Promising sheafs of ripe autumnal days
To crown the old year's crest,
Hangs in mid-air, a half-pellucid maze,
Through which the sun, at set,
Grown round and rosy, looks with Bacchian
blush,
For an old wine-god meet,
Whose brows are dripping with the grape-
blood sweet,
As if his Southern flush
Rejoiced him in his Northern-zoned retreat.

The amber-colored air,
Musical is with hum of tiny things
Held idly struggling there,—
As if the golden mist untangled were
About the viewless wings
That beat out music on the gilded snare.

If but a leaf, all gay
 With autumn's gorgeous coloring, doth fall,
 Along its fluttering way
 A shrill alarum wakes a sharp dismay,
 And, answering to the call,
 The insect chorus swells and dies away,
 With a fine, piping noise,
 As if some younger singing mote cried out;
 As do mischievous boys,
 Startling their playmates with a pained
 voice,
 Or sudden, thrilling shout,
 Followed by laughter, full of little joys.

Perchance a lurking breeze
 Springs, just awakened, to its wayward
 play,
 Tossing the sober trees
 Into a thousand graceful vagaries;
 And snatching at the gay
 Banners of autumn, strews them where it
 please.

The sunset colors glow
 A second time in flame from out the wood,
 As bright and warm as though
 The vanished clouds had fallen and lodged
 below
 Among the tree-tops, hued
 With all the colors of heaven's signal bow.

The fitful breezes die
 Into a gentle whisper, and then sleep;
 And sweetly, mournfully,
 Starting to sight in the transparent sky—
 Lone in the "upper deep,"
 Sad Hesper pours its beams upon the eye,
 And for one little hour
 Holds audience with the lesser lights of
 heaven;
 Then, to its Western bower
 Descends in sudden darkness, as the flower
 That at the fall of even
 Shuts its bright eye, and yields to sorrow's
 power.

Soon, with a dusky face,
 Pensive and proud as some East-Indian
 queen,
 And with a solemn grace,
 The moon ascends, and takes her royal
 place
 In the fair evening scene,
 And Night sits crowned in Beauty's sweet
 embrace.

My soul, filled to the brim,
 And half intoxicate with loveliness,
 Sighs out its happy hymn;
 And in the overflow my eyes grow dim
 With a still happiness;
 Till, voiceless with the rapture of my
 dream,
 I yield my spirit up unto the bliss
 Of perfect peace, sad by its sweet excess.

A LITTLE BIRD THAT EVERY ONE KNOWS.

THERE is a bird, with a wond'rous song,
 A little bird that every one knows
 (Though it sings for the most part under
 the rose),
 That is petted and pampered wherever
 it goes,
 And nourished in bosoms gentle and strong.

This petted bird has a crooked beak,
 And eyes like live coals set in its head,
 And a gray breast, dappled with glowing
 red—
 Dabbled, not dappled, it should be said—
 From a fancy it has of which I may speak.

This eccentricity that I name
 Is, that whatever the bird would sing,
 It dips its black head under its wing,
 And moistens its beak in—darling
 thing!—
 A human heart that is broken with shame.

Then this cherished bird its song begins—
 Always begins its song one way—
 With two little dulcet words—"They
 say"—

Carroled in such a charming way
 That the listener's heart it surely wins.

This sweetest of songsters, sits beside
 Every hearth in this Christian land,
 Never so humble or never so grand,
 Gloating o'er crumbs, which many a
 hand
 Gathers to nourish it, far and wide.

O'er each crumb that it gathers up
 It winningly carols those two soft words,
 In the winning voice of the sweetest of
 birds—
 Darting its black head under its wing,
 As it might in a ruby drinking-cup.

A delicate thing is this bird withal,
 And owns but a fickle appetite,
 And old and young take a keen delight
 In serving it ever, day and night
 With the last gay heart, now turned to gall.

Thus, though a dainty dear, it sings,
 In a very well-conditioned way,
 A truly wonderful sort of lay,
 While its burden is ever the same—
 "They say,"
 Darting its crooked beak under its wings.

WAITING.

No fairer eve e'er blessed a poet's vision,
 No softer airs e'er kissed a fevered brow,
 No scene more truly could be called ely-
 sian,
 Than this which holds my gaze enchanted
 now.

Lonely I sit, and watch the fitful burning
 Of prairie fires far off, through gathering
 gloom,

While the young moon and one bright star
 returning

Down the blue solitude, leave night their
 room.

Gone is the glimmer of the eternal river,
 Hushed is the wind that ope'd the leaves
 to-day;

Alone through silence falls the crystal
 shiver

Of the calm starlight on its earthward
 way,

And yet I wait, how vainly! for a token—
 A sigh, a touch, a whisper from the past;
 Alas, I listen for a word unspoken,
 And wait for arms that have embraced
 their last.

I wish no more, as once I wished, each
 feeling

To grow immortal in my happy breast;
 Since not to feel, will leave no wounds for
 healing;

The pulse that thrills not has no need of
 rest.

As the conviction sinks into my spirit
 That my quick heart is doomed to death
 in life;

Or that these pangs shall wound and never
 sear it,

I am abandoned to despairing strife.

To the lost life, alas! no more return-
 ing—

In this to come no semblance of the
 past—

Only to wait!—hoping this ceaseless yearn-
 ing

May ere long end—and rest may come
 at last.

METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

METTA VICTORIA FULLER was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, March second, 1831,—the third child of a family of five, of whom Frances A. Fuller (Mrs. Barritt) was the eldest. From mere childhood she manifested a love for books of fancy and poetry, and undertook rhythmic composition before the age of ten years, with a success which rendered her a prodigy in the eyes of teachers and scholars. Her parents having removed to Wooster, Ohio, in 1839, she then enjoyed for several years the advantages of good schools. Her mental development was rapid. At the age of thirteen years she really commenced the career of authorship which, with slight interruptions, she has successfully pursued up to the present time. "The Silver Lute," an exquisite tale which was widely admired, was written and published in 1844.

Between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, Miss Fuller produced many poems and tales—all of which met with great favor at the hands of local publishers. At fifteen she wrote the romance "The Last Days of Tul"—founded upon the supposed history of the dead cities of Yucatan. It was published in Boston in 1846. At the age of sixteen, she produced stories of much brilliancy of fancy—and then made a brilliant *debut* in the New York *Home Journal*, edited by Nathaniel P. Willis and George P. Morris, and for some time was the "bright, particular star" of that sheet. Mr. Willis wrote of her, and her sister, Frances A. (likewise a special contributor to the *Journal*):

We suppose ourselves to be throwing no shade of disparagement upon any one in declaring that, in "Singing Sybil" (Miss Fuller's *nom de plume*), and her not less gifted sister Frances, we discern more unquestionable marks of true genius, and a greater portion of the unmistakable inspiration of true poetic art than in any of the lady minstrels—delightful and splendid as some of them have been—that we have heretofore ushered to the applause of the public. One in spirit, and equal in genius, these most interesting and brilliant ladies—both still in the earliest youth—are undoubtedly destined to occupy a very distinguished and permanent place among the native authors of this land.

High praise when we consider that it was "Fanny Forester," brilliant "Edith May," and "Grace Greenwood," whom he had "ushered to the applause of the public." Among the tales furnished the *Journal* were, "The Tempter: a sequel to the Wandering Jew;" "The Lost Glove;" "Mother and Daughter"—all of which were republished far and wide. Her poetic contributions, during the same time, were numerous, and served to excite considerable remark in critical circles.

The first volume of poems of the sisters was collected under the editorship of the late Rufus W. Griswold, and published by A. S. Barnes & Co., in 1850. In the fall of the same year Derby & Co., of Buffalo, gathered together and published a volume of stories from the pen of Metta, under the title "Fresh Leaves from Western Woods." It included "The Tempter," the "Silver Lute," the "Lost Glove," "Mother and Daughter," etc.; and, as a publishers' venture, proved a success. "The Senator's

Son; a plea for the Maine Law," was brought out in the fall of 1851. Six large editions of this work have been sold in this country, and a sale of thirty thousand copies in England was acknowledged by the foreign publishers.

The years between 1852 and 1855 were devoted by Miss Fuller almost entirely to study—only venturing upon authorship to write an occasional "prize story," or to fulfill a magazine engagement. During these years she carefully canvassed the field of English Literature in its higher walks of Philosophy, Criticism, Biography and Poetry. In 1856 Derby & Jackson, of New York, published "The Two Wives," a sad story (founded in fact) of the ruin wrought by the Mormon faith. The work still has a good sale.

In July, 1856, Miss Fuller was united in marriage to O. J. Victor, and removed, the year following, to New York City, where she still resides, pursuing the career of authorship successfully.

Mrs. Victor is understood to be the author of those humorous papers published in *Godey's Lady's Book*, entitled "The Tallow Family in America," and "Miss Slimmen's Window;" collected and published in an illustrated volume by Derby & Jackson, of New York, in 1859. She is also said to be the author of several humorous and satirical poems which have excited no little curiosity in literary circles, viz.:—"What's in a Name? a High Life Tragedy;" "Starting the Paper;" "The Stilts of Gold;" "The Ballad of Caleb Cornstalk." The "Arctic Queen"—a poem of marked originality and of striking character—published in a private edition at Sandusky, Ohio, in 1856, is from her pen. Those somewhat remarkable stories published in the *Art Journal*, of New York City, "Painted in Character," "The Phantom Wife," "From Arcadia to Avernus," are attributed upon good authority to her hand. It will be perceived by this record of her labors that Mrs. Victor is unusually endowed; her success has been remarkable in poetry of imagination and fancy: in humor and satire, prose and verse; in fiction and romance; in tales of purely imaginative creation; as well as in the departments of literary criticism, and essays upon popular themes.

The selections for these pages are made from late poems Mrs. Victor has acknowledged. It is to be hoped that she will confess to the ownership of the humorous poems above named, by gathering them for publication in a volume. It will prove an acceptable contribution to our humorous literature.

"Body and Soul" is a poem of true inspiration. It shows a power in its development which renders its impression a lasting one. It has come back from England with high approval. "The Red Hunters," as a description of the fearful phenomenon of a prairie on fire, is a vivid, stirring characterization. "The Honeysuckle" stands in strong contrast to these two just named, being a pure piece of fancy, woven with exquisite grace, and showing the author's extreme sensibility to the spiritual expressions of nature. "The Two Pictures" has the fire of imagination in its finely rhythmized diction. "The Wine of Parnassus" is conceived in the spirit of a poet who has quaffed deeply at the Parnassean spring.

THE RED HUNTERS.

OUT of the wood at midnight,
 The swift red hunters came ;
 The prairie was their hunting-ground,
 The bison were their game.
 Their spears were of glist'ning silver,
 Their crests were of blue and gold ;
 Driven by the panting winds of heaven,
 Their shining chariots rolled.

Over that level hunting-ground—
 Oh, what a strife was there !
 What a shouting—what a threat'ning cry—
 What a murmur on the air !
 Their garments over the glowing wheels
 Streamed backward red and far ;
 They flouted their purple banners
 In the face of each pale star.

Under their tread the autumn flowers
 By myriads withering lay ;
 Poor things ! that from those golden wheels
 Could nowhere shrink away !
 Close, and crashing together,
 The envious chariots rolled,
 While, anon before his fellows
 Leaped out some hunter bold.

Their hot breath, thick and lowering,
 About their wild eyes hung,
 And, around their frowning foreheads,
 Like wreaths of nightshade clung.
 The bison ! ho, the bison !
 They cried, and answered back ;
 Poor herds of frightened creatures,
 With such hunters on their track !

With a weary, lumbering swiftness,
 They sought the river's side,
 Driven by those hunters from their sleep
 Into its chilling tide.
 Some face their foe, with anguish
 Dilating their brute eyes—
 The spears of silver strike them low,
 And dead each suppliant lies.

Now, by the brightening river
 The red hunters stand at bay ;
 Vain the appalling splendor—
 The river shields their prey !
 Into its waves, with baffled rage,
 They leap in death's despite—
 Their golden wheels roll roaring in,
 And leave the withered night.

BODY AND SOUL.

A LIVING soul came into the world—
 Whence came it ? Who can tell ?
 Or where that soul went forth again,
 When it bade the world farewell ?

A body it had, this spirit new,
 And the body was given a name,
 And chance and change and circumstance
 About its being came.
 Whether the name would suit the soul
 The givers never knew—
 Names are alike, but never souls :
 So body and spirit grew,
 Till time enlarged their narrow sphere
 Into the realms of life,
 Into this strange and double world,
 Whose elements are at strife.

'Twere easy to tell the daily paths
 Walked by the body's feet,
 To mark where the sharpest stones were
 laid,
 Or where the grass grew sweet ;
 To tell if it hungered, or what its dress,
 Ragged, or plain, or rare ;
 What was its forehead—what its voice,
 Or the hue of its eyes and hair.

But these are all in the common dust ;
 And the spirit—where is it ?
 Will any say if the hue of the eyes,
 Or the dress, for that was fit ?

Will any one say what daily paths
 That spirit went or came—
 Whether it rested in beds of flowers,
 Or shrunk upon beds of flame?
 Can any one tell, upon stormy nights,
 When the body was safely at home,
 Where, amid darkness, terror, and gloom,
 Its friend was wont to roam?
 Where, upon hills beneath the blue skies,
 It rested soft and still,
 Flying straight out of its half-closed eyes,
 That friend went wandering at will?

High as the bliss of the highest heaven,
 Low as the lowest hell,
 With hope and fear it winged its way
 On journeys none may tell.

It lay on the rose's fragrant breast,
 It bathed in the ocean deep,
 It sailed in a ship of sunset cloud,
 And it heard the rain-cloud weep.
 It laughed with naiads in murmurous caves,
 It was struck by the lightning's flash,
 It drank from the moonlit lily-cup,
 It heard the iceberg's crash.

It haunted places of old renown,
 It basked in thickets of flowers;
 It fled on the wings of the stormy wind,
 It dreamed through the star-lit hours,
 Alas! a soul's strange history
 Never was written or known,
 Though the name and age of its earthly
 part
 Be graven upon the stone!

It hated, and overcame its hate—
 It loved to youth's excess—
 It was mad with anguish, wild with joy,
 It had visions to grieve and to bless;
 It drank of the honey-dew of dreams,
 For it was a poet true;
 Secrets of nature and secrets of mind,
 Mysteriously it knew.

Should mortals question its history,
 They would ask if it had gold—
 If it bathed and floated in deeps of
 wealth—
 If it traded, and bought, and sold.
 They would prize its worth by the outward
 dress
 By which its body was known:
 As if a soul must eat and sleep,
 And live on money alone!

It had no need to purchase lands,
 For it owned the whole broad earth;
 'Twas of royal rank, for all the past
 Was its by right of birth.
 All beauty in the world below
 Was its by right of love,
 And it had a great inheritance
 In the nameless realms above.

It has gone! the soul so little known—
 Its body has lived and died—
 Gone from the world so vexing, small:
 But the Universe is wide!

THE WINE OF PARNASSUS.

THE wine of Parnassus is mingled with
 fire;

It is drunken with pleasure and pain:
 Who quaffs of it once must forever desire
 Its ethereal fumes in his brain.

It is drugged with a sadness immortally
 deep,

That low down in the beaker doth
 swim;
 While the silvery bubbles of joy overleap,
 Or in splendor subside on the brim.

And the grapes, ah! the grapes that were
 torn from the breast
 Of the clinging and passionate vine—

The life from their hearts in its richness
was pressed
To secure this ambrosia divine.

'Tis as full of delight as the grapes were
of juice,
Like their amethyst bloom is its hue;
It has drank from the sunlight its glory
profuse,
It has drank from the roses their dew.

And yet it has stol'n all the gloom of the
night,

And of Dian's sad eyes, o'er the hill
As they beam in their beauty forlornly yet
bright,

And the mists in the valley grow chill.

In goblets of Juno's white lilies so sweet
It is served by the Gods to the few
Who can drink the top sparkles most
bright and most fleet,
And still drink till the dregs are in view.

The ethereal bliss flowing fast through
each vein

The aromas of earth yielded up,
But the fire rising fast to the agonized
brain

By Prometheus was mixed in the cup.

Who can bear the sweet anguish of
Heaven's pure fire?

Who will drug his own soul with de-
spair?—

The roses whose odors wake endless desire,
The poppies of dreams, who can bear?

If he seeks but the bliss that perfumeth
the top,

If he seeks but its sweetness divine,
Let him leave it, for anguish and joy, drop
for drop,

Are expressed in this exquisite wine.

The lips that have thrilled at the goblet
flow fast

With a madness they cannot forbear:

The gods what they will of the future and
past
Through these oracles boldly declare.

The chill of the caves where it cooled, and
the glow

Of the hills where it grew, mingle up—
Who can bear, like a god, both its rap-
tures and woe,

He shall quaff from the mystical cup.

THE TWO PICTURES.

A PAINTER painted a picture for me,
I know not whether with color or words,
Whether on canvas or air it might be—
Whether I saw the vision or heard.

A picture it was, both wide and high,
Nine-tenths of the world had a place
therein:

The light was all in the rifted sky—
Beneath, were the shadows of Want and
Sin.

I saw—ah! what did I not see there
That would sadden the soul to feel and
know?

All bodily anguish and heart despair—
And, far the worst, was the Spirit's
woe:—

The baby who pined for milk and bread—
The mother who watched it with tear-
less eyes—

The father who plotted first crimes in his
head—

The sister who fell when she thought to
rise:

The laborer eating his mouldy crust
In many a strange and dreary place,
Now by the roadside, crouched in the dust,
Now in the mine, with a hueless face:

The widow dead at her daily work,
With none to see but her wailing child—

Beggars that in odd corners lurk—

And slender maidens with faces wild:

Young men, whose dreams of greatness
burst

Their garret walls with their narrow
scope,

Who drowned their hunger and cold and
thirst

In the brimming wine of a thrilling
hope—

All had a place in this picture strange:—

I shuddered, yet could not choose but
look,

While ever and ever the picture changed
Like turning the leaves of a solemn
book.

Vast shadows over the landscape crept,
Blending the country and town in one;
Shapeless dread in the darkness slept—

Even the sky was dull and dun,
Save that a pencil of silver light
Slid through the heavy and choking air,
Suddenly touching with beauty bright
Some pale face lifted in patient prayer.

The darkness drifted like wind and rain—

I seemed to listen as well as look,

While gusts went by that were loud with
pain,

And the air with sobs of sorrow shook
To a strange, continuous undertone
Of tears that were falling many and
fast:—

Ah, the wind that over the sea doth moan
Had never so wild a sound as this last!

Ever through space the picture grew,
Bearing me on with its thronging
train;—

This tempest of human sorrow blew
And beat on the world its drenching rain.

“What painter hath done this work?” I
cried—

“Hath painted this picture wild and
dim?”

“Selfishness wrought it!” a voice replied,
“For a prize of Gold that was offered
him.”

I said:—“Oh let the vision pass!”

The scene, like mist, was drifted away!

A light wind ran through the rippling
grass,

A golden glow on the world did lay;

The dimpled foot of the happy child

On moss and velvet violets trod;

With the joy of flowers the fields were
wild,

And perfumes rose from the grateful sod.

The mother's breast was full and fair,

She laughed as she nursed her rosy boy,

And shook the curls of her careless hair

To vex him with a gay annoy:

The girl her simple labor sped,
Mocking with songs the birds and
streams,—

Then rested 'neath the rose-vine red,

Her cheeks flushed crimson with her
dreams;

The laborer feasted at his ease

On the rich fruits his toil had won;—

The peach and purple grape were his—

The wheat gold-tinted by the sun:

The young man with a step elate,

Walked proudly on th' admiring Earth,

His ideas grown to actions great—

Success commensurate with his worth:

The splendor of the boundless sky

Was of so soft and fine a hue,

No daintiest critic-taste could cry

“There was too much of gold or blue!”

“Who painted this,” I said, “must be

Of Art, the master and the lord:”

“Love wrought it!” some one answered
me,

“And Beauty was his sole reward.”

“But when shall Love, the Artist, stand

Most honored in the world's esteem,

And these sweet visions from his hand
 Be more than a delightful dream?"
 I asked; and still the voice replies—
 "When Beauty is of higher worth
 Than Gold, in men's far-seeing eyes,
 Then Love shall paint for all the Earth."

— — —
 THE HONEYSUCKLE.

PART FIRST.

It covers the ancient castle
 Over all its southern wall;
 It makes for itself a trestle
 Of arch and battlement tall;
 It waves from the lofty turret—
 It swings from the stately tower—
 It curtains the grim old castle
 As fair as a lady's bower.
 At the time of the midnight wassail,
 At the time of mirth and wine,
 I seek no other pleasure
 Than to look on the royal vine—
 It brims my soul with the measure
 Of a happiness divine.

I sit without, in the meadow;
 The trees sing low and sweet,
 The tremulous light and shadow
 Play all around my feet;
 I am full of summer fancies,
 I breathe the breath of flowers,
 I see the river that glances
 Beneath the castle-towers;
 I hear the wild-bee's story,
 I see the roses twine—
 But the crown of all, and the glory,
 Is the Honeysuckle-vine!

'Tis the type and ideal of summer,
 Tropical, brilliant, serene!
 It shelters the light-winged comer
 In a cool and wavy screen;

It is full of vague, soft noises,
 Sweeter than sweetest rhymes,
 Than insects' murmurous voices,
 Finer than fairy-bell chimes;
 It is the queen and the wonder
 Of all the vines that grow,
 And the stately elms stand under,
 Surprised to see it so.
 It floats in the yellow sunshine—
 It swims in the rosy light—
 It dreams in the mellow moonshine
 Through all the August night.
 It is still when the breeze is quiet,
 It moves not leaf nor limb—
 And oh, what a wild, sweet riot
 It holds along with him!
 They dance together proudly
 A gay, ethereal dance,
 And the happy breeze laughs loudly
 As its garments rustle and glance!

I cannot tell the fancies
 Which crowd my brain at times,
 Nor the soft, delicious trances
 Beguiling my thought to rhymes :—
 If I love the Honeysuckle,
 I have rivals many and true;
 The bee his belt doth buckle
 And sharpen his small-sword, too.—
 He will sting me if I go nearer—
 He will swear he has kissed her lips—
 That nectar never was clearer
 Than the honey-dew he sips.

The humming-bird, he will tell me
 He has lain in her breast for hours;
 The butterfly seeks to repel me
 With his wings like living flowers.
 And the bright sun doth adore her—
 He is my rival brave;
 He bows his torch before her
 Like some gay-appareled slave.
 He lights the million tapers
 Which burn upon her shrine,
 He dries the morning vapors
 Which will not let them shine.

Her praise to heaven she renders
 With golden lamps all trimmed;
 They blaze with crimson splendors,
 By even the day undimmed.

These are not tapers, clearly
 That burn upon the vine—
 I see them now more nearly
 As beakers full of wine!
 They are goblets, rich and golden,
 Ruby and garnet-rimmed,
 By all its branches holden
 And with royal nectar brimmed.
 Ah! filled with juices amber,
 Which ripen in the flower,
 For which bright insects clamber
 To the turret and the tower.
 The wild-bee swims in blisses,
 The small bird drinks his fill—
 They vow and sigh—"Oh, this is
 The draught the gods distill!
 They distill it out of heaven
 Into these goblets fine—
 Let us drink from morn till even—
 Let us madden us with wine,
 The ambrosial, the divine!"

—
 PART SECOND.

It covers the ancient castle
 Over all its southern wall;
 It makes for itself a trestle
 Of arch and battlement tall;
 It is rooted deep with the basement,
 It rises high with the tower,
 It curtains a certain casement—
 And there is my lady's bower!
 With a graceful, sweeping motion
 There parteth the leafy screen—
 In its wavy and murmurous ocean
 Like a pearl is my lady seen.
 No wonder the vine drops amber
 Which the honey-bees love to hive!
 It was planted to shade the chamber
 Of the fairest creature alive

Its holy and blissful duty—
 The sweetest that ever was done—
 Is to shadow her virgin beauty
 From the eye of the amorous sun.

I know why the birds crowd thither
 To sing and exult all day,
 While the roses and violets wither,
 Unsung, in the gardens, away.
 I know why the bees are drunken—
 In pleasure lapped and rolled,—
 Why the humming-birds' breasts are
 sunken
 So deep in those cups of gold!
 It's not that they hold their wassail
 In the crimson, nectarine flower—
 They see the pearl of the castle,
 They peer in her maiden bower!
 Oh, toss your flowers in the sunlight!
 Distill your honey-wine!
 Wave, wave your limbs in the moon-
 light,
 Glorious, aspiring vine!
 Yours is the coveted pleasure
 Of guarding the costly shrine—
 But the bitter, bitter measure
 Of idle envy is mine.

I lie in the oak-tree shadow
 The drowsy, summer day,
 In the rippling grass of the meadow
 I idle my time away.
 The wine and feast are untasted,
 The labor never is done—
 With heart and body wasted,
 I lie in the shade and sun.
 Like a bird in its leafy covering,
 She flits about her room;
 I see her fair form hovering
 Between the light and gloom:
 She comes to the window, singing,
 She plucks a peeping flower—
 Through all my being is ringing
 Her song's unconscious power.
 She shakes the saucy butterfly
 From off the fragrant bough—

And I am conquered utterly,
 By the mirth which dimples now
 Her rosy mouth and cheek,
 And brightens over her brow.
 Oh, would I dared to speak !
 Oh, would I were the blossom
 That waves so near her hair—
 She might pluck me for her bosom
 And let me perish there !

I am mad with too much longing—
 And wild with too much thought !
 Bless'd birds, around her thronging,
 Sing on, I heed you not !
 Oh, why was I born human,
 With a man's spirit and mind,
 And she, a peerless woman,
 The queen of all her kind ?
 Those woody fibers feel not
 The thrill of nerves on fire—
 Those veins of nectar reel not
 With love, hope, or desire !
 Yet I can see them yearning
 To hear her careless speech,
 And I can see them turning
 Her loveliest cheeks to reach !
 Oh, twine thou over the castle !—
 In wreaths and masses twine !
 I am only a stupid vassal
 To lie in the grass and pine
 And wish my fate were thine,
 Thou happy, royal Vine !

COMPOUND INTEREST.

BEN ADAM had a golden coin one day,
 Which he put out at interest with a
 Jew ;
 Year after year, awaiting him, it lay,
 Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,
 And these two, four—so on, till people
 said
 "How rich Ben Adam is !" and bowed
 the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,
 Which to a stranger, asking alms, he
 gave,
 Who went, rejoicing, on his unknown way.
 Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave ;
 But when his soul reached heaven, angels,
 with pride,
 Showed him the wealth to which his
 coin had multiplied.

LOVE.*

LOVE is not taught, Queen Oene, 'tis a gift
 Mysterious as life, and more divine ;
 The congregated glories of this cave,
 With all its jeweled lamps and sparkling
 roof,
 Could never purchase one of its small joys.
 Love, in exchange, takes nothing but itself ;
 Power cannot claim it—fear cannot com-
 mand :—
 It is a tribute Queens cannot exact.
 The humblest peasant singing in her hut
 Is often richer than the proudest Prince :
 It is the gift God left the human race
 To keep them from despair, when sin and
 shame,
 Pain, poverty and death, and madness came
 Among the people. When a youthful pair
 Look in each other's eyes and say, "We
 love!"
 The common earth grows to a heavenly
 world.
 Singing of birds, shining of summer suns,
 Blooming of flowers and brightness of the
 moon
 Have a new charm to their elated sense ;
 They hear the music of the Universe
 Walking, with light feet, to the harmony ;
 Careless of care and disbelieving pain,
 Grateful for life—and all, because they
 love!

* Extract from "Arctic Queen."

COATES KINNEY.

COATES KINNEY was born on the west bank of Crooked Lake—Keeuka in Indian—not far from Penn Yan, in Yates county, New York, November twenty-fourth, 1826. Without any aid from his parents, their gifted son has obtained a liberal education by his own exertions. Like most young men of talent in the West, Coates Kinney has stood ready for any thing that might turn up. Accordingly, he has taught both in the common and high schools, edited papers, and practiced law, which is now his profession.

In the spring of 1840 he came to Springboro, Warren county, Ohio, where he spent the most of his later boyhood. He was married on the seventeenth of July, 1851, to Hanna Kelley of Waynesville, of the same county. The issue of their marriage was three children, two of which are deceased—the other is a motherless infant, Mrs. Kinney having died on the twenty-seventh day of April, 1860—a few days after its birth—deeply lamented by a large circle of devoted friends.

Coates Kinney is now thirty-three years of age, and the commencement of his literary career dates back about ten years. Having been compelled to make his bread in uncongenial pursuits, his genius has been much encumbered. But iron necessity is often the most profitable disciplinarian, and its rugged requisitions have made the mightiest of earth's heroes.

His poems consist of "Keeuka, an American Legend," and eighteen minor pieces, published in a volume of one hundred and sixty-one pages, in 1854, and a number of productions since given to the serial press. In estimating his merits as a poet, we shall not attempt to define or analyze the elements of poetry, nor undertake a theory which will especially adapt itself to his case. Suffice it to say, that poetry, like eloquence, finds a response in the human soul,—an echo in the popular heart. This is the only unmistakable test of genuine merit in this field of literature. It will not do to institute a comparison between the modern and ancient sons of song, because two thousand years of change and progress, in human nature, have produced as marked effects in poetic genius as in any thing else. Another Iliad can never be produced, because the Homeric age can never recur. The generations now are developed after a model so different, that the demand for epics has ceased, and therefore no supply can be expected. The case is well stated by Neibuhr, the great German philosophical historian, in the following language: "To rise in conciseness and vigor of style, is the highest that we moderns can attain; for we cannot write from our whole soul; and hence we cannot expect another great epic poem. The quicker beats the life pulse of the world, the more one is compelled to move in epicycles, the less can calm, mighty repose of the spirit be ours."

How far, then, does Mr. Kinney meet this standard of excellence, "conciseness and

vigor of style?" Without instituting an invidious comparison with other poets, we ask the reader to form his own opinion as well from the entire productions which will be given, as from the passages of "Keeuka, an American Legend," hereafter quoted, which are selected with special reference to this quality.

Of this leading poem, "Keeuka," it may be said that it is throughout terse and strong, full of thought and genuine poetry. It has been criticised for the freedom with which the author makes use of obsolete words; but every one who is moderately read, will understand them without difficulty. Antiquity itself is poetical, and obsolete words have often a place in poetry peculiarly charming. But we prefer the English language as it is now spoken; though the more we study a strong production like "Keeuka," the more our prejudice against the old words it contains gives way.

For other illustrations of the quality of "conciseness and vigor," see "On! Right On!" and "Mother of Glory." The latter is one of the best specimens of blank verse in the English language. It is beautiful as a poem, and noble for the lesson it teaches. A second indication of poetic excellence is the judgment of the high court of humanity. The writer whose pieces have been most extensively published by the serial press, has the most favorable response in this behalf. Of Mr. Kinney's minor pieces, "Rain on the Roof," "Heroes of the Pen," "Emma Stuart," "Minnehaha," and "The End of the Rainbow," are known to almost every intelligent reader in the land.

Of the poem, "Rain on the Roof," it may be said, that its popularity has equaled that of any other poem ever written in the West. Though artistically elaborate, yet to those who have the innate love of poetry, it seems not to have been labored at all, but to have come of itself, like a shower in April, or to have grown wild, like blossoms in the woods. It, like all of Mr. Kinney's productions, will bear study, and improve on acquaintance.

A third rule by which to estimate a poet's merits, is the supply of brief passages calculated to enforce a truth, or impress a noble sentiment, that he furnishes to the common speech of the people. This compliment is not often paid during the poet's lifetime. Perhaps Pope's "Essay on Man" furnishes more single lines, couplets, and quadruplets conveying solid ideas than any other poem ever written, making due allowance for its length. Shakspeare has thrown much noble speech into the common mouth. Mr. Kinney is yet young, and his works limited; but he has fair prospect for future fame in this respect.

A fourth test of poetical excellence is that richness of fancy and imagination which throws over the realities of existence, the truths and emotions of our being, the beautiful garniture of nature, the glorious radiance of the divine. For examples of this excellence in Mr. Kinney's verse, let the reader observe "Extracts from Keeuka," "The Eden of Wishes," and "Mabelle."

Previously to our century, poetry has employed itself chiefly in embellishing the fancied Eden of the past, and in portraying the "human nature" of the present. But now and hereafter, not what man has been or is, but what he will be in the unfolding of his perfections must chiefly engage the lyre, and the harmonies of nature and of progress must find echo in the melody of verse.

Does our poet meet this fifth test of poetic excellence? In addition to citations already made, which illustrate this point, there are several entire pieces, to which we may call the reader's attention.

In conclusion let it be remarked that, a sixth test of excellence consists in the depth of thought that lies at the basis of a poet's performances. It is not the quantity but the quality of his productions on which merit must repose. The reader will notice that his appreciation and admiration of "Keeuka," "Mother of Glory," and many others of Mr. Kinney's productions, will depend upon the study he gives them.

EXTRACTS FROM "KEEUKA."

WERE mine the language Sappho wont to
sing,
Whose tones were brooks of honey in the
soul;
Could I the full Hellenic thunders fling
Down from sublime thought's empyrean
pole,
With Argive auditors to hear them roll,
Then might I not in vain invoke the Muse,
Whose mythic spells of inspiration stole
Upon old bards, and filled their hearts, as
dews
Mysterious fill the buds, with glory's folded
hues.

But most the power I lack; for Saxon
speech,
Though rough as ragged ocean, yet is
grand
As the great sound of billows on the beach,
That winds in wrath scourge bellowing to
land.
Yet, though the Muse ne beck me with her
hand
Up where Parnassian rills of passion flow,
Where fancy's rainbows brilliantly are
spanned
Above thought's purest, most ethereal snow,
Nathless I meekly sing this museless lay
below.

[CANTO I.—Stanzas i., ii.]

The voices with the distance, tapered down
To silence; and thence till the setting sun
The plummy thrapple of the mockbird brown,
Swoln full of rich, round warble, glibly
spun
Its tangled string of carols, never done:
The tunable love-twitter round the nests,
The susurrations of the bees, the run
Of quick brooks, blent their sweet sounds,
till the west's
Vanguard of hosting stars displayed their
brilliant crests.

[CANTO I.—Stanza xxi.]

Oh War! iconoclast of woman's love!
Thou breaker of the idols of her heart!
Thou pomp of murder, that dost flout above
All penalty! that sit'st enthroned apart
From vulgar crimes, and crowned with
glory art!
While man may so heroically die
That his great name on time's historic
chart
Shall loom through ages, woman's is the
sigh—
The tear, which fame's cold breath may
freeze, but cannot dry.

[CANTO II.—Stanza ii.]

The woods' wide amphitheater of green;
The sky's high overcanopy of blue;
The lake, arena for the coming scene
Of love's boat floating with its dual crew;

The birds, which, as they sung, and singing flew,
And flying flashed the dew-drops, one might deem

Nature's winged halleluiah's; airs that blew
Through leafy lips aroma: all did seem
The kingdom come of passion's paradisean dream.

[CANTO II.—Stanza xxi.

Then through the glory of that mellow weather,
We traced the streams, we stroamed adown the glyn,
And clomb atop the piny hills together;
Nor wist we aught of danger we were in,
For neither one was ware of any sin:
We leaned our foreheads o'er the selfsame book,
Along which some immortal mind had been,
And, mingling with our mingled spirits, took
Its power in, as this lake bosoms yonder brook.

[CANTO III.—Stanza xxiv.

Years passed like dreams—for we were not a part
Of the world's wakeful stir—divinest dreams,
Of poetry, philosophy, and art,
And liberty, and glory, and all themes
Of thought; the stars, those everlasting gleams
Of God in heaven; life, this endless chase
Of childhood after rainbows; death, which seems
The lifting of the veil from Mystery's face;
And immortality in some more happy place.

[CANTO IV.—Stanza xxi.

.... His hair bright brown, his eyes were lakelike blue,
And looked as though they held all heretofore

And all hereafter in their raptured view,
And all high knowledge and all holy passion knew.

.... His soul seemed brooding live thoughts beaked with fire,
Hatching them into words. Upon his face
There glowed the light of truth's divine desire.

.... Ne'er harpist harping with his golden harp
The Orphic miracles of raging song,
Could half sing love.

.... In noisy flocks while other children played,
Nurse Nature spread her lap and tended me,
And so before me her delightments laid
That I was charmed to sit upon her knee,
And feel my heart with her great heart agree.

.... And at such times the stars had earnest looks
Of sympathy, as though each held a tear;
And in the silvery babble of the brooks
Almost a human sobbing we could hear.

.... So passed we all the lovely summer eves,
Our souls commingling like two waterways
Within some pleasant valley full of leaves.

.... Men on whose fronts King Toil had full embrowned
The stamp of true nobility, narrated
Never in heraldry, but elevated
Above the majesties of all the earth.

.... O Liberty! thy symbol is the sea.
The great sea is thy symbol, and the waves
Which roll before the east wind, emblem thee:
Thou hast a motion like them.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows hover
 Over all the starry spheres,
 And the melancholy darkness
 Gently weeps in rainy tears,
 What a joy to press the pillow
 Of a cottage-chamber bed,
 And to listen to the patter
 Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
 Has an echo in the heart;
 And a thousand dreamy fancies
 Into busy being start,
 And a thousand recollections
 Weave their bright hues into woof,
 As I listen to the patter
 Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother,
 As she used to, years ago,
 To survey her darling dreamers,
 Ere she left them till the dawn;
 O! I see her bending o'er me,
 As I list to this refrain
 Which is played upon the shingles
 By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
 With her wings and waving hair,
 And her bright-eyed cherub brother—
 A serene, angelic pair!—
 Glide around my wakeful pillow,
 With their praise or mild reproof,
 As I listen to the murmur
 Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
 With her eye's delicious blue;
 And forget I, gazing on her,
 That her heart was all untrue:
 I remember but to love her
 With a rapture kin to pain,
 And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
 To the patter of the rain.

There is naught in Art's bravuras,
 That can work with such a spell
 In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
 Whence the holy passions well,
 As that melody of Nature,
 That subdued, subduing strain
 Which is played upon the shingles
 By the patter of the rain.

THE HEROES OF THE PEN.*

IN the old time gone, ere came the dawn
 To the ages dark and dim,
 Who wielded the sword with mightiest
 brawn,
 The world bowed down to him;
 The hand most red with the slaughtered
 dead,
 Most potent waved command,
 And Mars from the sky of glory shed
 His light like a blazing brand:
 But fiery Mars among the stars
 Grew pale and paler when,
 At the morn, came Venus ushering in
 The Heroes of the Pen.

Not with sword and flame these heroes
 came
 To ravage and to slay,
 But the savage soul with thought to
 tame,
 And with love and reason sway;
 Nor good steel wrought that battles fought,
 In the centuries of yore,
 Was ever so bright as they burnished
 thought,
 To cut into error's core;
 And in the fight for truth and right,
 Not a hundred thousand men
 Of the heroes old were match for one
 Of the Heroes of the Pen.

* Written for, and read to, the Ohio Editorial Convention held at Cincinnati January 10th, 1854.

For the weapon they wield, nor armor nor
shield

Endures for a single dint,
Nor glave withstands, nor bayonet steeled,
Nor powder, and ball, and flint:

It touches the thing called slave or
king,

And the man doth reappear,
As did from the toad the seraph spring

At the touch of Ithuriel's spear;
And wherever down it strikes a crown,

Says sovereign to serf, Amen! —
Amen! and hurra, the people cry,
For the Heroes of the Pen!

Upon old tomes, those catacombs

Of the dead and buried time,
They lay the base of glory's domes,

And build with truth sublime;
And from their height directing the
fight

Of the right against the wrong,
They fill the world with the lettered might
Of eloquence and song.

Nor buried they lie with those who die
At threescore years and ten,

But atop the piles they have builded,
sleep

The Heroes of the Pen.

Hurra for the true! of old or new,

Who heroes lived or fell—

Thermopylæ's immortal few!

Hurra for the Switzer Tell!

Upvoice to sky the brave Gracchi!

Hurra for the Pole and the Hun!

For the men who made the great July!

Hurra for Washington!

Yet old time past would triumph at last—

But hurra, and hurra again,

For the heroes who triumph over time!
The Heroes of the Pen.

MOTHER OF GLORY.

We weary waiting for these glimmerings,
That struggle singly through the difficult
rifts

Of aspiration, winking us with mock:

Oh, for some breezy circumstance, at once
To take the cloud off from our starry
thoughts,

And let their glory constellate the dark!

Alas! the mind's pure gold lies particled

Deep in the silt of muddy generations;

And he moils long, who gathers ore enough
To coin himself the costly price of fame.

Under this deluging degeneracy,

The spirit's brightest outgrowths are of
pain,

As precious pearls are of disease in shells

At bottom of the main. The miner delves,
The diver dives: rich ore and sparkling
pearls

Put such a splendor on their ugly toil,

As dazzles out the memory of their past,

And thenceforth blazons them as diademed
From on high.

Thus is won renown. The slow,

Still process of the rain, distilling down

The great sweat of the sea, is never seen

In the consummate spectacle flashed forth

A seven-hued arch upon the cloud of
heaven:

So never sees the world those energies,

Strong effort and long patience, which have
stirred

In low obscurity, and slowly heaved

Its darkness up, till sudden glory springs

Forth from it, arching like a perfect rain-
bow.

Think ye the lofty foreheads of the
world,

That beam like full moons through the
night of time,

Holding their calm, big splendor steadily

Forever at the top of history—

Think ye they rushed up with a sudden-
ness

Of rockets sportively shot into heaven,
And flared to their immortal places there?

The vulgar years through which ambi-
tion gropes,
Reaching and feeling for his destiny,
Are only years of chaos, tallied not
On the eternal rocks, but covered deep
Below the stratified history of a world.

Celebrity by some great accident,
Some single opportunity, is like
Aladdin's palace in the wizard tale,
Vanished when envy steals the charm
away.

But Thought up-pyramids itself to fame
By husbandry of opportunities,
Grade after grade constructing to that height,
Which, seen above the far horizon, seems
To peak among the stars. Go mummify
Thy name within that architectural pile
Which others' intellect has builded; none—
For all the hieroglyphs of glory—none
Save but the builder's name, shall sound
along

The everlasting ages. Heart and brain
Of thine must resolutely yoke themselves
To slow-paced years of toil, else all the
trumps

Of hero-heraldry that ever twanged,
Gathered in one mad blare above the
graves,

Shall not avail to resurrect thy name
To the salvation of remembrance then
When once the letters of it have slunk
back

Into the alphabet from off thy tomb.

Aye, thou must think, think! Marble frets
and crumbles

Back into undistinguishable dust

At last, and epitaphs grooved into brass,
Yield piecemeal to the hungry elements;

But truths that drop plumb to the depths of
time,

Anchor the name forever:—thou must
think

Such truths, and speak, or write, or act
them forth—

Thyself must do this—or the centuries
Shall take thee, as the maelstrom gulps a
wreck,

To the dread bottom of oblivion.

Think!

A bibulous memory sponging up the
thoughts

Of dead men, is not thought; it holds no
sway

Where genius is: not freighted argosies,
But thunder-throated guns of battle-ships
Command the high seas. Destiny is not
About thee, but within; thyself must make
Thyself: the agonizing throes of Thought,
These bring forth glory, bring forth destiny.

THE EDEN OF WISHES.

It is at the foot of a mountain,
Whose high brow is bared before God,
There gushes a crystalline fountain,
And makes a bright brook in the sod.

And the sod spreads away o'er a valley
That opens where blue waters be;
And the brook with meandering dally
Goes babbling along to the sea.

There snowy sails pass, like the lazy
White clouds of a summery sky—
Appear and evanish where hazy
Infinity fences the eye.

Here falls over Pan's mossy pillows
The green gloom of tropical groves,
And Poesy hears the low billows
In airs that come up from the coves.

And here, while the sands of light sunny
Sift down through the leaves from above,

The wild bee gads hunting for honey,
With wings wove of whispers of love.

Here the ripples make music more mellow,
More sweet than the stops of a flute ;
Here the dark sky of leaves is starred yellow
With thick constellations of fruit.

This valley so pleasantly lonely,
Where through doth the waterbrook run,
Holds one little cottage, one only,
And one little maid, only one.

Her blue eyes are clear pools of passion,
Her lips have the tremor of leaves,
And the speech that her lovely thoughts
fashion,
Is sweeter than poetry weaves.

Flirtation, gross, flippant, and cruel,
Ne'er handled the hues on the wings
Of her love ; in her heart is a jewel
No cunning of flattery strings.

For dwells all alone here the maiden,
And waits for a true lover's kiss :
Who would sigh for angelical Aiden,
With her in an Eden like this ?

'Tis the Eden of Wishes, unreal,
This valley by sea bordered blue,
And the maiden is all an ideal—
I was but romancing to you.

EMMA STUART.

OH ! the voices of the crickets,
Chirping sad along the lea,
Are the very tears of music
Unto melancholy me ;
And the katydid's responses
Up among the locust leaves,
Make my spirit very lonesome
On these pensive autumn eves.

For they mind me, Emma Stuart,
Of the by-gone, blessed times,
When our heart-beats paired together
Like sweet syllables in rhymes ;
Ere the faith of love was broken,
And our locked hands fell apart,
And the vanity of promise
Left a void in either heart.

Art thou happy, Emma Stuart ?
I again may happy be
Nevermore : the autumn insects,
In the grass, and on the tree,
Crying as for very sorrow
At the coming of the frost,
Are to me love's fallen angels,
Wailing for their heaven lost.

Often, often, Emma Stuart,
On such solemn nights as this,
Have we sat and mused together
Of the perfectness of bliss—
Of the hope that lit the darkness
Of the future with its ray,
Which was like a star in heaven,
Beautiful, but far away !

By the gateway, where the locust
Of the moonlight made eclipse,
And the river ripple sounded
Like the murmur of sweet lips,
There a little maiden waited,
Telling all the moments o'er—
Emma Stuart ! Emma Stuart !
Waits the maiden there no more ?

No ! ah no ! Along the pathway
Grows the high, untrampled grass,
Where the cricket stops to listen,
For thy wonted feet to pass ;
But thy footsteps, Emma Stuart,
Press no more the doorway stone,
Trip no more along the pathway—
And the cricket sings alone.

It is very mournful musing,
On such solemn nights as this,

How evanished all the promise
 Of the perfectness of bliss:
 Love's green grave between us, Emma,
 Keeps us parted aye and aye—
 Even not to know each other
 In the Love-home far away!

MINNEHAHA.

ERE the Muses transatlantic,
 Pale of face, and blue of eye,
 Found the wilderness romantic
 'Neath the occidental sky,
 Think not then was here no worship
 Of the beautiful and grand;
 Think not Nature had no wooers
 In the wild Hesperian land.

Poesy, agrestic maiden,
 Wild-eyed, black-haired, haunted here,
 Singing of the Indian Aiden,
 Southwest of this mortal sphere;
 Singing of the good Great Spirit,
 Who is in and over all;
 Singing sweetly every river,
 Mountain, wood, and waterfall.

And this dark Parnassian maiden,
 Sang sublimely war's wild art;
 Sang of love and lips love-laden
 With the honey of the heart.
 But the war-song's frantic music,
 And the death-song's roundelay,
 And the love-song's rude cantata,
 Westward, westward die away.

These will with the red tribes perish;
 For their language leaves nor scroll
 Nor tradition writ, to cherish
 Such immortality of soul.
 So, the names that they have given
 To the charms of Nature here—
 Stream, cascade, lake, hill, and valley—
 Let us fervently revere.

For, though civil life effaces
 All else they have gloried in,
 Yet this poetry of places,
 Shall remind us they have been:
 Therefore, white man, pioneering
 Far and farther in the west,
 Let the Indian names be sacred,
 Though thou ravage all the rest.

Call not cataracted rapid
 That has leaped its way and riven,
 By his own name, curt and vapid,
 That some Saxon boor has given!
 But let nature keep her titles!
 Let her name the quick cascade
 Minnehaha—Laughing-Water—
 In the language she has made!

Minnehaha! how it gushes
 Like a flow of laughter out!
 Minnehaha! how it rushes
 Downward with a gleeful shout!
 Minnehaha! to the echoes—
 Minnehaha! back the same—
 Minnehaha! Minnehaha!
 Live forever that sweet name!

ON! RIGHT ON!

ON! right on! Art thou immortal,
 Born to act, and deeds to do,
 And yet sittest in the portal
 Of thy destiny? Pass through!

ON! right on! strike—stave to slivers
 Error's gates that bar thy way;
 Enter, and live with the livers!
 Live and act, while yet 'tis day.

ON! right on! for night is coming—
 Night of life, which comes to all—
 When Death's fingers, chill and numbing,
 Seal the lids and spread the pall.

On! right on! Life is a battle,
Where who wins must be a brave;
For ere long the clods shall rattle
On the coffin in the grave.

On! right on! His name is Legion,
That has resolution's arm;
Victor he o'er many a region,
Ere dull plodders take alarm.

On! right on! with high ambition,
Make that viper, Slander, feel
Writhings of submiss contrition,
With his head beneath thy heel.

On! right on! Think not life ending
When thou liest down to die:
On! right on! brave soul, ascending,
Soar forever in the sky!

ON MARRIAGE.

A BROOK and a river—
A crystalline brook
From a sibylline nook,
And a silvery river—
Flow into a lake,
In which beautiful lake
Are pictured all bright things above;
The brook is a life,
And the river a life;
And the lake is the Lake of Love.

And out of its bosom
A stream fills and flows,
And oceanward goes—
From out the lake's bosom
One stream to the sea;
And this infinite sea,
That ever mysteriously rolls
Upon time's either shore,
It is named Evermore;
And the stream is one life of two souls.

So the brook and the river
Unitedly run;
Two lives from the Giver,
Flow back only one.
The two halves of being,
The man and the woman,
In wedlock agreeing,
Complete the life human.

When two lives like these from single
Into double being flow—
When two souls like these commingle,
In their hearts this truth shall grow:
Love is not the little lusters
Starred around the passion-moon;
Love o'er all life's heaven clusters,
From horizon up to noon.

DISCONTENT.

A LITTLE bird with a scarlet coat
Came fluting to me a silver note,
As though it said thro' its mellow throat,
Isle-of-Willows! Isle-of-Willows!

It perched alone on a lonely tree,
And seemed that it longed and longed to be
In the isle it sung of thus to me—
Isle-of-Willows! Isle-of-Willows!

It thought, perhaps, of a little isle,
Where blue the waters and heavens smile,
And green the willows wave all the while,
Isle-of-Willows! Isle-of-Willows!

Is this thy memory or thy hope—
Thy being's backward or forward scope,
Whereto thy little heart-longings grope?
Isle-of-Willows! Isle-of-Willows!

It said me never another word,
But flitted away this little bird;
Yet aye in my soul its voice is heard—
Isle-of-Willows! Isle-of-Willows!

JOHN GIBSON DUNN.

JOHN GIBSON DUNN was born in the town of Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, about the year 1826, and he died, in New Orleans, in the spring of 1858. He was the oldest son of George H. Dunn, who for many years occupied high official station in the State of Indiana.

John G. Dunn was educated at College Hill, near Cincinnati, and at South Hanover, Indiana. He studied medicine, and received the degree of M.D., at Cincinnati. Soon after completing his course of study, he accepted the appointment of assistant surgeon to the Third Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, in the Mexican war. He discharged his duties in that capacity with distinguished ability, and, at the close of the war, was appointed assistant surgeon in the regular service of the United States army. This appointment he declined, and commenced the practice of medicine in his native town.

Besides being a physician of rare attainments for one so young, Mr. Dunn was an artist as well as a poet. In his professional labors, and in his devotion to the kindred arts of poetry and painting, he displayed eminent abilities for, and high appreciation of, science and art. If he had been content with any one line of life—had his genius been steadily required to flow in one channel, or confined to a single aim, he would have accomplished memorable works; but, like many men of uncommon natural gifts, he could not permanently direct his energies in any particular pursuit. He spent several years in New Orleans, and, while there, was a contributor to the *Delta*. He wrote his earliest poems for the *Register* and the *Independent Press*—papers published in his native town. His poems have never been collected. He was careless of their fate. The accompanying pieces were found with difficulty: others of equal or superior merit were produced by him.

THE DEATH OF THE INEBRIATE.*

WHOSE heart is broken now? None?
None!
Yet Death hath clutched into the throng-
ing world
And snatched away a soul.

* This poem was suggested by the death, from inebriety, of an abandoned wretch, known in Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, as French John.

The Earth hath gaped again! Her clammy
jaws
Have closed in darkness on another form.
The grave-worm whets his teeth! His
feast is there!
But oh, whose heart, whose heart is broken
now?
No eye hath rained its sorrows o'er that
mound;
No loving hand hath clipped a single lock.

The tomb is stoneless! Not a sob of woe
Or prayer hies up for him who rots be-
neath.

The night-winds sweeping through the
frozen grass

Flap o'er the dead their chilly, spirit wings,
In horror wailing out his only dirge.

Oh, not so cold the grassless, frozen earth
As this world's cold and selfish heart to
thee ;

Not half so dead thy stiff and bloated limbs
As is thy memory. No weeds for thee!
Poor, murdered, lost !

The winter storm will flatten down thy
grave ;

Grass-coaxing spring will come, and winds
of June,

With tender blades and laughing blooms
will play

Upon the low, undesignated spot.

The heedless passer's foot will press the
turf

Unconscious, aye, unmindful of thy dust ;
And many a pomp of loud and splendid
woe

Will pass thy tomb, and in a bed like thine
Lay many a corse for rottenness and worms!
Yet, oh, forgotten one, thou hadst a soul!

But men think not of this. Shame, curses,
scorn,

Abuse, reproach and hate—the only troop
That formed thy funeral march ! No tears
for thee !

Poor, murdered, lost !

He had a soul ! A soul ? Friends, think
of this !

Have ye not looked upon that bloated face?
Have ye not seen that red and dripping
eye?

Beheld ye not that tattered, filthy coat ?

Have ye not heard the loud and horrid
curse

Of crazy drunkenness ? Hell's language
rose

On every rotten breath ; hell's poisoned
juice

Went slobbering down in many a nauseous
stream,

Or gurgled through his veins—drove Rea-
son out

With all her troop of pure and virtuous
thoughts—

Enkindled passion—fired the tottering soul

With fierce desires and base imaginings—

Fed Appetite till he a giant grew—

A conquering tyrant—fierce—insatiate,
Who seized the throne of Reason, and laid
waste

The fairy realms of thought—

Drove friends away and brought the world's
abuse—

Tore from his back the garb of decency—

Whirled his frail brain, and tomb-ward
pushed him on,

With staggering gait and horrid blasphemy!

He tottered through the streets a sight of
shame!

Hell tripped him up! Heard not the
drunkard's splash?

The gutter claimed its own—its filthy
stream

Poured in his strangling nostrils, and his
lips

Through waters filthy, blubbered filthier
oaths,

No lower now!—thus bedded with the
brute,

The grave with all its rottenness is clean!

Poor, murdered, lost !

What horrid shrieking thrills the midnight
wind?

What writhing form is yon, in cheerless
room,

Who rends his couch of straw ? Fierce
agony—

Convulsions horrid rack his trembling
limbs!

His strength, a giant's! Numbers scarce
can stay

<p>His strong, flesh-rending fingers! How he starts!</p> <p>His sinews crack! His eyes start fiercely out!</p> <p>Now anger rages like the fires of hell! Now frightful visions clutch his heart, and loud</p> <p>He shrieks for help! Grim fiends sur- round his couch;</p> <p>They gain in numbers and in horrid hue; The walls are full of horrid images; His bed glides 'neath him—every straw a snake;</p> <p>Foul insects creep and loathsome reptiles cling</p> <p>Around his shrinking limbs! Water is offered—</p> <p>Nay; 'tis flush with snakes, and newts, and scorpions green, Turmoiling in a war of nauseous slime! The walls are falling—he struggles to be free;</p> <p>The dreadful forms increase, and closer still,</p> <p>With horrid gibbering and gnashing teeth! The ceiling crumbles, and his fearful shrieks</p> <p>Thrill horror to the soul;—he bursts the power</p> <p>Of strong attendance!—Look! the win- dow's near!</p> <p>Clutch him, strong hands! See how his veined neck</p> <p>Swells up with stagnant blood; his lips Puff out; he raves around the room From fearful hidden foes! Ha! see that change—</p> <p>His face grows livid—now 'tis black! He leaps</p> <p>High in the air, and, shrieking wildly, falls,</p> <p>With uprolled, spasmed eyes, and knotted limbs,</p> <p>By fierce convulsions twisted out of form! His lips spout foam! How hollow is his groan!</p>	<p>One tremor more—'tis past! A soul hath flown!</p> <p>Hell's minions triumph o'er that house of clay, Built up so wondrously by Word of God; And hell herself hath triumphed o'er the soul!</p> <p>Soul—body—all—hell's minions here on earth, For lucre's hellish bribe, have murdered thee, Forgotten, lost!</p> <p>Awake, ye slumbering hearts! raise voice and arm!</p> <p>Arouse yon man who folds around his form</p> <p>The robe of sanctity, and sleeps in church. Oh, look not idly on! I saw his son Look into hell last night! Wake! erring soul,</p> <p>Who on the streets did stand, with folded arms, And preach of moral suasion! Rouse thee up!</p> <p>Hell's ear is open, but she hath no heart! Why prate to her? Why wheedle with her brood?</p> <p>I saw thy son go staggering through the street!</p> <p>Hast thou persuaded him, or those who poisoned him?</p> <p>Blind not thyself, and oh, let others see!</p> <p>Hold, demagogue! What doctrine dost thou preach?</p> <p>Thy wealth flows freely to the dens of Death, And poisoned streams flow freely at its touch.</p> <p>Wouldst build upon the wreck of ruined souls?</p> <p>Are sobs thy music? is thy banner rags? Are curses thy devotion, and the tears Of misery thy joy? Behold! thy son Now lies a bleeding corse in yonder den,</p>
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Where poisoned beasts have met in deadly
fray.
Arouse thee, man of wealth! oh, count no
more
Those golden pieces! Thou art most un-
wise;
Another year may scatter all thy hoard.
Know'st not thy son's a gambler?
Up yonder lane, in house of ill-repute,
His squandering fingers have unloosed thy
purse.
His drunken curse is loud—his eye is wild,
And knowing fiends stir up his appetite
With Death's strong waters. Rouse! oh,
rouse thee then!
The earth yawns for him! Aye, for many
more.
Proud Intellect is struck with lunacy;
Youth falls in death; and tottering Old Age,
Bereft of veneration, curses life.
Pale Misery stalks where Fortune should
have dwelt;
While Shame crowds Virtue from the
street, and Death,
With many a hellish minion at his back,
Lurks in each den, and clutches at the
throng.
Awake ye, all who love your fellow-man,
And, with a swift, determined vengeance,
sweep
This stain of murder from our noble land!

But naught met his gaze, save the sky-
cutting lines
Of the turreted crags in the air.
That day he had battled! That day he
had slain!
And the crimson was still on his hand;
But afar he had left, on the desolate plain,
The bravest and best of his band.
He startled! A sound swept up from the
gorge—
A voice like a spirit in wail!
Still nearer and hoarser through ravine
and rock
It swept on the sorrowing gale!
The pines were alive with a sorrow of
moans,
And the Owl from his ragged home
screamed;
The night far beneath him was peopled
with groans,
Like the depths of a horrible dream.
Huge clouds swept the mount with their
billows of black,
Enshrouding his lair in their night;
And the wind kept howling through crev-
ice and crack,
Like a spirit of murder and blight.

SPIRIT OF EARTHQUAKE.

'Twas the noon of a winter night, dreary
and dark;
The winds were bewailing the dead;
In icy cold fetters the forest was stark,
And the Torrent was chained in his bed.
High o'er the wild ravines, 'mid snow-
mantled pines,
A Brigand looked forth from his lair;
But these he had heard, and these he had
seen,
And his steely soul heeded them not;
But, oh! that death-tone, with its wailings
all keen,
A chill to his stern spirit brought.
Dark, wizard-like shapes, from the night-
vapors scowled;
Strange outlines whirled up the wild
mass;
Still louder the fearful winds gibbered and
howled
New sorrows through cavern and pass;

When up from the ravine an image all
dread,
Through vapor and midnight was borne;
Deep thunder awoke at his horrible tread,
And his breath was the terror of storm!

A forest of pines was his diadem huge,
And a mantle of fume girt him round,
And he crumbled the crags in his iron-
strong clutch,
As he came up the steep with a bound!

The Brigand stood pale in the tottering
wood;
His spirit was swimming in fear;
And his pulse was all still in its curdle of
blood,
As the giant's voice fell on his ear:

"I've watched thee for years in thy bloody
domain;
I've watched thee in murders all foul;
And I've gathered together the souls of
thy slain,
From the gloom of their shadowy goal!"

So he stretched his huge arms through the
gathering clouds—
Wild vistas whirled off through the
gloom—
And the murdered host came with their
blood-dripping shrouds,
In a horrible pomp from the tomb!

"I am the Spirit of Earthquake," he
screamed in his ire,
"And hell's rocky doorway I keep!"
So he stamped the broad earth till with
thunder and fire
Her surface gaped horrid and deep.

And he heaved the huge mount in his
iron-knit grasp,
From his base in the tottering world,
And glacier and forest, with thunderous
crash,
To the earth's boiling center were hurled.

The Brigand, high hurtled through tempest
and shock,
Topped down to the regions of doom,
Whilst high o'er his corse rose a chaos of
rocks,
And the slaughtered train melted in
gloom.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

I HAD a little sister once,
With mild blue eyes and curling hair.
One night we stood and gazed upon
The lightning's wild and fitful glare,
And as each wild, chaotic cloud
Went wreathing up the startled sky,
And frantic thunders echoed loud,
And chain-fires lit the vault on high,
She turned her little eyes on me,
And pointing to the lightning, said:
"The Good Man's looking down to see
If all good children are in bed!"
Then trembling with the childish thought,
She quickly breathed her little prayer,
And 'neath the pictured curtain sought
Concealment from the lightning's glare.

How sadly memory steals away
To joys that live alone in youth,
When young hopes sang their roundelay,
And fiction wore the hue of truth!
But oh, the selfish world hath taught
My broken heart another tale—
How virtue's sold and honor bought,
* And fools upheld while good men fail.
'Tis well, alas! thou'rt gone beyond
This leprous world—thou wert too mild
For selfish passion's pompous round—
'Tis well thou'rt in thy grave, sweet child!
When glares the lightning-torch on high,
And storms arouse the cloudy deep,
The Good Man seeth from the sky
That one good child hath gone to sleep!

THE SPIDER-ELF.

WHEN the wolf-whelp is howling in tangle-
wood deep,
And the forest's low moaning hath lulled
us to sleep,
The Spider-Elf sits in the whispering
leaves,
And he worketh, I ween, like a little
philosopher;
Windward he traileth each thread as he
weaves
The silvery web of his delicate gossa-
mer.
With quick-plying fingers he hurleth it out,
And carefully watcheth the varying
breeze;
He whirlleth, and twisteth, and flitteth
about,
Till he maketh it fast in the neighbor-
ing trees.

Quaint pranks in the moonlight he playeth,
I ween,
As he danceth his rope o'er the shadowy
stream,
And calleth his love from the opposite
tree,
To join in the maze of his wild revelry.
Swinging, and chirping, and skipping
along
To the wizard-like time of the whippowil's
song—
Skyward, and earthward, the odorous air,
Fitfully sweepeth the gibbering pair.

Like a necklace of silver and diamond
beads,
The dew-jewels shine on the gossamer
rope,
Or drippeth anon o'er the flowering weeds,
Where the night moth, and all of his
chirruping troop
Hold rout in the blossoms and bursting
seeds.

No dew-fay so glad when he windeth his
horn,
From his cell in the first open blossom of
morn;
Nor the katydid's chittering song when she
tells
Her story of love in the bonnie blue-bells,
Nor spirit so happy in water or wood,
As the Spider-Elf perched o'er the mur-
muring flood;
For the quaintest of sprites is this elfin
philosopher,
Building his fairy-like bridge out of gossa-
mer.

THE NAME IN THE AIR.

THE Wind, he is a crazy wight,
With hollow song and moanings deep;
What waggish things he does at night
When all the world is fast asleep!
Adown the street and up the lane
He hieth on his mission chilly;
Or knocketh at the window-pane,
Or calleth through the keyhole shrilly.
Oh, then the sleepy servants stare,
And all the gentle-folks look silly;
Gazing in the vacant air
And wond'ring who was knocking there.

How oft in solitary spot,
When round some soft, endearing theme,
We twine the mental links of thought
Or tread the mazes of a dream,
The prying wind comes like a thief,
And breathes with hollow tone our name!
We start! but scarcely moves a leaf
Nor loiters near a living frame.
He laugheth then to see us stare,
And as he flitteth on again
We gaze into the hollow air,
And wonder who was whisp'ring there.

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT TO DIE?

SLEEP shut the World's great eye;
Pale Sorrow found a balm;
The night-hawk ceased his shrilly cry,
And Life's broad sea was calm.

An undertaker hung
O'er a coffin, all alone;
And wearily he sung,
As the dreary work went on.
He varnished every side,
Then drove the screwlets bright,
As he hummed away those gloomy
hours,
While Fancy penciled elfin powers
Pavilioned in the night.

All weary was his eye;
The work was nearly done;
And the crazy wind went wailing by,
And every cranny moaned;
When, sadly to his ear,
There came a spirit sigh:
"One coffin only, hast thou here—
Who'll be the next to die?"

His heart was clutched with fright;
He glared around the room;
The pale and waning light
Scarce battled with the gloom.
No specter met his eye;
No fiend was penciled there;
But the crazy wind still sorrowed by,
And a moan was in the air.

"I'm sure it was not me,
Denoted in that sigh;
Thank God, it did not breathe my name,
As it went moaning by!"
But still again that spirit came;
Again the quaint reply—

"One coffin, only, hast thou here—
Who'll be the next to die?"

He conned his sick friends o'er;
He argued every ail;
Thought of self once more,
And lip and cheek were pale.
"Ah! sure it was not me,"
Came trembling with a sigh,
As he conned away right wond'ringly
Who'll be the next to die?

"There's the old man, up the street,
Who begs the livelong day,
Death ladders at his feet,
And beckons him away.
The maiden, down the lane,
Will soon be gone, I ween,
Life's little lamp doth wane,
Her eye hath lost its sheen;

"And there's my neighbor's child,
Slow languishing away,
'Twill be an angel soon, I know,
High at the fount of day.
I'm sure it was not me,
Denoted in that sigh,
For these, alas, I ween,
Will be the next to die!"

"Frail fool!" the spirit cried,
"Though thou art stout and hale,
This night, indeed, shalt thou abide
Low in the realms of wail!"
That night came grim Disease
Through every vein and tissue dark;
Black midnight brought no ease;
Pale morning saw him stark!

Let every earthly elf
Attend that spirit's cry,
Nor whisper to himself,
I'll be the last to die!

HELEN TRUESDELL.

IN the year 1856, Ephraim Morgan and Sons, Cincinnati, published the fifth edition of a duodecimo volume of 212 pages, entitled, "Poems by Helen Truesdell." Mrs. T. was then a resident of Newport, Kentucky. She was, in 1853 and '54, a regular contributor to the *Parlor Magazine*, a monthly of considerable merit, which Jethro Jackson published from 1853 to 1856, in Cincinnati. Mrs. Truesdell had previously written for the *Ladies' Repository*, but since the publication of her book, has not, so far as our knowledge goes, addressed the public.

Her volume was favorably noticed by prominent journalists. The *Cincinnati Enquirer* said: "That the book possesses high poetic merit we must allow,—this, by the way, is the concession of our judgment—not the mere mouth-praise of gallantry for the sex. Her style is simple, pure and sweet, tinged with a melancholy spirit, which is often rather a charm to poetry than a defect."

THE YOUNG WIFE'S SONG.

I LIST for thy footsteps, my darling;
I've waited and watched for thee long:
The dim woods have heard my complain-
ings,

And sorrow has saddened my song.

The last rays of sunset are gilding
The hill-tops with purple and gold;
And, lo! in yon azure dominion,
Does a beautiful rainbow unfold.

Like the hues of that rainbow, my spirit
All fondly is blended with thine;
Then how canst thou linger away, love,
When thou know'st this fond spirit will
pine?

The game and the chase are alluring,
I know, my bold hunter, for thee;
But when borne on thy swift Arab courser,
Do thy thoughts ever wander to me?

Or e'er to the home of my childhood,
The beautiful cot far away,
Where the birds sang so sweet, in their
gladness,
And I was as happy as they?

The lone willow droops in its sadness;
The stern oak stands sturdy and still;
But a loved form is seen in the distance,
And footsteps are heard on the hill.

"'Tis he! 'tis my Uric! I hear him,
I see him; O! joy, he is here!"
She threw back her curls in her gladness,
And silently brushed off a tear.

There were low-murmured words of for-
giveness;
Fond clasping of hands, and a kiss.
The past! ah! the past is forgotten—
What could mar such a moment as
this!

ORPHEUS EVERTS.

IN the Spring of the year 1856, an octavo pamphlet of eighty pages, printed at the office of the *Times* newspaper in La Porte, Indiana, introduced to the literary world "Onawequah, an Indian Legend, and other poems." In the same season of the succeeding year another pamphlet, containing ninety-two pages, was printed at the same office. Its title was "The Spectral Bride and other poems," by O. Everts. Kind notices of "Onawequah" had induced its author to formally acknowledge his poems, and issue a second collection. The leading poems in these pamphlets exhibit both poetic feeling and poetic art, but one not elaborated with care sufficient to make them memorable. Some of the minor poems in Mr. Everts's collections have been widely circulated and much admired.

Mr. Everts is a native of Indiana. He was born at Liberty, Union county, December eighteenth, 1826. His father, who had been a physician in Cincinnati when it was a village, settled in Indiana before it was organized as a State. The son enjoyed limited common school advantages, but was a diligent reader, and, having determined to embrace his father's profession, was graduated as a Doctor of Medicine when he was nineteen years old. He practiced medicine and surgery for several years, but having, meantime, developed a poetic faculty, abandoned his profession for editorial life. He was editor of the *Times*, La Porte, Indiana, in 1857, when he accepted an appointment, under President Buchanan, as Register of a United States Land Office, and has since resided at Hudson, Wisconsin. Mr. Everts is an amateur artist of merit, and hopes to paint poetry as well as write it, when a few years of thoughtful experience have given him skill and confidence.

TIME.

"OUT upon Time!"—said the Lord of rhyme,

With a lordly lip, in tones sublime!

Out upon Time! We say not so—

Time is our friend, and never our foe!

He calms our fears, and dries our tears,
And plucks the sting from many a woe.

Time is the father of many years!

Many are dead—and many more

Shall follow the shadows gone before.

Yet weep not, for lo! death only deprives,
That Time may find room and food for
new lives.

Rail not at Time! for our trust in him

Fills the beaker of hope to the brim!

Bubbles of joy like foam on the wine

Promise us nectar—bumpers divine!

We drink, and we drink,

And our glasses clink,

But never are empty, never sink:

For a generous hand hath Father Time,

And his vintages gush in every clime!

THE DEAD.

WHY do we mourn for the dead?

Are they not in Freedom's embrace?
Like serfs who have looked in the face
Of their Tyrant, less noble than they!
And felt that their chains were disgrace,
And proudly have cast them away!

Why do we mourn for the dead?

Are they not more blessed by far?
Like heroes gone home from the war
With laurels—whilst we in the field,
In the moats and the ditches still war,
Ere we to the conqueror yield!

Why do we mourn for the dead?

Are they not still better than we?
Like mariners gone from the sea,
With its troubles, and breakers, and
foam,
Gone off from th' tempestuous sea,
To peace, and the quiet of home.

Why do we mourn for the dead?

What is their state, and our own?
Like emigrants gone to a zone
Of beauty, of love, and of light,
Are they—while around us, alone,
Are darkness, and winter, and blight.

HEART AND SOUL.

LOVE took my heart and sought a wife,
Saying "Who will have it?"—"I," said
one.

My heart leaped toward her, and there
spun
Through every vein new threads of life.

But when my Soul looked out, and knew
Whither my heart had gone, it said,

"Come back! come back! without me,
wed,
Thy life to her will prove untrue!"

And so my soul took back my heart
And buried it within my breast;
Saying "Rest, thou foolish blind one,
rest!
For thou and I shouldst never part."

And though love since hath often knocked,
And asked my heart to go astray,
My soul refused to point the way,
Or ope' the cell wherein 'twas locked.

And though it oft laments its fate,
And strives to be released, my soul,
Relentless, keeps it in control
With "Wait a little longer, wait!"

There'll come a time, I know not when,
Some one will ask my soul to sup:
My heart shall leap into the cup,
And all as one shall mingle then.

WINTER RAIN.

How dreary is the winter rain—
How dismal, and how dark the hour—
How bitter, and how cold the shower,
That never seems the clouds to drain!

How spiritless the winter rain.
It hath no voice to make it grand!
No lightnings leap from out the hand
That drives it o'er the land and main!

There is no cheer in winter rain,
Like that which falls in April days—
Which swelling buds and flowers all
praise—
And brings forth laughter from the plain!

The groves lament the winter rain.

Bereft of all their Summer leaves—

Their bare arms dripping like the eaves,
Are stiffened, it would seem, with pain!

Nor man nor beast loves winter rain.

It brings no joy—suggesteth none!

It comes with sigh, and wail, and
moan—

It chills the heart, and chills the brain.



EXTRACTS FROM "ONAWEUQUAH."

MOONLIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

THE Bison slept upon the plain,

The dew was dripping from his mane;

His lazy jaws were mumbling o'er

The grass they'd cropped the day before.

The wild Deer sought the shaded brink

Of moonlit stream, to rest, and drink;

The sleepless Wolf upon his trail—

With peering front snuffed the fresh
gale.

The Beaver looked out of his cabin door,

And the Otter played with shells on the
shore.

The wild Goose hooded her head in
sleep,

Resting her bosom on the deep;

Her hood was the nether down of her
wing—

And she rocked to sleep on the water's
swing.

In an old oak tree, on a leafless limb,

Rested an Owl, in moonlight dim;

His wild too-hoo, through the forest ring-
ing,

Startled the child on a bent bough swing-
ing;

With the teetering winds for a "lullaby,"

Its cradle a tree, its blanket, the sky!

And high above, on a rocky peak,

Where night-winds through the cedars
creak,

An Eagle was perched, from danger free,

Scorning the height of forest tree,

Which, far beneath his strong wing's
play,

Was shrouded in mist of vapors gray.

The Grouse-Cock watched by the silent
hen;

The Serpent coiled in the slimy fen;

The innocent Hare with tuft of white,

Sported his limbs in soft moonlight,

Which round and round o'er valley and
hill,

Was dancing in fairy-like loveliness still.



THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

No palor, on her brown cheek spreading,

Betrays the danger she is treading;

Her feet as light as nimble deer's,

Are winged with love's elastic fears;

Her moccasins adorned with quills,

Tread soft, as morning o'er the hills;

Her glossy braids of raven hair,

Are floating round her shoulders bare,

Her swelling bosom, tinged with hue

Of sunny brown, has felt the dew;

And gaudy scarf of crimson dye,

Obscured its beauty from the eye,

About her waist, a beaded belt

Suspends a skirt of rudest felt;

Her rounded limbs, of tapering mould,

Disdain protection from the cold;

Her eye—the Eagle's on yon peak

Hath not the power which hers can
speak!

The mildest star in heaven's blue zone,

Hath not the softness of its tone,

When love hath kindled in its orb

A light the heart may all absorb!

The lightning's gleam in darkest night,

Is not more scathing in its light,

When rage hath fanned it into flame,

And 'roused the blood no power can
tame!

HORATIO N. POWERS.

HORATIO NELSON POWERS was born at Amenia, Dutchess county, New York, on the thirtieth day of April, 1826. He laid the foundation for a liberal education at Amenia Seminary, in his native State, and graduated at Union College, Schenectady. Having determined to enter the Christian Ministry, he then passed through the course of study at the General Theological Seminary of New York City. In 1857 he was married, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to a daughter of Francis Fauvel Gouraud, formerly a Professor in the University of France.

Mr. Powers is a contributor to the *New York Evening Post*, *Graham's Magazine*, and the *Ladies' Repository* of Cincinnati, and he was one of the writers for *Putnam's Magazine*. Several of his poems have been copied into *Littell's Living Age*, and other periodicals of wide circulation.

Mr. Powers is a clergyman in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is stationed at Davenport, Iowa.

THE RIVER OF TEARS.

In the ghastly dusk of cypress shade
O'er the beaten sands of a dismal glade,
The River of Tears, with ceaseless flow,
Rolled its bitter waves of human woe.

The herbless mountains that gird the vale
In an endless dawn, stand cold and pale;
And the lusterless clouds droop down so
low,

They touch the face of the stream below.

No honeyed blossoms breathe balm around
In the funeral gloom that shrouds the
ground;
But dark, rank weeds reach greedily o'er
To sip the surge on the level shore.

Wild shrieks oft startle the dusky air,
And the smothered howl of mad despair,—
While the pleading wail of love's last cry
Floats o'er the waves to the leaden sky.

In aimless courses deep footprints go,
Of the suffering ones of long ago—
As the sad procession, with clasped hands,
Went wandering over the barren sands.

In the sullen shadows brooding here,
Stalk pallid sorrow and shivering fear,
Frail youth, bent age, and the bad and bold,
And the gentle and good whose lives grew
cold.

In hopeless anguish some hide their eyes,
And with pale, wan looks some watch the
skies,
Some beat their bosoms with frenzied stare,
And some feel round in the empty air.

Thus in mournful groups they come and go.
None tells to another his weight of woe!
And the swollen stream, 'neath the dusky
shroud,
Goes down to its sea of noiseless cloud.

THE ANGEL'S BRIDGE.

WHENE'ER a rainbow slept along the sky,
 The thoughtful child expected Angel
 bands
 Would glide upon its gorgeous path of light,
 With half furled wings and meekly
 folded hands!

For he had dreamed the rainbow was a
 bridge,
 On which came bright ones from the far-
 off shore,—
 A strange and pleasant dream—but he
 "believed"—
 And his young heart with love's sweet
 faith ran o'er.

How full of sunny hopefulness his face,
 How many tender welcomes filled his
 eyes,
 When for celestial visitants he watched,
 In mute and holy converse with the
 skies!

The saintly child grew very wan and weak;
 And as he lay upon the bed of pain,
 One day of storm, he only gently said,
 "When will the Angel's Bridge reach
 down again?"

In musing trance while gazing on the
 clouds,
 A flood of sunlight lit the lumed air,
 And springing forth, as if from God's own
 arms,
 A lustrous rainbow shown divinely there.

A tender smile played o'er the child's pale
 lips—
 "Down the bright arch the white robed
 Angels come,
 O, see their shining pinions!—their sweet
 eyes!"—
 He said—and, 'mid their soft embraces,
 floated home.

THE FISHER BOY.*

MOULDED in pure and perfect grace,
 His white feet poised on silent sands,
 And boyhood's spirit on his face,
 A shape of life's best hour he stands.

His net droops on the idle oar,
 He listens as to whispers dear,—
 What hears he on the mighty shore,
 Pressing the sea-shell to his ear?

Is it the soft-toned rapture caught
 From rosy lips of Naiades,
 That burns, with pictured joy, his thought
 Of the rare beauty of the seas?

Is it some loved, unuttered name,
 Wooed by the waves from lands
 remote,
 Or echo of forgotten fame,
 Kept in the shell's vermilion throat;

Or some strange syllables he seeks,
 Of ancient ocean's mystic lore,—
 The solemn measures that she speaks
 With charmed tongues forevermore?

Still listening in that keen suspense,
 What curious fancies come and go;
 What pleasant wishes thrill his sense
 For what he ne'er, ah, ne'er shall
 know!

O, artist! in whose deathless thought
 This radiant being lived and grew,
 More glorious meaning hast thou
 wrought,
 Than thy divine conception knew!

For 'tis the type of Youth's rich trance,
 Beside the wide world's unknown sea,
 Weaving the sweet tones of romance
 Into the promised bliss to be.

* A Statue by Hiram Powers.

HELEN LOUISA BOSTWICK.

No woman poet of our country, as the writer of this notice thinks, has surpassed Mrs. Bostwick in those graces of thoughts and style which distinguish her poems. Her choice of words is extremely felicitous; her rhyme is rich and full; her verse is always sweet and harmonious. While there is a certain warmth of color in her style that approaches sensuousness, her thought is delicate and womanly. She is sufficiently versatile, but most of her effusions have been called forth by those dear little common incidents of life which women are peculiarly gifted to invest with poetry. I bestow upon Mrs. Bostwick a sincere praise that need not waste itself in compliment. Her poems betray study of the best authors of our language, without being the less original. If her faculty does not amount to genius, it is at least transcendent talent.

She was born in Charleston, New Hampshire, in 1826, and was married in Ohio in 1844; her present residence is at Ravenna, Portage county, Ohio. In girlhood she received the portion with which New England endows all her children—a common school education—with an academic course under Rev. A. A. Miner, of Boston.

I forgive myself readily for quoting what she so gracefully says of herself, in a letter to the editor of the present volume:

Though I belong to the West, love it, appreciate it, and glory in it, and have no interest elsewhere, yet I believe that whatever of poetry is in my nature had its origin and nurture among the hill-sides and valleys of my New England home. Nestled close at the foot of old Asentney, with the Connecticut upon one hand, and upon the other the wild hills with their jutting ribs and spines of granite, among which my feet even now could track out familiar pathways—was my birth-place and home for twelve years. In 1838 my father removed to Ohio, and is living, with my mother, near Ravenna.

My life has been so emphatically a "still life," that I cannot conceive how any sketch of it could be of interest to any person outside the circle of friends. The little of incident that has diversified it has been of the quietest description, and all of excitement that has disturbed it has been among the under-currents, not upon the surface. I have no story to tell.

Mrs. Bostwick, though not the author of any volume, has long been a favorite contributor of literary journals, among which we can mention the *National Era*, *Ohio Farmer*, *New York Independent*, *Home Journal*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *Home Monthly*, New York. It is hoped that it will not be long till she gives to the world a bouquet of those flowers which have made her name so fragrant.

She has written charmingly for children, those little stories which few write successfully. A volume of these she has collected, which will be published during the coming Autumn by Follett, Foster & Company.

LAST YEAR'S NESTS.

ONE May morn, when the sun was bright,
And orchard blooms of pink and white,
Shook off the showers of yesternight—

I spied a farmer, on his way,
With sturdy team of roan and bay,
To where the half-plowed meadow lay.

I liked the old man's heartsome tone;
And caring not to muse alone,
Measured my pace with sturdy roan.

The reddening boughs drooped overhead—
The moist earth mellowed 'neath our tread.
We talked of beauty, and of bread.

He told me how young farmer Boone
Would sow too late, and reap too soon,
And in wrong quarters of the moon—

How fell the pear-tree's finest graft
Before his knife, and milkmaids laughed
At his odd feats in dairycraft.

And all because, in cities bred,
His youth behind a counter sped,
Where dust and ink had clogged his head!

Sudden the old man stepped aside—
A bird's nest on the tree he spied,
And flung it to the breezes wide.

"Where last year's nests, forlorn, I see,
On flowering shrub, or bearing tree,
I fling them to the winds," said he;—

"Else insects there will shelter find,
And caterpillars spin and wind,
Marring the young fruit's tender rind."

Most simple words!—yet none can tell
How through my spirit's depths they fell,
As iron-weights sink in a well.

And why, I cried, oh! human Heart,
When all thy singing ones depart,
Learn'st thou so ill the yeoman's art!

Why seek, with Spring's returning glow,
The music and the golden flow
Of wings that vanished ere the snow?

Why long remembered, long deplored,
The brooded Hopes that sang and soared,
The Loves that such rare radiance poured?

Oh, memory-haunted and oppress'd—
Lorn heart! the peasants' toil is best—
Down with thy last year's empty nest!

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

'Twas a tiny rosewood thing,
Ebon bound, and glittering
With its stars of silver white,
Silver tablet, blank and bright,
Downy pillowed, satin lined,
That I, loitering, chanced to find
'Mid the dust, and scent, and gloom
Of the undertaker's room,
Waiting empty—ah! for whom?

Ah! what love-watched cradle-bed
Keeps to-night the nestling head;
Or, on what soft, pillowing breast
Is the cherub form at rest,
That ere long, with darkened eye
Sleeping to no lullaby,
Whitely robed, and still, and cold,
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,
Shall this dainty couch enfold?

Ah! what bitter tears shall stain
All this satin sheen like rain,
And what towering hopes be hid
'Neath this tiny coffin lid,
Scarcely large enough to bear

Little words, that must be there,
 Little words, cut deep and true,
 Bleeding mothers' hearts anew—
 Sweet, pet name, and "Aged Two."

Oh! can sorrow's hovering plume
 Round our pathway cast a gloom
 Chill and darksome, as the shade
 By an infant's coffin made!
 From our arms an angel flies,
 And our startled, dazzled eyes
 Weeping round its vacant place,
 Cannot rise its path to trace,
 Cannot see the angel's face!

THE ORIGIN OF DIMPLES.

My mischief-loving maiden Bell!
 Sit here and listen while I tell—
 Awhile your saucy tongue to tame—
 A pretty tale without a name,
 Save this, of "How the Dimples Came."

A merry girl, the story goes,
 With eyes of violet, cheeks of rose,
 One day, with feet that noiseless stepp'd,
 Behind her lover, tiptoe crept;
 And peep'd, with many a bow and bend,
 While he, all unsuspecting, penn'd
 A timorous sonnet to the maid,
 Which doubted, hoped, despair'd, and
 pray'd.

She peep'd, and read, too pleased by half,
 And smiled, and smiled, but durst not
 laugh;

And so a strange event occur'd;
 It happen'd thus, as I have heard:
 The dainty mouth, too small, I doubt,
 To let so much of smiling out,
 Became a prison most secure,
 And held the lovely legions sure.
 Wearied, at length, of durance vile,
 Impatient grew each captive smile;

Still, fain some outlet new to seek,
 They wreathed and coil'd in either cheek,
 Still at the ruby portals fast,
 Vainly sought exit, and at last
 Grown desperate, so the story closes,
 Cleft a new passage through the roses!

Love's kiss half heal'd the tender harm,
 And gave the wound its dearest charm;
 Since not unthankful, Beauty keeps
 Her cheek less sacred than her lips,
 And while they smile their prudent "No,"
 So fair the deepening dimples show,
 That Love, reminded of his claim,
 May take the guerdon without blame:
 And this is How the Dimples Came.

TOO LATE!

"I'm weary with my walk, Mabel,
 Yet 'tis only half a mile,
 Through the meadow, to the shadow
 Of the oak-tree by the stile.

"And 'twas there I sat an hour, Mabel,
 By this jeweled watch of mine,
 Looking over through the clover,
 Till the mowers went to dine.

"They were merry at their labor,
 Laughing, singing, all save one:
 Silent, lonely, toiled he only,
 Joyless, 'neath the harvest sun.

"But I thought of his mirthful frolics,
 In the olden harvest times,
 Of the laughter that came after
 All his riddles and his rhymes.

"Of one nooning in that oak-shade,
 When the saucy, gleaning girls
 Bade him, as he prized their favor,
 Weave a chaplet for their curls.

"From the brier-bushes near him,
Straight he plucked the tasseled stems,
Lightly bound, and laughing, crowned
them
With the treacherous diadems.

"But from mine the thorns he parted,
Mine alone, of all the band;
Was it warning of my scorning,
That the sharpest pierced his hand?

"Yon fair city's proudest mansion
Ope for me its marble bowers,
Fountains springing, rare birds singing
Songs of love to tropic flowers.

"Yet lovelier on my sight, Mabel,
Comes the home my childhood knew;
Yon low cabin, with its robin,
And its morning-glories blue!

"What though robes of Ind and Cashmere,
Silks and velvets, make my tire—
I am dreaming, 'mid their gleaming,
Of your loom beside the fire;

"Twining still my childish fingers
In your spindle's snowy sheath;—
Ah! the linen of your spinning,
Hid no heart-ache underneath.

"What though in my casket flashing,
Pearls might grace a queen's bandeau,
Wild flowers growing in the mowing
Never scarred my forehead so.

"For I bought them with a heart, Ma-
bel,—
Paid Ambition's cruel price!
Now the haunting demon, taunting,
Mocks me with the sacrifice.

"Take away the couch and cordial,
Let the guilt-caged captive pine;
'Tis my spirit that is wearied,
Can you give it rest and wine?"

Go, go, leave the false one lonely,
Till this struggle be o'erpast;
Lorn heart, breaking with love's aching,
Pride has failed your need at last!

SOMEWHERE.

How little do we know or heed
Where, 'mid life's chance and changing,
Lies the sure fruitage of our deed,
Or destiny's arranging.
Somewhere the trifles live, that still
We fling from hands uncaring;
Some covert hides the good or ill
That fate for us is bearing.

Somewhere there grows a slender tree
My careless fingers planted,
Which yet a stately shade may be,
Time-crowned and memory-haunted.
A climbing rose that blooms at morn,
Its fragrant incense giving—
Perchance a bitter fruit—a thorn—
Yet owes to me its living.

Somewhere there is a lowly cot,
Where kind thoughts, writ in weakness,
May come like birds, when I am not,
And cheer, like song, its bleakness;
Somewhere a white and hollow cheek,
An eye too restless shining,
For some low word that I may speak,
May cease awhile their pining.

Somewhere a careless action wrought,
A moment's lapse of duty,
May leave a burned and blackened blot,
To desolate life's beauty.
Somewhere—God pardon—hasty words,
Like arrows heedless winging,
Find out some true heart's tender chords,
And pierce with cruel stinging.

Somewhere there is a spot of ground,
 Now, haply, green and blooming,
 Whereon, ere long, a withered mound
 Shall rise from my entombing.
 Somewhere there waits a vacant stone,
 Perchance unhewn, unbroken,
 To be my name and age alone,
 And crave Love's tearful token.

Somewhere there is a robe more bright
 Than this my spirit weareth,
 No sin-spot stains its perfect white,
 Nor shade of grief it beareth.
 Somewhere—I know not—none can see
 Beyond Death's hurrying river
 My Father keeps a place for me
 Safe in His house—forever!

LULIE.

FROM a meadow sloping West,
 Full of April lambs at play,
 Came one, whiter than the rest,
 From its merry mates away.

Came beside me—so I dreamed,
 And I marked its lifted eye
 Had a pleading look, that seemed
 Full of strange humanity;

As I bowed with fond caress
 Toward the lonely lambkin strayed
 (Full of painful tenderness
 Half I felt, and half afraid);

Roses on its neck I found,
 And I knew them drooping there,
 For the roses that I bound
 Yester-morn in Lulie's hair.

Trembling, calling Lulie's name
 With a faint and fearful call,
 Woke I then, as morning's flame
 Kindled on my chamber wall.

Streamed across a pillow white,
 Quivered o'er a little head,
 Where the chestnut hair was bright,
 Long, and soft, and ringleted.

Lulie lay beside me there,
 And the rose-light as I gazed,
 Bathed the dimpled shoulders bare,
 Tinged the velvet cheek upraised.

But the soul's sweet curtains, drawn,
 Stirred not, oped not, as I wept;
 And I knew my lamb had gone
 With the Shepherd while I slept.

Lulie's grave is green and gay,
 But our fields are bare and cold;
 Who would call my lamb away
 From the shelter of the Fold?

WITHIN THE URN.

God gave me many a goodly gift;
 A sense to feel, an eye to know
 All forms of Beauty, that uplift
 The soul from things below.

He gave me ready brain to plan—
 Hands apt enough its will to do—
 A heart of reverent faith in man—
 Kindred, and way-mates true,

Whose voices cheered the darksome days;
 A cross to kneel by, and the care
 Of little feet, whose wandering ways
 Kept mine from many a snare.

And midst these blessings lent and given,
 Of those who could be friends to me,
 As angels breathe the word in Heaven,
 He gave me two or three.

No more! Ah, I could never learn
 To draw Life's ravishing nectar up

From every wilding way-side fern,
And honeysuckle cup.

Not but I blest them—bade them bless;
But if to me they never brought
That vital balm of perfectness,
The sustenance I sought;

If oft I pined for that which seemed
Free as the air to all beside,
And held for Fate what others deemed
Indifference, or Pride;

What marvel, that when, thirsty-lipped,
I came where royal roses grew,
I claimed them for my own, and sipped
Their winy sweets like dew.

It was my right: for life, for growth
In all life's purest, most divine;
The need was on me: choice, God knoweth,
Was not the flower's nor mine.

And yet, in grasping all, I erred—
Not all were germs of godlike birth;
In some, the heavenly ichor stirred;
In some, mere sap of earth.

How soon these languished on the stem,
Your thought must needs respond (for I
Speak harshlier of the dead than them),
And thus have answered why

I cannot bend me at your pride,
More than I wound me with your scorn;
What care I that my rose that died,
Had e'er so sharp a thorn?

Died? Nay, not as the world calls dead;
How many a proper flower has bloomed
In trimmed and cultured garden bed,
Tintless, and unperfumed!

And thus my rose of friendship lives,
And buds and blooms its wasting hour;
And common boon of smiling gives
To common sun and shower.

Pleasant—yet not a thing to choose,
As ere the unkindly beak of Doubt
Let the sweet odor-spirit loose,
And bled the color out.

I pray, as I have ever prayed,
“God bless thee,” with no backward will,
The lake, with all its lilies dead,
Reflects the green boughs still.

I pray, as I have ever prayed—
“Christ, fill these needy hearts from
thine!”

On lakes that mourn their lilies dead,
The holy stars still shine!

LITTLE DANDELION.

LITTLE Bud Dandelion
Hears from her nest—
“Merry-heart, starry-eye,
Wake from your rest!”
Wide ope the emerald lids;
Robins above,—
Wise little Dandelion
Smiles at his love.

Cold lie the daisy banks,
Clad but in green,
Where in the Mays agone,
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering,
Violets delay—
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dries the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high,—
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye!

Dead little Dandelion
 In her white shroud,
 Heareth the Angel-breeze
 Call from the cloud.
 Tiny plumes fluttering
 Make no delay,
 Little winged Dandelion
 Soareth away.

PEACE.

THE sweet face is turned to the pillow,
 And the white hands loosely lie :
 Oh, beautiful, placid angel,
 It cannot be hard to die !

The tress has not stirred from her fore-
 head,
 And the jessamine leaves are in sight
 On her bosom,—just as I left them
 In the middle of the night,

Ere I kissed the out-going spirit,
 As it passed in a gentle sigh :—
 It could give me no word of meaning,
 It could kiss me no reply ;

But as I felt the lips redder and warmer
 Than they had been hours before,
 Ere the fire that had dropped from the
 altar,
 Had crept to the temple door.

Let the meek face lean to the pillow,
 And the hands unfolded lie :
 Oh, beautiful, placid angel,
 It cannot be hard to die !

WHITE AND RED.

THE grain grows in at my window,
 The rose-tree bends down from above ;
 One bears the white flower of my Duty,
 And the other is crimson with Love.

I will labor all day in my grain-field ;
 In the drowse of the breathless noon,
 I will look for no tempting tree-shadow,
 I will list for no rivulet's tune.

I will watch—oh, never a watcher
 At the cradle of innocent sleep,
 Shall be faithful as I will be faithful,
 My little field safely to keep.

How my sickle shall shine at the harvest !
 I will gather and garner in store,
 For the winter that cometh so early,
 The winter that starveth the poor.

But oh ! when each work-day is ended,
 How blessed the rest I shall know ;
 How the tendrils will turn to caress me,
 How the briers will wound if I go !

I shall sit with my roses—my roses—
 And draw from the sweetness of years :
 They will crowd their cool lips to my fore-
 head ;
 I shall feel in the dark for their tears.

I shall know if they shiver and tremble,
 They longed for my coming too soon—
 For my pretty ones cannot dissemble—
 And a cloud had come over the moon.

Lean in, tasseled grain, at my window ;
 Bend downward, sweet rose, from above ;
 Clothe my life with the whiteness of Duty,
 And the passionate crimson of Love.

GEORGE YORK WELBORN.

GEORGE YORK WELBORN was born in Mount Vernon, Indiana, April twenty-ninth, 1827. He descended from a respectable family of North Carolina, which emigrated to the West during the war of 1812. His father, Jesse York Welborn, joined the army of the South, and, after the battle of New Orleans, settled in Mount Vernon, where he long continued a worthy associate of the sturdy pioneers who imparted vigor and manly growth to the early settlement of the West.

At an early age, George entered the common school, where his rapid progress won for him the encomiums of his teacher. At the age of nineteen we find him a student in the law office of A. P. Hovey, but fearing that his education would not admit of his mastering the great principles of the legal profession, he entered the seminary of his native place, preparatory to a regular course in college. In 1849 he entered the freshman class of Asbury University, at Greencastle, Indiana, and at once took rank as one of the most zealous of his class, and maintained by his excellence of character and energy of purpose, the enviable position allotted to him until his death. He died while a member of the senior class, January twenty-fifth, 1853, aged twenty-five years.

Had he lived to mature manhood, it is hazarding but little to say that he would have gained distinction among men. With native energy, inherent talent, and scholastic acquirements; vigorous as a writer, sprightly in conversation and winning in manners; with a cheerful disposition, and an implicit faith in the ultimate triumph of the right, he possessed elements that fitted him to win upon the world's favor. While a boy, he saw beauty in the sweet fern and wild thyme, and in manhood the waywardings of the butterfly were still beautiful. In boyhood he was filled with the ideal, and painted the canvas all over with radiant pictures, and when he had grown to manhood, the ideal was united with the real, and the offspring was poetry. In college he was loved by his fellow-students. In their expression of condolence, they say, "we mourn the loss of a companion, friend, and brother." He was esteemed by his professors. One of them says, in a letter: "The name of George York Welborn is associated in my memory with all that is manly, and noble, and good. I distinctly remember what taste and judgment he always exhibited in rendering the Greek and Latin classics into English."

Of his poetic writings we have but a single remark to make. The manuscripts from which we are permitted to make a few selections, all bear dates but little anterior to his death, which indicate that the spirit of song had but recently come to him, and that the mantle of poesy was worthily worn.

THE CAPTIVE BOY.

To his prison window creeping,

See that lonely captive boy ;

He has left a mother weeping,

Who shall know no future joy ;

But in sadder melancholy,

She must mourn him now as dead,

Who in wild and wayward folly,

To the battle-field has fled.

Beams of golden sunlight streaming

Through the grates have led him there ;

While his eyes with sadness beaming,

Tell his spirit's wild despair.

Lonely weeks and months have bound him

Close within these prison cells ;

How disease and hunger found him,

Faded beauty plainly tells.

Dark brown ringlets, in profusion,

Cluster round his marble brow,

Which were erst a wild intrusion,

But are all unheeded now.

He is dying, slowly dying,

Soon his sorrows will be o'er ;

See him struggling, wildly trying

To look out on earth once more.

He has reached that spot, and gladness

Brightens up his pallid face,

Where so lately brooding sadness

Left of beauty not a trace.

Hark ! he speaks like one whose sorrow

Human suff'rance had surpassed,

On whose soul shall dawn no morrow,

But with death-shades overcast :

" Oh, thou sun, that dost awaken

This fair morn, oh tell me why,

I, so lonely and forsaken,

Here must languish, here must die ?

Tell me, for thou seest clearly

All yon world of cheerfulness,

Does my mother, loving dearly,

Mourn my fate in bitterness ?

" Has she yet my crime forgiven ?

Does she pray in tears and pain,

That her son, by fondness driven,

May return to her again ?

Will her gentle heart be broken

With the saddest, deepest woe,

When these words are kindly spoken :

' Willie sleeps in Mexico ? '

" No, this thought will soothe each other

Which may thrill her heaving breast,

That my Saviour, dearest brother,

Stooped to lull my soul's unrest.

To my heart-strings, lone and riven

By the sins of other days,

Harmony he now has given,

And attuned to sweeter lays.

" God protect her, strengthen, teach her,

To dispel such bitter grief.

Oh my mother, loving creature,

Trust in Him, he'll give relief ;

Could I see thee, know thee present,

Could I hear thy soothing voice,

This dark prison would be pleasant,

And in death I could rejoice.

" And my sister, gentle being !

Who so fondly clung to me,

Sobbing wildly, as if seeing

My unhappy destiny.

Dost thou mourn me ? dost thou miss me ?

Who didst plead with me to stay—

Why did I so rudely kiss thee,

Then so wildly bound away ?

" Oft in dreams her spirit lingers

Round my lonely prison bed,

And I feel her lovely fingers

Pressing lightly on my head.

Oft I feel her fond caresses,

And her lips on mine once more ;

But awaking 'mid distresses,

All my visions then are o'er.

" And my little brother, Charlie !

Who, with arms about me twined,

Held me till, with simple parley,

He might change my wayward mind.

Oh, my dear, devoted brother,

Weep no more, but pity me !

Where will you e'er find another
Who will love so tenderly ?

"All these lovely scenes are over,
Naught can glad my heart again,
But to know them, I, a rover,
Oft have hoped, but hoped in vain
Death's cold hand is on me, mother,
Sister come, my lips are cold !
Come still closer, closer brother,
Ere on life I lose my hold.

"See yon mountain's brow is teeming
With the legions of the skies !
Am I dying, am I dreaming,
Do death's shadows dim my eyes ?
Hark ! I hear the bugle thrilling—
See the stars and stripes in air !
Lo ! the valleys all are filling
With contending armies there.

"Rouse, my soul ! I am not dying ;
Shake off death. Awake ! awake !
List the death-shots wildly flying ;
The contest makes my prison shake.
Look, oh look ! our foes retire—
See ! our armies sweep the plain ;
They are coming, coming nigher—
Soon shall I be free again.

"They are here, but do not see me ;
See them madly pressing on—
Stay, my comrades, stay and free me !
All is still ;—they're gone, they're gone.
Ah, I'm cold, I'm blind, I smother ;
Death is in my gloomy cell—
Oh, my mother—sister—brother—
Willie dies—farewell, farewell."

Upward to those shining regions,
Fitted for the soul above,
He has gone, and angel-legions
Now escort him home in love.
Freed from prison, hunger, sorrow—
Loosened from this dreary sod—
He in plentitude shall borrow
Sweet perfection from his God.

VOICE OF OTHER DAYS.

How oft have life's unseen events
O'erturned our hopes of bliss,
And gathered to another world
The friends we loved in this.
And even now, when they are gone,
Whom fancy oft portrays,
Upon the soul there seems to roll
The Voice of Other Days.

We love to join, with wild delight,
The circles of the young,
And yield our tribute there to swell
The magic of the tongue.
But ah ! we lose our mirthfulness,
And all our joy decays,
When from the past there comes at last
The Voice of Other Days.

We love to labor—labor here,
We love toil—toil on,
For so did they, who now from earth
To their rewards have gone.
Yet oft we turn aside to weep
At fate's uncertain ways,
When o'er us comes, like muffled drums,
The Voice of Other Days.

Our friends prove false and oft we feel
Desponding and alone,
When not a kindred spirit gives
The smile we love to own.
But ever thus, when we are sad,
And gloom around us plays,
To cheer us then, there comes again
The Voice of Other Days.

How cold this world to us appears,
When no sweet voice is heard,
To claim our triumphs and to speak
A kind approving word ?
But ah ! when all we are below
Stern Death in ruin lays,
We'll hear once more, as oft of yore,
The Voice of Other Days.

LOUISE ESTHER VICKROY.

LOUISE ESTHER VICKROY, daughter of Edwin A. and Cornelia H. Vickroy, was born at Urbana, Ohio, January second, 1827. While Louise was yet a little child, the family migrated to Fern Dale, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, where they yet reside. Being one of twelve children, and her parents not affluent, she yet availed herself so well of her share of the means of improvement, as to have become an excellent scholar; and made such familiars of the beauties and sublimities of nature about her, as to have strengthened and greatened her spirit to a high capability. Her mind has had a healthy growth among the wild and romantic scenery of western Pennsylvania. There is a feel of mountains in it, and a smack of forest streams. It impresses you with a sense of reserved power, sufficient for much more than it has yet achieved. Her genius is manifestly cultivable and improvable. It grows. She has been writing now only about eight years, it is true; but most of our poetesses weep all "the dews of Castalie" away in less time—or get married: she has done neither. But she has continually developed in the art of expression, and her latest productions are her best. "The Spirit Home" and "Shadow-Light," her most recent publications, in the articles of choice rhetoric, delicious rhythm, and dainty imagination, surpass any thing else we have seen from her pen, and are symptomatic of the fever of genius. But poetry with her is evidently an art, and not a woman's passion. Not that she is an unexpert in love, by any means; but that she can see other divinities than Venus on the mount, Parnassus. She *cultivates* poetry as one of the liberal studies—one of the humanities; and does not seem to regard it as the mere spontaneous combustion of a love-lorn heart. Indeed, she gives lectures on "Poetry and Poets," and proves that she knows how to analyze thoughts and criticise thinkers.

Miss Vickroy's present home is Richmond, Indiana. Her profession has been that most noble and womanly one of teacher; but more recently, as just intimated, she has adopted that of lecturer, in which she is said to excel. We think we can confidently predict for her poetic future, *excellior*.

THE SPIRIT HOME.

I THOUGHT, I knew not if awake or sleeping,
 I saw the spirit-home prepared for me;
 In a deep forest of majestic palm-trees
 It rose; no artist's dream of ecstasy

<p>Might ever picture what its fair proportions And beauteous adjuncts were, nor may I tell In mortal words of its soft flowing waters, Its lilies pure, its wreaths of asphodel.</p>	<p></p>
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And all bright flowers that bloomed about
its pathways,

With dew and sunlight garnishing their
bloom,

And gentle winds, that sighed, and laughed,
and lingered

Amid the incense of its sweet perfume.

And through bright bowers lovely birds
went singing,

And built about the nests with sweet
home love;

And butterflies sailed by on painted pinions,
Creatures the earth's fair creatures far
above.

But oh, my home within this world of rap-
ture!

My home, was it a palace or a cot?

I may not say; I know there was no beauty,
No charm, no luxury that it had not.

The walls were crystal, and the floors
seemed marble,

Yet soft as rose-leaves where my foot-
steps fell;

Its lattice curtains were bright braided
sunbeams;

Its rafters overhead—O, strange to tell!—

Were golden wires, through which, with
gentle swaying,

Came ever new and thrilling melodies,

Now lulling to repose, and now impelling
The spirit dreams to rise, and rise, and rise,

Far o'er that world of most supernal beauty,
Into the airy regions still above,

E'en to the glory of the heaven of heavens;
Then nestled softly near, like sighs of love.

A canopy of azure arched it over,

Where silvery stars and one pale crescent
gleamed,

Sending the charm of night, without its
horror,

To the subduing light that inward
streamed.

Then voices soft were whispering gently to
me:

"Thy better angels planned this home
for thee

When thou didst listen to their holy teach-
ings,

And nobly walk the ways they beckoned
thee.

And ever as some new truth thrills thy
bosom,

Or when thy hands some gentle deed
shall do,

Some fairer flower here for thee will blos-
som,

Some brighter charm will these be
added to.

And when thou walkest Learning's paths
unfaltering,

A softer light shall round these walls be
flung,

Some niche receive a yet more beauteous
statue,

Some fairer painting on the walls be
hung."

The whitest angel hands with mine were
clasping,

And angel faces smiled sweet smiles on
me;

When harsh and sudden came an earthly
summons,

That called me thence but for Eternity.

That home is mine where nevermore for-
ever

Can any voice my spirit back recall;

Nor discord follow there, nor shadow
darken,

Nor frost nor mildew on its flowers fall.

Nay, tell me not 'twas only Fancy's vision;

I will believe my Father's angels fair

Build such bright mansions for the earth-
worn pilgrim;

I will believe such home awaits me there.

THE SUMMER STORM.

WHEN the sky's deep blue grew deeper,
 And the sickle of the reaper,
 Swinging midst the ripened wheat-ears,
 made a pleasant flash and sound,
 Rose a cloud that soon o'ershaded
 All the scene, while quickly faded
 From the landscape all the beauty by the
 sunshine shed around.

Queenly rose and lily saintly
 First began to waver faintly,
 And the trembling oak-leaves whispered of
 the tempest drawing near;
 While the hoarse voice of the river
 Sent through every heart a shiver,
 For all nature seemed o'erburdened with a
 wonder and a fear.

Then the lightning's vivid flashes,
 With the thunder's wilder crashes,
 In a strange, terrific splendor clothed the
 overarching sky;
 Shrank the woodbine in her bower,
 And the fern bent low and lower,
 While the vine-leaves clasped each other
 with a clinging sympathy.

Now the winds with dismal howling,
 And the heaven's darker scowling,
 For a while seemed all too dreadful for the
 startled earth to bear;
 Then, while floods of rain descended,
 Proudest trees were torn and bended,
 Till the woods bore fearful tokens how the
 dread one reveled there.

But the storm-clouds' sudden breaking,
 All the wild-bird anthems waking,
 Set the summer air to trembling with a
 sweetly conscious thrill;
 While the snowy mist up-going,
 And the sunny light down-flowing,
 Met and made a rainbow chaplet for the
 dark brow of the hill.

And the sunset on that even
 Seemed the golden gate of heaven,
 All so cloudless and so lovely, when the
 storm had passed away;
 So the tempests in our bosoms,
 Beating down Life's fairest blossoms,
 Sometimes make our hearts more fitted to
 receive a heavenly ray.

SHADOW-LIGHT.

As faint as the ghost of a melody,
 Or a rose's breath that will not die,
 Though its petals blighted and withered lie;
 Seeming afar like the worlds of light,
 Yet near as their beams on a soft, clear night,
 And sweet as the smile of a lost delight.

Not bright like the hopes of our childhood's
 hours,
 Nor wearing the colors of youth's fresh
 flowers,
 Nor the rose-hued tintings of air-built
 towers;
 And never so sad as the memory
 Of the young heart's buried dreams may be,
 But softer and sweeter there comes to me;

There comes—there comes to my spirit now
 A wordless whisper, and o'er my brow
 Steals a soft caress, but I know not how,
 Or whence, or why, but I only say
 That somewhere, somewhere, though far
 away,
 "A dear one is dreaming of me to-day."

It may be one I have never seen,
 Or one with whom I have often been,
 But wide is the ocean that yawns between;
 But at last, with the ocean's ebb and flow,
 That spirit will come or mine will go,
 We will be together for aye, I know.

CAROLINE MYER.

ONE of the schoolmistresses of Ohio, who should hold a creditable place among the poets of the West, is Caroline Myer, of Waynesville, Warren county. She was born near Waynesville, on the seventh of January, 1827. Her father, in early life a school-teacher, but in middle age a farmer, lives now at the old homestead. Without opportunities for education higher or more liberal than could be afforded her at a district school, Miss Myer determined to become a teacher. Indefatigable industry, the outgrowth of an intelligent, healthful and resolute spirit, has enabled her to acquire a valuable reputation as a schoolmistress, and, meantime, to contribute poems to the leading literary papers and periodicals of the West, which have made her name agreeably familiar in many hundreds of homes.

THE SHADOW-LAND OF THE HEART.

OUT-LOOKING to the "great To Be,"

Upon a care-wrought wall we stand;
Yet oft we leave Reality
To wander in this Shadow-Land.

Sweet fays and specters grim abide—
Here ever dwells a mystic band;
And O! what mocking phantoms glide
Above the heart's weird Shadow-Land!

The shadows strange! some burn or freeze
The blasted soul with deadly blight—
Some soothe like pleasant shade of trees,
When noonday beams are fiercely bright.

We rove throughout the lengthened range,
And many a seraph form upstarts;
Like lightning swift their places change,
Yet not one shadow e'er departs.

Here—there—the same! they fall again
When Morning's lily lids are wet
With tears the Night has wept—and when
Young Even's robe with gems is set.

Love waves o'er all his magic wand—
Hate holds a cursed dominion here—
And Sorrow stalks with muffled band
Upon the hurried steps of Fear.

Each youthful Hope is imaged fair,
Each dark-browed Doubt in sullen guise,
And darker still, each mute Despair
That ever closed dull, leaden eyes.

Cold mists around this Shadow-Land
Are rank with Guilt's own poison breath,
And sweetest airs that ever fanned
A saintly brow in joyous death,
Blow over green ambrosial isles;
And hoarse, sepulchral voices shake
The mounts where golden sunshine smiles,
And music-tones wild raptures wake!

And noble deeds and lofty thought
Are burning here on azure scroll;
The hero sees what once he wrought,
While I repossess the distant goal,
Which steady chained my ardent gaze,
When pure, unmingled joy was mine!

Still here the Unattained doth blaze!

Ah! here the Never Won may shine!

These shadows once were real things—

These phantoms strange were living
forms;

These floating shapes, with airy wings,

Once battled with the thunder-storms!

When far beyond the fiery track

Of orbs immense, entranced we soar,

O! will the spirit wander back

To walk again the phantom shore?

Oh! bright and haunted picture land!

Oh, dreams of eld! Oh, visions blessed!

What wizard king, with heavy hand,

Hath laid this spell of wild unrest?

Sad Shadow-land! I visit thee,

And long, in many a pensive hour,

As prisoned captive, to be free

To rise above the futile power

Of words and songs of mortal birth;

For vain my striving to invest

Expression—else of little worth—

With aught of that which thrills my
breast,

When wand'ring in this cypress shade,

Or standing on yon sunny shore,

I list the low, sweet music played

By hands whose earthly toil is o'er.

UP AND DOWN THE HILL.

A LITTLE work—a little play—

A loitering oft along the way—

This is the sum and substance still

Of going up and down the hill.

And yet 'tis more than fleeting dream,

Or idle poet's silly theme—

Or blending of the sea and rill—

This going up and down the hill.

That group with garlands on their heads—

Oh, what a glory round them spreads!

Their cheeks are bright, their pulses thrill,

For they are going up the hill.

And shall the stormy cloud that lowers,

Make them forget the stars and flowers?

Is change, and blight, and darkness still

The end of going up the hill?

But some now lying in the shade,

With myrtle on their pale brows laid,

E'en while they heard the song-bird's
trill,

Grew tired of going up the hill.

Alas, for lips so strange and cold!

Alas, for hearts so early old!

That eyes are stern, and voices shrill!

'Tis dreary going down the hill.

But here the sunbeams' softened sheen

Falls o'er a band with looks serene,

And hope and faith their spirits fill,

Though they are going down the hill.

And here is one who walks aside

From all the crimson glare of pride;

Her pathway leads through shadows chill,

For she is going down the hill.

The rosy days have long passed by,

Yet joy is hers that cannot die;

Love is her speech—love is her will,

Though she is going down the hill.

Oh, may the angels ever smile,

And soft sweet sounds our souls beguile

Into the valley dark and still—

The end of going down the hill.

WILLIAM H. LYTLE.

WILLIAM H. LYTLE was born in Cincinnati, about the year 1828, of an old and much respected American family. His great grandfather, William Lytle, held a captain's commission in the Pennsylvania line during the old French war, and emigrated to Kentucky in the year 1779. His grandfather, William Lytle, was famous in the early border warfare of the West, and one of the earliest and most distinguished pioneers of Ohio. He was the intimate, personal friend of Andrew Jackson, under whom, when President, he held the office of Surveyor General of Public Lands.

Robert T. Lytle, the father of the subject of this sketch, was, for many years, a very influential politician. He represented the Cincinnati district in Congress, and was long the favorite orator of the Democracy of south-western Ohio. His only son, William, was educated in the West, and his fine abilities as a thinker, speaker and writer, were early the subject of remark. After the completion of his scholastic education, he studied law in the office of his uncle, E. S. Haines. Upon the breaking out of the Mexican war, the military spirit which had distinguished his family, showed itself in him. He volunteered, was elected captain of company L, second Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Irvin of Lancaster, and served with distinction during the war. While in Mexico, he wrote some letters which were much admired for their poetic tone and beautiful description of tropical scenery. At the close of the war he returned to the practice of the law, but was soon elected a member of the first Ohio Legislature under the present Constitution of that State. He did not speak often in that body, but when he did address the House, he commanded its attention by a strain of eloquence and argument not quite so common in this country as some people suppose. In 1857 he was nominated to the office of Lieutenant Governor by the Democratic party of Ohio. The ticket was beaten by a few hundred votes. He was afterward elected Major General of the First Division of the Ohio Militia, embracing within its limits the city of Cincinnati. This was a deserved honor, for in disposition and bearing he is the *beau ideal* of a citizen soldier; yet, considering the force and beauty with which he writes, his friends are constrained to think, that even in his soldierly hands "the pen is mightier than the sword."

From the poems contributed for this volume, four have been selected, which are now first published—"Sailing on the Sea," "The Brigand's Song," "Jacqueline," and "MacDonald's Drummer."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
 And the dark Plutonian shadows
 Gather on the evening blast;
 Let thine arm, oh Queen, enfold me,
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
 Listen to the great heart secrets
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
 Bear their eagles high no more,
 And my wrecked and scattered galleys
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
 Though no glittering guards surround me,
 Prompt to do their master's will,
 I must perish like a Roman,
 Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
 Mark the lion thus laid low;
 'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
 'Twas his own that struck the blow—
 His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
 Turned aside from glory's ray—
 His who, drunk with thy caresses,
 Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
 Dare assail my name at Rome,
 Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
 Weeps within her widowed home,
 Seek her; say the gods bear witness,
 Altars, augurs, circling wings,
 That her blood, with mine commingled,
 Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
 Light the path to stygian horrors
 With the splendors of thy smile;
 Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
 Let his brow the laurel twine,
 I can scorn the senate's triumphs,
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
 Hark! the insulting foeman's cry,
 They are coming; quick, my falchion,
 Let me front them ere I die.
 Ah, no more amid the battle
 Shall my heart exulting swell,
 Isis and Osiris guard thee,
 Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

MACDONALD'S DRUMMER.*

A DRUMMER-BOY from fair Bayonne,
 By love of glory lured,
 With bold Macdonald's stern array,
 The pains of war endured.
 And now amid those dizzy heights,
 That girt the Splügen dread,
 The silent columns struggled on,
 And he marched at their head.

Then in those regions, cold and dim,
 With endless winter curs'd,
 The Alpine storm arose, and scowled,
 And forth in fury burst—
 Burst forth on the devoted ranks,
 Ambition's dauntless brood,
 That thus with sword and lance profaned
 Old Winter's solitude.

"Down! down! upon your faces fall;
 Cling to the guns! for lo,
 The chamois on this slippery track
 Would dread yon gulf below;"
 So sped the word from front to rear,
 And veterans to the storm
 Bowed low, who ne'er in battle bowed
 To aught in foeman's form.

But hark! what horror swells the gale—
 Beware, oh sons of France!

*See Headley's account of the passage of the Splügen,
 by Marshal Macdonald.

Beware the avalanche whose home
Is 'mid these mountain haunts.
Yon distant thunder—'tis its voice!
The bravest held his breath,
And silently a prayer put up
To die a soldier's death.

And near and nearer with a roar,
That loud and louder swelled,
The avalanche down glaciers broad,
Its lightning pathway held;
And through the shivering ranks it crashed,
And then with one vast stride,
Swept down the gulf, till far below
Its muttering thunders died.

In vain Italia's sunny plains
And reeling vines invite,
Full many a soldier found his shroud,
'Mid Alpine snows that night;
And he, his comrades' pride and boast,
The lad from fair Bayonne;
The roll was called, no voice replied,
The drummer-boy was gone.

Gone! gone! but hark from the abyss,
What sounds so faintly come,
Amid the pauses of the storm?
It is—it is—the drum;
He lives, he beats for aid, he sounds
The old familiar call,
That to the batteries' smoking throat
Had brought his comrades all.

Over the dizzy verge that eve,
With straining eyes they peered,
And heard the rattling of the drum,
In accents strange and weird;
The notes would cease, and then again
Would sound—again to fail,
Until no more their fainting moan
Came wafted on the gale.

And when red Wagram's fight was fought,
And the big war was o'er,
A dark-haired matron in Bayonne
Stood watching by her door;

Stood watching, praying, many an hour,
Till hair and heart grew gray,
For the bright-eyed boy who, 'mid the Alps,
Was sleeping far away.

And still belated peasants tell,
How, near that Alpine height,
They hear a drum roll loud and clear,
On many a storm-vexed night.
This story of the olden time
With sad eyes they repeat,
And whisper by whose ghostly hands
The spirit-drum is beat.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

THE Volunteers! the Volunteers!
I dream, as in the by-gone years,
I hear again their stirring cheers,
And see their banners shine,
What time the yet unconquered North
Poured to the wars her legions forth,
For many a wrong to strike a blow
With mailed hand at Mexico.

The Volunteers! ah, where are they
Who bade the hostile surges stay,
When the black forts of Monterey
Frowned on their dauntless line;
When undismayed amid the shock
Of war, like Cerro Gordo's rock,
They stood, or rushed more madly on,
Than tropic tempest o'er San Juan.

On Angostura's crowded field,
Their shattered columns scorned to yield,
And wildly yet defiance pealed
Their flashing batteries' throats;
And echoed then the rifle's crack,
As deadly as when on the track
Of flying foe, of yore, its voice
Bade Orleans' dark-eyed girls rejoice.

Blent with the roar of guns and bombs,
How grandly from the dim past comes
The roll of their victorious drums,

Their bugles' joyous notes,
When over Mexico's proud towers,
And the fair valley's storied bowers,
Fit recompense of toil and scars,
In triumph waved their flag of stars.

Ah, comrades, of your own tried troop,
Whose honor ne'er to shame might stoop,
Of lion heart, and eagle swoop,

But you alone remain;
On all the rest has fallen the hush
Of death; the men whose battle rush
Was wild as sun-loosed torrents' flow
From Orizaba's crest of snow.

The Volunteers! the Volunteers!
God send us peace, through all our years;
But if the cloud of war appears,

We'll see them once again.
From broad Ohio's peaceful side,
From where the Maumee pours its tide;
From storm-lashed Erie's wintry shore,
Shall spring the Volunteers once more.

POPOCATAPETL.

PALE peak, afar
Gilds thy white pinnacle, a single star,
While sharply on the deep blue sky thy
snows
In deathlike calm repose.

The nightingale
Through "Mira Flores" bowers repeats
her tale,
And every rose its perfumed censer swings
With vesper offerings.

But not for thee,
Diademed king, this love-born minstrelsy,

Nor yet the tropic gales that gently blow
Through these blessed vales below.

Around thy form
Hover the mid-air fiends, the lightning
warm,
Thunder, and by the driving hurricane
In wrecks thy pines are lain.

Deep in thy heart
Burn on vast fires, struggling to rend apart
Their prison walls, and then in wrath be
hurled
Blazing upon the world.

In vain conspire
Against thy majesty tempests and fire;
The elemental wars of madness born,
Serene, thou laugh'st to scorn.

Calm art thou now
As when the Aztec, on thine awful brow,
Gazed on some eve like this from Chalco's
shore,
Where lives his name no more.

And thou hast seen
Glitter in dark defiles, the ominous sheen
Of lances, and hast heard the battle-cry
Of Castile's chivalry.

And yet again
Hast seen strange banners steering o'er
the main,
When from his eyrie soared to conquest
forth,
The eagle of the North.

Yet, at thy feet,
While rolling on, the tides of empire beat,
Thou art, oh mountain, on thy world-piled
throne,
Of all, unchanged alone.

Type of a power
Supreme, thy solemn silence at this hour

Speaks to the nations of the Almighty
 Word
 Which at thy birth was stirred.
 Prophet sublime !
 Wide on the morning's wings will float the
 chime
 Of martial horns ; yet 'mid the din, thy
 spell
 Shall sway me still—farewell.

— — —
 BRIGAND'S SONG.

THROUGH the Sierra's wild ravines
 An old grandee of Spain
 Is passing with his dark-eyed girls,
 And all his gorgeous train ;
 The spoil is rich, the guard is weak,
 The way is rough and long,
 So bathe your lips in foaming wine,
 And chant your parting song.
 Drink, brothers, drink,
 Drink, men, and away ;
 Adieu, senoras, in your smiles
 We'll bask before the day.

The moon is in the azure skies,
 The stars are by her side,
 They glitter in her path of light,
 Like maids around a bride ;
 Like night birds let us sally forth,
 Where booty may be won ;
 So whet the poniard's polished edge,
 And gird your carbines on.
 Arm, brothers, arm,
 Arm, men, and away ;
 Adieu, senoras, in your smiles
 We'll bask before the day.

All hail to-night ; for since the world
 Was made, in times of old,
 The day has been for coward knaves,
 The night time for the bold ;
 Hark ! to the mule bells' distant chime,
 Our lady, grant a boon,

That ere an hour the ring of steel
 May drown their jingling tune.
 Mount, brothers, mount,
 Mount, men, and away ;
 Adieu, senoras, in your smile
 We'll bask before the day.

To horse ! Hurra—with thundering press
 Over the plain we glide,
 Around the startled hamlet's edge
 And up the mountain side ;
 With waving plumes and clanking spurs,
 We sweep along like wind ;
 Our beacon on the rugged cliff
 Is flaming far behind.
 Ride, brothers, ride,
 Ride, men, and away ;
 Adieu, senoras, in your smiles
 We'll bask before the day.

— — —
 SAILING ON THE SEA.

" WHERE is my heart's dearest,
 Where can he be ?"
 " In his tall ship, Marguerite,
 Sailing on the sea ;
 Sailing with a gallant crew,
 Winds a-blowing free"—
 " Ah ! he vowed he soon would come
 Home, to wed with me !"

" Should he never, Marguerite,
 Come back to thee,
 You can find another love—
 I your love will be ;
 Then far away to Indian isles
 Let us quickly flee,
 Pine no more for truant hearts
 Sailing on the sea."

Flashed her eyes in anger,
 Proudly turned she
 From the muffled cavalier,
 Bending on his knee.

But away his cloak he flung,
 "Marguerite," cried he,—
 'Twas her lover! whom she thought
 Sailing on the sea.

ANACREONTIC.

NAY, frown not fairest, chide no more,
 Nor blame the blushing wine;
 Its fiery kiss is innocent,
 When thrills the pulse with thine.
 So leave the goblet in my hand,
 But veil thy glances bright,
 Lest wine and beauty mingling
 Should wreck my soul to-night.

Then, Ida, to the ancient rim
 In sculptured beauty rare,
 Bow down thy red-arched lip and quaff
 The wine that conquers care;
 Or breathe upon the shining cup
 Till that its perfume be
 Sweet as the scent of orange groves,
 Upon some tropic sea.

And while thy fingers idly stray,
 In dalliance o'er the lyre,
 Sing to me, love, some rare old song
 That gushed from heart of fire—
 Song, such as Grecian phalanx hymned,
 When freedom's field was won,
 And Persia's glory with the light
 Faded at Marathon.

Sing till the shouts of arméd men
 Ring bravely out once more;
 Sing till again the ghost-white tents
 Shine on the moonlit shore;
 Bid from their melancholy graves
 The buried hopes to start,
 I knew ere many a storm had swept
 The dew-drops from my heart.

Sing the deep memories of the past,
 My soul shall follow thee,

Its boundless depths re-echoing
 Thy glorious minstrelsy;
 And as the wild vibrations hang
 Enfettered on the air,
 I'll drink, thy white arms round me, love,
 The wine that conquers care.

JACQUELINE.*

ALMOND-EYED Jacqueline beckoned to me,
 As our troop rode home from mounting
 guard,
 And I saw Gil Perez's brow grow dark,
 While his face seemed longer, by half a
 yard.

What care I for the Spaniard's ire,
 His haughty lip and glance of fire;
 What so fit for these Southern lords
 As the tempered edges of freemen's swords?

Say, shall an Alva's merciless bands
 Their hands in our noblest blood imbrue,
 And then with accursed foreign wiles
 Our gentle Northern girls pursue?
 Hail to him who for freedom strikes!
 Up with your banners and down with the
 dykes!

Better be whelmed 'neath ocean waves,
 Than live like cowards the lives of slaves.

Haughty Gil Perez may then beware,
 For we love our blue-eyed Leyden girls,
 And would welcome the shock of Toledo
 blades

Were the prize but a lock of their gold-
 en curls.

Hope, on brothers, the day shall come
 With flaunting of banner and rolling of
 drum,

When "William the Silent" shall rally
 his men,
 And scourge these wolves to their homes
 again.

* A ballad of the "Low Countries." A. D. 1567.

JAMES PUMMILL.

JAMES PUMMILL was born in Cincinnati, December twelfth, 1828. He received a good English education, and then learned the art of printing. He has for about ten years been a contributor to the *Ladies' Repository* of Cincinnati, and has written frequently for the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, New York. In 1846, Mr. Pummill printed for private circulation, at Circleville, Ohio, a small volume of poems entitled "Fruits of Leisure." In 1852 he published a little book of "Fugitive Poems," in Cincinnati. He is now the editor and proprietor of the *Commercial*, published at Aurora, Indiana.

EMBLEM OF PEACE.

IN Ardenne forest, calm and free,
Forever to a shining sea,
A river flows in quietude—
The angel of the wood!

No tempest ever rends its calm;
But peaceful as the summer balm,
That dwelleth in the forest ways,
This angel river strays.

The roses, bending o'er its side,
Reflect their beauty in the tide:—
At night, between some leafy space,
The Moon beholds her face.

And flecking dots of light and shade,
By forest trees and sunshine made,
Dance gladly o'er this river bright,
When flies the dewy night.

And through the long, long summer day
The robin pours its soul away
In music, by its margin fair,
Rejoiced to linger there!

Without the wood, a golden sea,
Where sacred Beauty loves to be,

Enclasps within its fond embrace
This stream of joyant face.

And sparkling ever in the sun,
From rosy morn to twilight dun,
The river murmurs with the sea,
A holy lullaby!

A symbol of the good man's life!
Exempt from gloom and cankering strife,
Thus golden glide away his hours
In Life's sequestered bowers!

And when the shade of Time is past,
He reaches that far sea at last,
To whose glad waters aye are given
The blissful smiles of Heaven!

TO MARY.

How sweetly glows the red, red rose
Upon the mountain's peak!
But O, more sweet its beauty glows
Upon thy cheek!

How brightly shine the stars of night
Upon the summer sky!

But brighter beams the light of Love
From thy clear eye!

The singing-birds that on the sprays
Of amorous Spring rejoice,
Do not so thrill the human breast
As thy sweet voice!

Those eyes, those eyes of melting blue,
They steal the soul away!
And leave to lovers but a mass
Of trembling clay!

Those lips, that seem the rosy gates
Of pearly Paradise,
To kiss were easiest way to steal
Into the skies.

O, ruddy stars, forsake your realms!
Rose, leave the mountain's side!
Birds, cease your songs upon the sprays!
Ye are outvied!

A SUMMER MORNING.

SWEETLY bloom the vernal meadows
In the morning ray,
When the night of gloomy shadows
Silent steals away,
And the dewy verdure glanceth
On the new-born day.

Lo! the birds are trilling, trilling
Sweet songs to the sun,
As he cometh o'er the hill-top,
Wrapped in shadows dun;
And the streams are smiling at him—
Smiling as they run.

See the pale, thin clouds a-floating
O'er the matchless sky:
O, with what a dreamy motion
Are they passing by—
Fading, fading into ether—
See! they melt—they die!

Ah! thou still and beauteous morning!
Lovely as thou art,
Full of holy hope and beauty,
Soon wilt thou depart,
Leaving all as sad and lonely
As my beating heart!

CONTENTMENT.

OFTTIMES I fling me on a mossy hill,
Beneath the shade of some o'erarching
tree,
And listen to the hum of breeze and
bee,
And modest melody of bird and rill.
Serene contentment dwelleth ever here,
The purest spirit of my leafy cell;
And Love and Joy surround me with a
spell;
And Hope, the daughter of the dawning
year,
Sings music to me, chasing all things
drear.
O happy fairies of my solitude!
Companions of my silent, sylvan hours!
I would that Spring, with her young
band of flowers,
And you, ye happy, heart-delighting brood,
And I, might ever dwell in this breeze-
haunted wood!

JAMES R. BARRICK.

JAMES RUSSELL BARRICK—a popular contributor to the *Louisville Journal*, *Graham's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, and other widely circulated periodicals—is an influential farmer and merchant of the town of Glasgow, Kentucky. He was born in Barren county of that State, on the ninth day of April, 1829. In 1859 Mr. Barrick was chosen to represent the legislative district in which he resides; he has, therefore, exerted influence in the politics as well as the poetry of Kentucky, and in both is entitled to honorable consideration.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

WE miss their pleasant faces,
We miss each gentle smile,
That were ever wont to greet us
With a loving light the while;
We miss their merry voices
In the halls of mirth and glee,
We miss them in the dear old haunts,
Where their faces used to be.

We go out in the morning,
When the woods delight the eye,
And we gaze out on the beauty
Of the smiling earth and sky;
But a vacant place is round us,
And a vacant place within,
For the scenes that once could cheer us
Are not now as they have been.

We go out in the even,
On the twilight sky to gaze,
When the shades of night are rising
Softly through the distant haze,
And we think of those who loved us,
When our days were young and fair,
Yet we sigh to think their presence
Vanished like a form of air.

We feel our pleasures fading,
And our joys declining fast,
As the shadow of the future
Dims the sunlight of the past;
And in vain we look to nature
For the light of other years,
When our hearts are brimmed with sadness,
And our eyes suffused with tears.

But in dreams we see their faces
Full of sunshine as before,
And their eyes as bright as ever
With the welcome light of yore;
And with words of love they greet us,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Till we feel that we are with them,
In a blessed spirit land.

THE FOREST STREAM.

In a low and ceaseless murmur
Gently flows the forest stream,
Day and night to nature chanting,
Music sweet as song and dream,
In the mirrored sky revealing
All the beauty of its gleam.

With a song of joy and gladness
Doth the little minstrel sing;
And each passing breeze and zephyr
Wafts its echo on their wing,
Till the air around, above it,
Swells with magic murmuring.

Bubbling onward like a fountain,
Born of melody and song,
Like a transient gleam of beauty,
Flows the silver stream along—
Chanting anthems unto nature—
She to whom its notes belong.

Hastening onward—onward ever,
Like the life that flows in me,
As a wave upon the river,
Hastening onward to the sea;
As a hope the hidden future
Scanning for the things to be.

Summer storms may o'er it gather,
Winds of autumn round it wail—
Winter, too, its bosom ruffle,
With its icy sleet and hail;
But with summer—autumn—winter,
Doth its steady flow prevail.

Thus life's fountain to its river
In a winding current flows,
And its river to its ocean
In a channel deeper grows,
Till its fountain—river—ocean,
In eternity repose.

ONE YEAR AGO.

A SMILE is on thy lips to-night,
A joy is in thine eyes,
And on thy brow there beams a light
That with no shadow vies;
I think of days that swift have past,
Of pleasures still that flow,
And joys that have no sorrows cast,
Though born one year ago.

Tho' spring and summer have come and gone,
And winter's here again,
We still may view each grove and lawn
With sense unmixed with pain;
For in our hearts still brighter grows,
The only flame they know,
The love that in each bosom glows,
Just born one year ago.

Our hearts were linked with magic bands,
Just wove one year ago,
Like waves that meet on ocean's strands,
Then back in union flow;
'Mid winter's gloom, 'mid summer's flowers,
We've lived unknown to woe,
Yet linked have been with lightwing'd hours,
Just born one year ago.

No changes yet have crossed our path,
No sorrows veiled our eyes,
No thunder clouds dissolved in wrath
Above our Paradise;
And when the winds and waves complain,
The storms and tempests blow,
We'll turn our eyes and hearts again
To view one year ago.

TO A POET.

THY heart beats to the living heart and
pulse,
Throbbing with life thro' all the universe.
All lovely things are imaged on the leaves
Of thy heart's pages—on thine eye and ear
Float all the harmonies of sight and sound.
Love is to thee as dew unto the flower,
As light to day, as sunshine to the earth,
Thy being's light, its hope and destiny;
It is the spirit of thy thoughts and dreams,
Thy soul's deep passion, and its presence
weaves
Around thy brow a diadem of flowers,
As from thy heart's deep fountains outward
flow
Its gentle streams in waves of melody.

ELIZABETH ORPHA HOYT.

ELIZABETH ORPHA, fifth daughter of John and Mercy Sampson, is a native of Athens, Ohio. Her opportunities for early education were but few, indeed; but her thirst for knowledge, her energy of character, and her lofty purposes, could not be repressed by any combination of difficulties. Genius will burn, and burn till it blazes into notice. Among the young gentlemen of Ohio University, Miss Sampson had many to appreciate her genius, to love her character, and to encourage her ambition to the heights of literature. What they learned from their professors, they dropped upon her ears. In her hands they placed the text-books which they had mastered. In this way she early attained an unusual degree of intellectual culture and development. Though naturally most fond of metaphysical studies, she possessed equal facility in the acquisition of mathematical truth and linguistic lore. Her ability to comprehend Paley, Butler, logic and the mathematics, when but a little girl, was to the writer a wonder. She wrote true poetry from a mere child. Ere fifteen of her summers had faded into autumn, she had written a volume. Many judicious critics urged her to put that volume before the public, but shrinking modesty kept out of sight what might have gladdened and soothed many a fireside.

Her eyes failed her about this time, and have never since been restored. In all her studies for many years, she has, like Prescott, been forced to rely almost solely on her friends.

In 1854, she married John W. Hoyt, a gentleman of talent and learning, at that time a Professor in a medical college in Cincinnati, subsequently Professor in Antioch College, Ohio, and at this time Secretary of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, and editor of the *Wisconsin Farmer*. Her marriage, besides being a very happy one, especially in its spiritual relations, gave to her the companionship of a superior mind, having a severe classic taste, and the sympathy of a generous heart, possessing remarkable enthusiasm of nature.

Since the removal of Mr. Hoyt, in 1857, to Wisconsin, Mrs. Hoyt has written more than for many previous years. Analytically considered, her poems give evidence of great tenderness of feeling, a genuine appreciation of the beautiful, and an overflowing sympathy with nature and humanity. Philosophical acumen, vehement will and a heroism truly womanly are never deficient in her poems when needed. Enlargement of heart, elevation of character, refinement of taste, and improvement in morals, cannot fail to reward the reader of her poetry. Her poems for children are singularly felicitous.

No complete volume of Mrs. Hoyt's poems has yet been published, but several little books for children, from her pen, have been successful. We trust that her friends will, ere long, be gratified with a volume which will exhibit her varied capacity for metrical composition.

A HYMN OF OLD AGE.

WHEN to the banquet of the soul
Life's latest fruits are brought,
And gathered in refulgent whole,
Its added sunsets wrought,

What glory resteth on his head,
Whose lengthened shadow shows
How dimly far life's cradle bed
Is from its last repose.

There come no more the pageantries
That thronged the path of youth;
Pomp of meridian glories,
That tempted manhood's truth;

And there no more the burning haste
Of passion's treacherous flame,
With conscious virtue's bitter waste,
And self-accusing blame;

But peace, instead, and joy serene,
As, wrapped in faith sublime,
He walks with calm unfaltering mien
Upon the verge of time.

Temptations conquered, truth achieved,
Falsehood and fear o'erthrown;
Justice and charity retrieved,
To large experience grown;

All individual interests merged
In universal claims,
Divinely moved, and onward urged
To ever nobler aims,

He, on the remnant of his days,
With wise affections crowned,
Sits chanting o'er life's psalm of praise
Against the outward bound;

Where steadfast Hope illumines the way,
And Faith, with open eyes,
Beholds the dawning of a day
Eternal in the skies.

Hail, happy Age! when sinks thy sun
In life's last purpling fold,
How precious is the privilege won,
Of calmly growing old.

OCTOBER.

NOT Summer now, nor Winter yet;
Come walk with me awhile between.
The Year invites; almost Time waits,
As Autumn holds ajar her gates—
Her feast prepared; her welcome said;
The heavens with benedictions spread,
And all so courteous, fair and still,
The Season and the Guest who will
In cheerful leisure met.

Oh, who would miss it? or forget
The suns that rise, the suns that set;
The rustle of the crimsoning leaf;
The gush and murmur of the stream;
The thoughts we think, the dreams we
dream,
Those south-wind days—so bright so
brief—

Where many-hued on wood and sky,
And many-voiced to ear and eye,

October shifts the scene—

Nay, stands apart in splendor mild,
Nature's serene, self-conscious child.
As when the soul, furnished with deeds
That men call good, and heaven approves,
No pride puts on, and makes no boast,
But gaining ever, still gives most—
So through the months October moves;
The Moon of Harvests on her front,
The fruitage of the round year's care
Full-ripened in her generous air,
With gifts replete, as man with needs:

Passing, 'tis true,

And softly whispering, "So are you!"
But with a retrospect that fills
With well-earned joy life's little day—
Swift-gliding to the West of Time,
So fast away!

And does Time wait?
 October stand at Autumn's gate?
 Lo! now her watch-fires on the hills
 Light the far vales; the woods illume.
 A sudden radiance floods the air;
 The skies a sudden glory wear;
 In solemn pomp the heavens attend;
 A moment, and the pageant's o'er,
 Where robed in royalty of old,
 Goes down, in purple and in gold,
 The month that was, and is no more.
 "Is no more!" Our senses try it,
 Prove it false from bloom to core;
 Where the festive word is spoken,
 Fruits are served, and bread is broken—
 There we meet it evermore.
 Better still, our souls deny it—
 Nature's sweetest lesson learning—
 As our footsteps, homeward turning,
 Find the rains of dim November,
 Cold and drear, begin to fall:
 And its beauty, we remember;
 Light the fire, and shut the door;
 Best of all,
 Hang up October on the wall.

AN ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Now Time that made no haste, and
 lagged, and droned,
 Hath found new feet wherewith to climb
 the years;
 And let who will go whining o'er the past,
 Join thou its march with cheers.

 Not that the Old unto the New is lost,
 As is not lost to bloom the seed of
 flowers—
 So let thy Past unto thy Future be,
 In all life's coming hours.

 From every failure which thy memory
 broods,
 Wring not alone the hot tears of regret;

But this, the calm and self-sustained re-
 solve,
 A higher mark to set.

Let heart and will take counsel of the
 days,
 To lay strong hands upon whatever foe
 Would lure thy soul from conscious vir-
 tue's growth,
 And from thyself to know.

In all thou plannest, give thy brother
 room;
 Be his, or thine, success, have thou just
 pride;
 Nor fear to find God's providence too
 small,
 If ye are side by side.

Upon the front of every noble thought—
 Not dreaming to do, but doing the best—
 Set thou a seal to make that thought a
 thing,
 And find in labor, rest.

The Present's all before you, where to be
 Brave men and women for the good and
 true;
 The battle of the world's great needs is
 always at your door—
 See that it wants not you.

SONG OF THE REAPER.

MEN call me a Machine! I'll show them
 What a Reaper is, and owes them—
 I, the timbered from the forest;
 I, the sinewed from the mine;
 Born at last of lapsing ages,
 I will show myself divine;
 Show myself a peer—
 And the hour is near—

For the rustle of harvest days is nigh,
And the field of the world the least I will
try.

With a dauntless front, and nerve of steel,
Shoulders to bear, but never feel ;

With a breast-work never yielding,

Arm of oak, and tooth of iron ;

With a strength that never falters,

With a purpose never alters—

Hands off, and away,

Ye men of but clay !

Who comes as I come to the bearded
grain,

That has waited me long, nor waited in
vain ?

Glistening dews are bright before me ;

Pomp of clouds is floating o'er me,

As I speed my tireless journey

Where the acres lie unshorn,

Will be cradled in my bosom

Ere the night o'ertakes the morn—

Ere the life-beat stop

In the flower I crop,

Or the frightened bird, so lately its guest,

Comes back to look for its little nest.

Then lead me forth where the fields are
white,

And come in your pride to the glorious
sight,

Where I, the Reaper, will prove my
claim

To a victor crown and a deathless
name—

Will prove my birth

To the sons of earth,

When the golden sheaves that follow my
tread—

With the blessing of millions—are bending
with bread,

As I go right on in my mission sublime,
Giving rest unto labor, and moments to
time !

THE TOWN AND FARM.

THE Winter, clothed in vestal white,
And jeweled robe severe,
Still claims the north-west for her right,
And, trembling, holds the year.

The people of a thousand towns,
The rich, the poor, and they
Upon whose path a fortune frowns
That has no brighter day,

Are shivering all with dread and doubt,
Because the o'erruling plan
Another wisdom hath found out,
Than that of man for man.

Only the farmer, 'neath whose roof,
By hardy toil up-raised,
Is peace of mind with plenteous stores,
Looks out, a " God be praised ! "

For well he knows the piercing cold,
The wind, the hail, the frost,
Will give him back a thousand fold,
For all their bitter cost.

Deep in the snow-protected soil
Lies the abundant gift—
Waits but the season and his toil,
Its bounteous arms to lift.

For him the dewy grasses lie
Beneath the prairie snow,
Will wave in beauty 'neath the sky,
When gorgeous flowerets glow.

For him the maize will lift its head,
And silken in the sun ;
The golden grains will live, though dead,
When winter's work is done.

With beauty touched, and life instinct,
The tender bud unfold,
Till rosy children run to catch
The apple, plump and gold.

O while the earth is rosy round,
 While mountain-tops are gray,
 While rivulets dance unmeasured sound,
 And insect beevies play ;

While summer-time is green and gold,
 While autumn's leaf is sere,
 While mosses gather on the mould
 Where nature drops a tear ;

While winter-time is snowy fair—
 Like this unrivaled morn—
 Let those who can, rejoice them there
 That they were farmers born.

THE SISTERS—A FABLE.

Two sisters, on a pleasant day,
 Went out a-doing good ;
 With all her might each worked away,
 And did the best she could.
 And one was laughing all the while,
 As happy as a song ;
 The other was not seen to smile
 The whole day long—
 For while, at each good deed of one,
 Birds sang, and roses blew,
 At every thing the other did
 Wasps swarmed, and prickles grew.

These sisters two, were Love and Pride,
 Unlike in heart and name ;
 Though long they labored side by side,
 Their work the very same.
 From very different motives, though ;
 Love, from good will, always,
 While Pride—she cared for nothing, so
 She won a world of praise.
 Love thought of others ; how to make
 For all a pleasant way ;
 Pride of herself ; for her own sake,
 Of what the world would say.

* * * * *

The path of Love was like herself,
 Of joy and beauty born ;
 The path of Pride was like herself,
 A trouble and a thorn.

THIS LITTLE LIFE.

A LITTLE bird, on a little tree,
 Is singing a little song ;
 While a little sock, for my little boy,
 I am knitting by little along.

A little crumb the little bird
 Its little birdie feeds ;
 A little bread and a little milk
 My little baby needs.

Then the little plans for these little ones
 With a little care are made,
 And the little bird and the little babe
 In their little beds are laid.

To the little birdie's little nest
 Comes a little stray moonbeam ;
 To my little babie's little rest
 A little shining dream.

A little night, and the little day
 Is peeping a little in,
 And the little work and the little play
 Of the little world begin.

A little while, and the little bird
 Is singing its little song ;
 A little while, and my little sock
 I am knitting by little along.

Then the little crumbs and the little cares
 For the little bird and boy,
 The little dreams and the little prayers
 The little day employ—

Till, little by little, the song is sung ;
 And, little by little, the stitches strung ;
 And the little bird and the little wife
 End, little by little, this little life.

MARY WILSON BETTS.

MARY E. WILSON, born near Maysville, Kentucky, about the year 1830, was, in 1854, one of the most popular of the younger writers of that State. In the summer of 1854 she was married to Morgan L. Betts, a young man of talent and enterprise, who had been one of the publishers and editors of the *Capital City Fact* of Columbus, Ohio, and who was then an editor of the *Detroit Times*. On the sixteenth of September, 1854, Mrs. Betts suddenly died of congestion of the brain. Her husband survived her only a few weeks.

Mrs. Betts was dearly beloved by many friends in Kentucky, Ohio and Michigan, as a woman, and was widely admired as a young poet whose writings gave promise of decided excellence. In a touching obituary notice, the editor of the *Detroit Times* said: "Radiant in the bloom of youth, she beheld the dawn of a bright future, only to recline in the silent chamber of an early grave. Friendship had crowned her temples with its choicest wreaths. Love scattered his sweetest blossoms in her path, only to prepare her for the purer happiness of another world."

A KENTUCKIAN KNEELS TO NONE BUT GOD.*

AH! tyrant forge thy chains at will—
Nay! gall this flesh of mine;
Yet, thought is free, unfetter'd still,
And will not yield to thine.
Take, take the life that Heaven gave,
And let my heart's blood stain thy sod;
But know ye not Kentucky's brave
Will kneel to none but God?

You've quenched fair Freedom's sunny
light,
Her music tones have stilled;
And with a deep and darken'd blight,
The trusting heart has fill'd!

*Colonel Crittenden, son of John J. Crittenden, United States Senator for Kentucky, commanded the filibuster forces taken prisoners at sea near Havana. August fifteenth, 1851. Doomed to death by the Cuban authorities, and ordered to be shot on the sixteenth, they were all commanded to kneel. Colonel Crittenden spurned the command with these words: "*A Kentuckian kneels to none but God.*"

Then do you think that I will kneel
Where such as ye have trod?
Nay! point your cold and threat'ning
steel,
I'll kneel to none but God.

As summer breezes lightly rest
Upon a quiet river,
And gently on its sleeping breast
The moonbeams softly quiver—
Sweet thoughts of home lit up my brow
When goaded with the rod;
Yet, these cannot unman me now—
I'll kneel to none but God.

And though a sad and mournful tone
Is coldly sweeping by;
And dreams of bliss forever flown
Have dimm'd with tears mine eye—
Yet, mine's a heart unyielding still—
Heap on my breast the clod;
My soaring spirit scorns thy will—
I'll kneel to none but God.

FLORUS B. PLIMPTON.

FLORUS BEARDSLEY PLIMPTON was born September fourth, 1830, in Palmyra, Portage county, Ohio. His father, Billings O. Plimpton, removed from Connecticut in the early part of the century, and connected himself with the Pittsburg Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, retaining an itinerant relation to it until the Erie Conference was erected, when he was set off with that branch of the itinerant work, and remains one of the few original members of that body. Shortly after entering upon his ministerial labors in northern Ohio, he married Miss Eliza Merwin, youngest daughter of one of the early settlers of the Reserve; and the subject of this sketch was the third son of their union.

Florus enjoyed the advantages of a common school and academic education, remaining on his father's farm, in Hartford, Trumbull county, till seventeen years of age, when he entered on his collegiate course at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, where he remained three years, when changes in the domestic affairs of his father's family rendered it necessary for him to return home. He did not resume his collegiate course, thus abruptly terminated, but in the spring of 1851 connected himself with James Dumars in the publication of the *Western Reserve Transcript*, at Warren, Trumbull county. In the summer of 1852 he received an invitation to conduct a Whig Campaign paper in Niles, Berrien county, Michigan, which he accepted. At the conclusion of the Campaign, disastrous alike to his political hopes and the party with which he was identified, he returned to Ohio, and connected himself with the *Portage Whig*, then conducted by John S. Herrick, at Ravenna, Portage county. During his residence there he married Miss Cordelia A. Bushnell of Hartford, Trumbull county, on the second of June, 1853, and in the following spring removed to Elmira, Chemung county, New York, where he was engaged, till the spring of 1857, in the publication of the *Elmira Daily Republican*, and a weekly campaign paper in 1856. In 1857 he removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and associated himself with the *Daily Dispatch*, of which he is, at the present time, one of the editors.

Mr. Plimpton has contributed to various newspapers and periodicals in the East and West: the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, *Genius of the West*, *New York Tribune*, and *Ohio State Journal*; but for three or four years has confined his labors to the newspapers with which he has been associated. He has, however, within that time, published but a few poems. Such leisure as he could command for visits from the Muse, has been devoted to the elaboration of a poem of considerable scope, which he designs for a volume when prudence commends a collection of his poems.

The ballad, "Lewis Wetzel," which concludes the selections for this volume, now first appears in print.

THE OAK.

GRANDLY apart the giant monarch stands,
All reverend with lichens, looking down
A green declivity on pastoral lands,
And hazy church-spires in the distant town.

When parching suns the scented fields embrown,
And all the waysides choke with dust and heat,

Beneath the shadow of his regal crown
Fair maids and lusty youth at eve retreat,
To dance the hours away with lightly-twinkling feet.

When, to the singing of the early birds,
Spring bursts in blossoms from the southern sky,

And scornful of the stall, the lowing herds

In pastures green delight to graze and lie;
When milk-white doves to mossy gables fly—

Heaven filled with song, earth with sweet utterings,

And winds through odorous vales blow pleasantly,

Its thousand boughs seem bursting into wings,

Silken and smooth, and green, and full of flutterings.

Among thick drapery of green its nest
The dormouse builds, and there the robins sing

Till Evening sets her roses in the west.

On topmost boughs the chattering squirrels swing,

And round its twigs the spiders spin and cling

Their gauzy nets; there too the beetles creep

To hide in shaggy cells, where wood-ticks ring

Their mid-watch bells while weary mortals sleep—

What time, 'tis said, the elves their mystic revels keep.

Here, ancients say, his royal brothers stood;

But none remains—the giant stands alone,
The gracious lord of the primeval wood,
The hoary monarch of an heirless throne.
Here, when the summer's glory gilds its own,

And day dims dying in the purple air,
The angels come and wake each heavenly tone

That floats around and fondly lingers there—

A worldless song of praise from murmuring lips of prayer.

Or when capricious Autumn dyes with hues

Crimson, and brown, and gold, this forest Lear,

And spangles of the hoar-frost and the dews

Like countless brilliants flash afar and near

The gorgeous state he keeps; and cold and clear,

The subtle arrows of quick-quivering light
With luster tip the leaves now crisp and sear,

Then seems that oak th' enchantment of the night,

A splendor of weird spells, a cheat upon the sight!

But most 'tis kingly when the laboring woods

With gusty winds and darkening tempests roar,

And crash the thunders of the seething floods

That snow their white foam on the wrecking shore;

When Winter rages on the lonely moor,
Yokes the swift whirlwind to his icy car,
And in Titanic folds the heavens o'er,
Gather's his cloudy banners from afar,
And marshals with shrill blasts the elements to war.

O then the sound of the entangled wind
Among its boughs, is like the stormy
swell

Of organ-pipes in fretted walls confined,
To roll through arches vast and die in
vault and cell.

How like the grand old monarch, when
the fell

And pitiless storm seemed with the world
to mock

His uncrowned age—and yet how strong
and well

It braved the storm and bore the tempest's
shock,

Firm in its native soil as Alpine rock to
rock.

And well I love that oak! Not those that
shade

Thy classic slopes, Mount Ida; or shake
down

Their brown-hued fruit, from gnarled boles
decayed,

Beside the winding Simois; or crown
The horrid steep where ivied castles
frown,

And dark-eyed bandits bid th' unwary
stand;

Are regal in their centuries of renown
As thou, hale oak, whose glories thus com-
mand

My humble song, O pride of all our moun-
tain land!

Here rests the poor wayfarer, soiled and
worn,

And folds his hands in slumbers soft and
deep;

Here comes the widowed soul her loss to
mourn,

Counts o'er her trysts, and counts them
but to weep;

Here happy lovers blissful unions keep,
And bending age its vanished youth de-
plores,

Or sighs for heaven's sweet rest, life's
gentlest sleep,

That gives youth back to age, the lost re-
stores,

And brings the welcoming hands that waft
to happier shores.

The village maid, who sings among the
fields,

In wrinkled sorrow sighs her soul away;

The dimpled babe to reverend honors
yields,

And patriarch Faith sees calmly close the
day.

Life laughs—loves—dies; afar the years
convey

On cloudy wings the pleasures we pursue,
And still thou piercest the repelling
clay,

And lift'st thy regal head to heaven's
blue,

Green with a thousand years of sunshine,
rain, and dew.

In all thy varied glory thou hast been

The idol of my boyhood, and the pride

Of more exacting manhood; now, as
then,

I love to lean thy moss-green trunk be-
side,

And mingle, with the voices of the tide

And thy strange whisperings, my unstudied
song,

And here recall the dear delights who
died

Since thy great arms grew obstinately
strong—

But whose quick feet no more beneath thy
shade shall throng.

THE REFORMER.

THE streams that feed the thirsty land
 Give largess freely as they flow,
 From mountain rivulets expand
 And strong-armed, sweep the vales
 below ;

And eddying on through bay and bight,
 Through lonely wild and lovely lea,
 By scarped cliff and stormy height,
 In mighty rivers reach the sea.

So shall he grow who gives to life
 High purposes and lofty deeds,
 Who sees the calm above the strife
 Of blinded self and narrow creeds.

Oh, large of heart ! oh, nobly great !
 He scorns the thrall of sect and clan,
 Shakes off the fetters forged in hate,
 And claims a brotherhood with man.

Dwarfed ignorance fills the world with
 wail,
 Opinion sneers at his advance ;
 And Error, rusted in his mail,
 Strides forth to meet him, lance to
 lance.

Mean, pigmy souls, that cringe to form
 And fatten on the dregs of time,
 Start from the dust in their alarm,
 And prate of rashness, treason, crime.

Law's wrinkled, cunning advocates
 Quote mummied precedents and rules,
 The relics of barbaric states,
 The maxims of med'eval schools.

For him the tyrant's guard is set,
 For him the bigot's fagots fired,
 For him the headsman's ax is whet,
 And chains are forged, and minions
 hired.

Strong in his purpose, patient still,
 He wrestles with the doubts of mind,
 And shakes the iron thews of will,
 As oaks are shaken by the wind.

Invincible in God and Truth,
 To smite the errors of his age
 He gives the fiery force of youth,
 The tempered wisdom of the sage.

He sees, as prophets saw afar,
 In faith and vision wrapped sublime,
 The coming of the Morning Star,
 The glory of the latter time.

His faith, outreaching circumstance,
 Beholds, beyond the narrow range
 Of present time, the slow advance
 Of cycles bringing wondrous change.

He hears the mighty march of mind,
 The stately steppings of the free,
 Where glorious in the sun and wind,
 Their blazoned banners yet shall be.

Well can he wait : the seed that lies
 Hid in the cold, repulsive clay,
 Shall burst in after centuries,
 And spread its glories to the day.

Well can he wait : though sown in tears
 And martyred blood, with scourge and
 stripe,
 God watches through the whirling years,
 And quickens when the hour is ripe.

Man's hands may fail, the slackened
 rein
 Drop from his nerveless grasp, but still
 The wheels shall thunder on the plain,
 Rolled by the lightning of his will.

SOUVENIRS.

I.—L'ENVOY.

As sweetly tranced the ravished Floren-
tine
Tarried 'mid pallid gloom, again to hear
Cassella warble tuneful to his ear,
Thus I, a Bacchant, rosy with love's wine,
Drink thy words, sweet, forgetful with
what haste
Time's wingéd heel beats rearward all
the hours.
To me alike all seasons, deeds and pow-
ers,
When by the atmosphere of love embraced,
I sit sun-crowned, and as a god elate,
In thy dear presence. Let the great
world go.
In lowliest meads the pansies love to
grow,
And sweet Content was born to low estate.
Here is our blessed Egeria—let us stay :
Where love has fixed the heart, no charm
can lure away.

II.—TELL HER.

O river Beautiful! the breezy hills
That slope their green declivities to
thee,
In purple reaches hide my life from
me.
Go then, beyond the thunder of the mills,
And wheels that churn thy waters into
foam,
And murmuring softly to the darling's
ear,
And murmuring sweetly when my love
shall hear,
Tell how I miss her presence in our home.
Say that it is as lonely as my heart;
The rooms deserted; all her pet birds
mute;
The sweet geraniums odorless; the flute
Its stops untouched, while wondrous gems
of art

Lie lusterless as diamonds in a mine,
To kindle in her smile and in her radiance
shine.

III.—RETURN.

Return—return! nor longer stay thy feet,
Where rugged hills shut in the peaceful
dale,
And chattering runnels riot through the
vale,
And lose themselves in meadows violet
sweet.
Or does the oriole charm thee; or the lark
Lure thee to green fields, where the
gurgling brook
Leaps up to kiss thy feet, the while we
look
For thee with tearful eyes from morn till
dark?
O winds, that blow from out th' inconstant
west,
O birds, that eastward wing your heaven-
ly way,
Tell her of our impatience—her delay,
And woo the wanderer to her humble nest;
Come, as the dove that folds her wings in
rest,
When holy evening sets her watch-star in
the west.

THE BEREAVED.

ALAS! for those who mourn, and stand
Like watchers by a rainy sea,
Who wait for what may never be,
The white sails striving for the land.
Their prayers are sighs, their vows are
tears,
For sorrow stayeth all the night,
And sorrow broodeth in the light,
And casts her shadows through the years.

LEWIS WETZEL.*

I.

STOUT-HEARTED Lewis Wetzel

Rode down the river shore,
The wilderness behind him
And the wilderness before.

He rode in the cool of morning,
Humming a dear old tune,
Into the heart of the greenwood,
Into the heart of June.

He needs no guide in the forest
More than the hunter bees;
His guides are the cool green mosses
To the northward of the trees.¹

Nor fears he the foe whose footstep
Is light as the summer air—
The tomahawk hangs in his shirt-belt,
And the scalpkniife glitters there!

The stealthy Wyandots tremble,
And speak his name with fear,
For his aim is sharp and deadly,
And his rifle's ring is clear.

So, pleasantly rode he onward,
Pausing to hear the stroke
Of the settler's ax in the forest,
Or the crash of a falling oak;

Pausing at times to gather
The wild fruit overhead
(For in this rarest of June days
The service-berries were red);

And as he grasped the full boughs
To bend them down amain,
The dew and the blushing berries
Fell like an April rain.

The partridge drums on the dry oak,
The croaking corby caws,
The blackbird sings in the spice-bush,
And the robin in the haws.

And, as they chatter and twitter,
The wild birds seem to say,
"Do not harm us, good Lewis,
And you shall have luck to-day."

So, pleasantly rode he onward,
Till the shadows marked the noon,
Into the leafy greenwood,
Into the heart of June.

II.

Now speed thee on, good Lewis,
For the sultry sun goes down,
The hill-side shadows lengthen,
And the eastern sky is brown.

Now speed thee where the river
Creeps slow in the coverts cool,
And the lilies nod their white bells
By the margin of the pool.

He crossed the silver Kaska
With its chestnut-covered hills,
And the fetlocks of his roan steed
Were wet in a hundred rills.

"And there," he cried in transport,
"The alders greenest grow,
Where the wild stag comes for water,
And her young fawn leads the doe."

Grasping his trusty rifle,
He whistled his dog behind,
Then stretched his finger upward
To know how set the wind.²

* Lewis Wetzel, or Wetsel, as it is indifferently spelled, was a "mighty hunter" in the pioneer days of Western Virginia, of which he was a native. Many traditional anecdotes of his extraordinary skill with the rifle are yet preserved, some of which have been published. An imperfect sketch of his life is given in Doctor Doddridge's "Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars in the Western parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania;" a work now out of print, but, aside from its speculative dissertations, among the most valuable contributions to the history of the West.

O steady grew the strong arm,
And the hunter's dark eye keen,
As he saw the branching antlers
Through the alder thickets green.

A sharp, clear ring through the green-
wood,
And with mighty leap and bound,
The pride of the western forest
Lay bleeding on the ground.

Then out from the leafy shadow
A stalwart hunter sprang,
And his unsheathed scalpknife glittering
Against his rifle rang.

"And who are you," quoth Lewis,
"That come 'twixt me and mine?"
And his cheek was flushed with anger,
As a Bacchant's flushed with wine.

"What boots that to thy purpose?"
The stranger hotly said;
"I marked the prize when living,
And it is mine when dead."

Then their sinewy arms were grappled,
And they wrestled long and well,
Till stretched along the greensward
The humbled hunter fell.

Upspringing like a panther,
In pain and wrath he cried,
"Though your arms may be the stronger,
Our rifles shall decide."

"Stay, stranger," quoth good Lewis,
"The chances are not even;
Who challenges my rifle
Should be at peace with heaven.

"Now take this rod of alder,
And set by yonder tree,

A hundred yards beyond me,
And wait you there and see.

"For he who dares such peril
But lightly holds his breath;
May his unshrived soul be ready
To welcome sudden death!"

So the stranger took the alder,
And wondering stood to view,
While Wetzel's aim grew steady,
And he cut the rod in two.

"By heaven!" the stranger shouted,
"One only, far or nigh,
Hath arms like the lithe young ash-tree,
Or half so keen an eye;

And that is Lewis Wetzel:"
Quoth Lewis, "Here he stands;"
So they spoke in gentler manner,
And clasped their friendly hands.

Then talked, the mighty hunters,
Till the summer dew descends,
And they who met as foemen
Rode out of the greenwood friends—

Rode out of the leafy greenwood
As rose the yellow moon,
And the purple hills lay pleasantly
In the softened air of June.

¹ Experienced hunters, it is well known, find their way through pathless forests without the aid of a compass, guided only by the mosses and lichens which are partial to the north side of trees.

² It was a custom among pioneer hunters (says Doddridge), when on hunting expeditions, and in the vicinity of favorite hunting grounds, to thrust the forefinger into the mouth, and when heated, to hold it out in the air. By this means they readily detected the course of the wind.

ALVIN ROBINSON.

ALVIN ROBINSON, a native of Cortland county, New York, was born in the month of May, 1830. His father was a farmer. Alvin enjoyed good common school advantages, and then wandering westward seeking his fortune, spent several years in California. Returning to the Pacific States, he made his home in Chicago, Illinois, and is now the editor of *The North-Western Home Journal*.

THE HOUSEHOLD SORROW.*

A HOUSEHOLD sorrow lies on my heart,
Heavy, and damp, and chill!
I feel the point of the fearful dart
That wounds, but does not kill.

The flashing orb of a noble mind
That shown on life's bright river,
Has sunk, a darkened moon, behind
The hills of night forever.

I watched its first faint, feeble ray
Gleam out on a world of strife,
And gladly saw the fountains play
That measured the stream of life.

I knew not then of the sword of fire
That over my path would move,
And probe with the keenness of despair
The depth of a father's love.

Under the vale of a midnight sky,
On the morrow's win'try bars,
To the pitiless stars I send my cry—
To the cold and passionless stars!

I call with a doubtful, fitful joy,
That back from the starry plain,
The wandering mind of my noble boy
May come to our home again.

SUMMER ON THE PRAIRIES.

'Tis summer on the prairies,
While their stretching miles of bloom
Cast on the wild and wanton winds
Their riches of perfume;
And while the wild cock blows his
shell,
The brown lark pours his staves,
The broad savannas clap their hands
And roll their emerald waves.

There's a white cliff, like a tower,
Looking down upon a stream,
Where the gray fox sees his image,
Half asleep and half in dream;
And northward pass two pilgrim birds,
Well pouched and very slow,
That tell of isles in a southern sea,
And the shores of Mexico.

As my faithful Indian pony
Gallops lightly o'er the plain,
The startled fawn leaps up in fear,
And stalks away the crane;
The sword-snipe circles through the air
And screams his dismal tune,
And the red wolf sits by his earthen
den,
And howls to the setting moon!

* Written on occasion of the demetation of a gifted son.

JOHN HERBERT A. BONE.

JOHN HERBERT A. BONE was born in 1830, at Peuryn, Cornwall, England, and came to this country in 1851. Since 1857 he has been the associate editor of the *Cleveland Daily Herald*, and out of a genial humor and an inexhaustible storehouse of "quaint and curious lore," has enriched the columns of that journal with many pleasant *jeu-d'esprits*, and many clever and entertaining essays on "the fair, the old,"—such as "Christmas-Day," "New-Year's Eve," and other festive anniversaries evoke. These have been every where read and copied without the author's name—a matter of regret with those who appreciate Mr. Bone's wide culture and fine abilities.

Mr. Bone first became known to the people of the West, as a poet, in the columns of the *Pen and Pencil*, a weekly magazine of sixteen octavo pages, started by William Wallace Warden, at Cincinnati, in January, 1853. It was an interesting magazine—having a corps of popular contributors and editors who had skill in news and literary paragraphs, but like all its predecessors, failed to secure local confidence and pecuniary support, and died young—when about one year old.

Mr. Bone has contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, *Peterson's Magazine*, *Boston Museum*, *Yankee Blade*, and many other periodicals and newspapers. His verse is marked by correctness, ease, and poetic feeling.

THE TWO TEMPLES.

CHEERFUL and loud rang the Minster
 peal,
And sweet was the organ's strain,
As baron and knight stepped forth to kneel
 On the floor of the sacred fane ;
The priestly robes were heavy with gold,
And the blaze of the altar light
Revealed, in many a silken fold,
 Gems like the stars of night.

Huge and grand was the sacred pile,
 Like a forest the pillars stood ;
Wealth and power had formed the style
 From the porch to the holy rood ;
Quaint were the carvings overhead,
 Bright was the storied pane,

Rich were the blazonings of the dead,
 Who slept 'neath the sacred fane.

The Minster gray was a noble pile,
 Wealth shone on the altar-stone,
And many who knelt in the vaulted aisle
 As warriors brave were known ;
The organ pealed forth its harmony,
 And the incense was scattered wide,
And He who taught us humility
 Was worshiped with pomp and pride.

Solemn and low was the ocean hymn,
 And the chant of the forest drear,
As the traveler knelt in the evening dim
 To offer his humble prayer ;
The vaulted roof that o'er him spread,
 Was the arching azure sky,

And the lamps that light on the altar shed
Were the twinkling stars on high.

The scented flowers their incense gave,
The sighing breeze was the bell,
The choristers were the woods and wave,
And the surf as it rose and fell ;
The daisied turf was his jeweled shrine
Where he knelt from care apart,
The falling dew was the sacred wine,
And the priest was his truthful heart.

Years have passed, and a mouldering wall
Stands where the Minster stood ;
And brambles grow and reptiles crawl
'Round the base of the holy rood ;
Fallen are pillar and fretted arch,
And the toad leaves its noisome slime
On the pavement crushed 'neath the heavy
march
Of the grim destroyer, Time.

Gone is the wealth from the altar-stone,
Rotten the vestments gay ;
Dimmed forever the lamps that shone
Near the shrines by night and day.
Naught is heard but the shrieking owl,
Or the distant hunter's horn ;—
Laid in the dust is casque and cowl,
And their faith is a thing of scorn.

But the daisied turf still forms a shrine,
And the skies their blue arch spread ;
The lamps of night unfaded shine,
And the flowers their incense shed.
The woods and waves raise their hymn
again,
As they raised it in days of yore ;—
Many temples fall, but Nature's fane
Forever stands secure.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

ON the land the shrouding snow
White, and ghastly, and chill ;
An icy hand on the wave,
Holding it silent and still ;
And a wailing breath, like the voice of
Death,
Creeping over the hill.

A pallid moon above,
Set in a star-gemmed sky ;
Spectral shapes of cloud
Hurridly flitting by,
O'er the sheeted snow as they swiftly go,
Making gaunt shadows fly.

The Old Year totters forth
With weak, uncertain tread ;
Bent with care his back,
Bowed with sorrow his head,
As he totters on where before have gone
The years now cold and dead.

His path is amid the graves,
And specters fill the air,—
Dim shapes of perished hopes,
Weird forms of shuddering fear,
And more ghastly still, so stony and
chill,
Dread shadows of wan despair.

Lost in the gloom of night
Is the Old Year gray and worn ;
But a ruddy tint in the East
Heralds the coming morn,
And the sweet-voiced bells glad tidings
tell
Of a Year that is newly born.

ANNA RICKEY ROBERTS.

ANNA S. RICKEY, one of the poetical contributors of the *Columbian and Great West*, in 1850 and 1851, is a native of Cincinnati, we believe. In 1851 her poems were collected in a volume of one hundred and thirty-eight duodecimo pages, and published at Philadelphia by Lindsay and Blakiston. The book, which was embellished with a portrait of its author, was entitled "Forest Flowers of the West."

In 1852 Miss Rickey was married to Mr. Roberts of Philadelphia, in which city she now resides.

LA BELLE RIVIERE.

BEAUTIFUL river! on thy placid stream

The Indian's light canoe is seen no more,
Gliding as swiftly as a wingéd dream,

Parting the waters with his flashing oar:
The hills slow rising from each wood-fringed shore,

Are mirrored in thy calm, pellucid wave,
Whose rippling pours a requiem as it rolls,
In softened murmurs, by the humble grave

Of that brave, hardy band who sleep unknown,

Their resting-place unmarked by monumental stone.

And they, the rangers of the broad domain,
Lords of the forest, hold no longer sway;

Thy native children come not back again,
All, all have vanished, like the dew, away;

Or, like the summer leaves that I have tossed

Upon thy sunlit wave, a moment seen
Whirling along the current and then lost,
Leaving no lingering trace of what hath been,

No mark to tell, upon life's ceaseless river,
That they have passed from its dark tide forever.

Within thy noble forest now is heard
The sound of ringing ax: the silence ne'er

Was broken, save by the sweet wild bird,
Or gentle footfall of the timid deer,
Before the bold, undaunted pioneer
Had sought the land of promise, the far West,

And made thy lonely shore his dwelling-place,

And reared a home within its fertile breast,

And filled it with the sounds of busy life,
With all its cares, its pleasures, and its strife.

Thy hills re-echo to the cheerful sound
Of pealing church-bells, and the merry hum

Of busy hands and voices; and around
Thy shores are gathered many who have come

As wanderers seeking for a place of rest,
A peaceful home upon the fertile soil,

Where labor is with plenty ever blessed,
 Where wealth awaits the hardy hands
 that toil,
 And Freedom's sun with soul-inspiring
 beam,
 Gilds the fair bosom of thy noble stream.

A SIMILE.

As a smooth, quiet lake, whose crystal
 wave
 Scarce ripples with the passing breeze,
 then lies
 Mirroring the azure of the summer
 skies,
 With bosom motionless and tranquil, save
 The rippling murmur of each tiny wave
 Breaking upon the shore; the sand be-
 low,
 Like liquid silver, in the sunlight gleams;
 And water-plants and pebbles, white as
 snow,
 Glow with a brighter luster in its beams:
 They look so near the surface, you would
 think
 To stretch an arm over the water's brink
 That you might reach them; but the lake
 is deep,
 And the still wave, so motionless and
 clear,
 Can rouse its curling billows from their
 sleep,
 And dash in startled fury on the ear.

So many a mind, like that calm lake, may
 be
 Deeper than the unpracticed eye would
 deem,
 Holding its treasures safe, while joyously
 Its light waves dance beneath the sun's
 bright gleam;
 But, when the darkened horizon foretells
 The wildness of the coming tempest's
 strife,
 Undauntedly the fearless bosom swells,
 To battle with the adverse storms of life.

A THOUGHT.

How like our childhood's tears and smiles,
 Its rainbow hopes, its April showers,
 Are life's sad cares, its pleasant wiles,
 Its bitter griefs, its sunny hours!
 A child in sorrow bent her head,
 A cloud of grief her young brow shad-
 ed—
 "Ah, see! my pretty flower is dead,
 The stem is broke, the leaves are faded."
 She wept; but while the rising sigh
 Was trembling in her gentle bosom,
 She spied a painted butterfly,
 And soon forgot the withered blossom:
 And thus, within the web of life,
 Many a golden thread is gleaming;
 Peace smooths the gloomy brow of strife;
 Through sorrow's night hope's star is
 beaming.

FRANCES LOCKE.

FRANCES SPRENGLE, a native of northern Ohio, was born about 1830. The town of Ashland, where much of her childhood was spent, possessed an Academy of high order, and there her natural taste for literature was encouraged by the excellent Principal, Lorin Andrews, now President of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. She gave early promise of being a child of poesy, as files of the several literary societies' elegant little "Caskets" and "Amaranths" attest. She has been a contributor to most of the magazines of the day, but a volume of her writings has never been compiled. In 1854, she married Josiah Locke—then connected with the Cincinnati Press—and resided in the "Queen City" several years, but having since adopted Indiana for their home, she now lives at its Capital.

BE CONSIDERATE.

OH! if we knew what simple things
Oft cheer the hearts of others,
We'd frequent find our spirit-springs
Brimful of bliss, my brothers.

A cheerful smile, a pleasant word,
Which we can always give,
Perchance some drooping soul hath
stirred
With strength to love and live.

An act may be by us unmarked,
But kenned by watchers near;
The song which we unheeding sing
May strike another's ear.

If we but give our "widow's mite,"
To aid the general weal,
To help along the cause of Right,
How angel-like we feel.

THE TRUE LIFE.

DREAMING oft and dreaming ever,
Living in the present never,
Building castles high and airy,
Filling them with visions fairy,
Seeking much for hidden things,
Longing after magic wings,
Spurning known and real beauty,
Turning oft from love and duty—
Hearts play truant to their sphere,
Making us but idlers here.

We should all be up and doing,
Virtue's golden paths pursuing,
Working hard and working ever,
Lagging by the wayside never,
Putting all our strength together,
Pulling in harmonious measure,
For each other's pleasure ready,
With our hearts all true and steady;
If this our active life should be,
How happy then and joyous we.

TO TILL.

THERE's room for hosts of angels
 In this desert of a heart;
 The grounds lie all in ruins,
 Where scarce a flower can start.
 Then ho! for emigration!
 Sweet spirits up above,
 Come down and help him plant it
 With all the fruits of Love.

Long time he has been groping
 Among the swamps of sin;
 Long time they have been luring
 His doubtful footsteps in;
 But one, a man and brother,
 Went to the wanderer's aid,
 And on the shore of safety
 His trembling burden laid.

A wreck of fallen greatness,
 God's image all defaced—
 Help, brother! help to raise him
 To where he should be placed.
 His soul is choked with brambles,
 His brain is dull and wild;
 Yet once his life was guileless—
 He was a happy child.

And then a loving mother
 Bent o'er his cradle bed,
 Oft kissed her precious sleeper,
 And pillowed soft his head.
 Oh! friend and brother, help him,
 He lieth in your way;
 Uplift the wronged and wretched,
 And teach him how to pray.

There's land in each one's bosom,
 That lieth waste apart;
 Why should we leave it barren,
 This desert of the heart?

'Twill bring the sweetest flowers,
 If Love the seed will strew;
 'Twill flush with blooms of beauty,
 Beneath affection's dew.

Then ho! for emigration!
 Sweet spirits up above,
 Come down and help us till it
 With instruments of Love.

THE DAY'S BURIAL.

UP the zenith floats a cloud,
 White and bound with gold—
 Like a giant monarch's shroud
 O'er the sky unrolled,
 Ready for the royal dead—
 Ready to enfold.

Slowly from the sloping west,
 On their silver steeds,
 Ride the mourners, darkly dress'd—
 Widows in their weeds—
 While from out each wounded breast
 Crimson anguish bleeds.

Grander greatness never wept
 In the vales terrestrial;
 Prouder pageant never swept
 O'er the heights celestial;
 But the funeral glare grows dim,
 Twilight chants the closing hymn.

In the silent, solemn gray,
 All the host of saintly stars,
 Launched in the ethereal wave,
 Tremblingly begin to pray,
 As they guard the new-made grave
 Of the brilliant, buried Day.

ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

ALBERT SUTLIFFE—a native of Meriden, Connecticut, where he was born about the year 1830—first became known as a poet through the columns of the *National Era* of Washington City. He wrote for that journal, in its prosperous days, a few poems descriptive of summer and autumn scenes, which were much admired for their delicate word-painting, expressed in melodious rhythm. In 1854 Mr. Sutcliffe became a contributor to the *Genius of the West*, at Cincinnati. He was then teaching a private school in Kentucky. In 1855 he emigrated to the far West, and now makes his home among the hills of Minnesota, where his mother resides.

In 1859 a thin volume, containing such of Mr. Sutcliffe's poems as he chose to collect, was published by James Monroe & Company, Boston. The poems selected for these pages are from that volume, excepting "Beyond the Hills," which is here first published. It is an exact picture of scenery surrounding his Minnesota home. None of the younger poets of the West have more felicitously described the characteristics of our seasons. Mr. Sutcliffe's muse is inclined to sadness, but sweetly inclined, and not to the detriment of either its versatility or its power.

RETROSPECTION.

BUT half the sky is filled with stars,
And half the sky with mist;
No moon to light the waste of snows;
But toward the west Orion glows,
And underneath, the east wind blows
The clouds where it doth list.

The mist creeps swiftly on and on,
The stars fade one by one;
Do hopes die thus? it cannot be;
There goes Orion's sword-belt, see!
And now no light is left to me
But memory alone.

And can we dream when stars are dead?
I ween it may be so;
We search the old time through and
through;
We think of what we used to do;

We light our altar-fires anew;
With half the olden glow.

Bring out the pictures of the Past,
That we may look them o'er;
Here passed my childhood, here between
These high-browed mountains; here the
green
Sloped riverward; a pleasant scene,
Star-lighted now once more.

There, crept my childhood on to youth;
Here, was a space for tears;
Then, 'twas one tear that hid the sun,
But now it is—ah! many a one,
With floating mists or shadows dun
Between me and the spheres.

We dreamed the day out till the stars,
The stars out till the day;

We said, "Let come the darker time;
The hours shall pass like pleasant rhyme;"
We thought the nights all morning prime,
The stars would shine alway.

We tire of looking o'er the Past;
Our altar-fires grow dim;
We see the snow-clouds gathering cold;
The deadlier mists around us fold;
Ah! but our hearts are over-bold;
How dense the shadows swim.

We look above and look around,
The shadows touch our eyes;
We hear through hollow distance still
The moaning wind across the hill,
The fierce gust seeking, seeking still,
And winning no replies.

The stars are out and memory fades;
Alas! what may be done!
We fold our robes to keep aglow
The heart-fires, flickering, burning low,
Chilled by the snow-cloud and the snow,
And longing for the sun.

Behind us like a place of tombs,
The Past lies sad and lone;
Before us, dreamed-of, hoped-for, guess'd,
And sloping downward unto rest,
Glooms the broad Future, all unblest,
Visioned, but still unknown.

Stand up, my soul, with Hope beside,
And search the sky for stars!
It may be that the storm will cease;
And from the glorious starlit East,
Some angel voice will whisper peace
Down through thy prison-bars.

Look out, my soul, with courage high,
Although thou be but one!
What if the Norland, blowing bleak,
Freeze all the tears upon thy cheek!
Look upward, if thou canst not speak,
And think, "Thy will be done!"

MAY NOON.

THE farmer tireth of his half-day toil,
He pauseth at the plow,
He gazeth o'er the furrow-lined soil,
Brown hand above his brow.

He hears, like winds lone-muffled 'mong
the hills,
The lazy river run;
From shade of covert woods the eager rills
Bound forth into the sun.

The clustered clouds of snowy apple-
blooms,
Scarce shivered by a breeze,
With odor faint, like flowers in feverish
rooms,
Fall, flake by flake, in peace.

In neighboring fields with wearisome ac-
cord,
Moist brows and sunburnt hands,
The brothers of his toil upon the sward
Unloose the irksome bands.

Straight through scant foliage of the lone
field-oak,
The broad sun sheds its rays;
Wreath above wreath the towering cottage
smoke
Curls up from hearths ablaze.

And savory scents go forth upon the air,
From generous doors swung back,
While stout old dames and gentler girls
prepare
The cheer which doth not lack.

By threadlike paths which radiate afield,
The fasting bands come in;
And list! the house-fly round the sweets
unsealed
Maketh a hungry din.

'Tis labor's ebb; a hush of gentle joy,
For man, and beast, and bird;

The quavering songster ceases its employ;
The aspen is not stirred.

But Nature hath no pause; she toileth
still;

Above the last-year leaves
Thrusts the lithe germ, and o'er the ter-
raced hill
A fresher carpet weaves.

From many veins she sends her gathered
streams
To the huge-billowed main,
Then through the air, impalpable as
dreams,
She calls them back again.

She shakes the dew from her ambrosial
locks,
She pours adown the steep
The thundering waters; in her palm, she
rocks
The flower-throned bee to sleep.

Smile in the tempest, faint and fragile
man,
And tremble in the calm!
God plainest shows what great Jehovah
can,
In these fair days of balm.

JUNE.

THE livelong day, this summer weather,
Chased by the zephyr fleet,
The light and the shadow go together
Over the browning wheat.

And after the staring daytime closes,
Passionless, white, and high,
The moon peeps into the elvish roses,
Out of her native sky.

Under the hill where the sun shines dimmer,
Shrunk from the eager beam,
The brook goes on, with a fitful glimmer,
And music for a dream.

Over the groves and moistened meadows
The steady gray hawks wing,
And down below, in the shifting shadows,
The merry small birds sing.

My tired foot, from the broad sun going,
Presseth the curling moss,
And my eye doth see, 'mid the green
leaves showing,
The fair clouds flit across.

OCTOBER.

Now the middle autumn days,
'Neath a blue luxurious sky,
Over woods and traveled ways,
With their golden glories lie.

Now the oak that stands afield,
Royal on a dais brown,
Shows its kingly purple shield
Like the jewels of a crown.

In the late September rains
Dark the night and dim the day;
Rings of mist shut in the plains,
And the dawns were sad and gray.

But the sunlight drove the shades
Over hill and over stream,
Far into the stillest glades,
Where the owlets dream and dream.

Where the blue sky stoopeth down,
It hath won a golden edge,
O'er the corn-fields square and brown,
With their line of crimson hedge.

Plainly heard, the pheasant's drum
Falleth through the air of morn;

Striking all the echoes dumb
Pipes the quail beyond the corn.

Silent doth the river run,
Lapsing to the silent sea,
Through the shadows, through the sun,
Neither sadly nor in glee;

Past the inlets, past the bays,
Dreaming in and out at coves;
Silver in the meadow ways;
Golden underneath the groves.

Children whom no sorrow grieves,
Loiter on the way to school,
Watching how the crimson leaves
Flutter down into the pool.

Every thing the softer seems;
Gentlier doth the worldling speak,
Tarrying in the land of dreams
With glad eye and flushing cheek.

And the matron far in years,
Moveth with a graver grace,
All her by-gone hopes and fears
Grouped and chastened in her face.

Oh, ye days, I may not speak
All your teachings unto me;
Ye are balm to hearts that break,
Oil unto the troubled sea.

I am gliding down the stream;
Ye are ranged on either side;
Can I pause awhile to dream?
Nay! I cannot stem the tide!

For I hear a noise of pain,
Roar of winds and rush of waves,
Dashing o'er a sea of storms,
Beating on a shore of graves.

THE CHURCH.

THE antique church,—it shrinketh back
Ten paces from the green;
The emerald neat doth clasp its feet,
The quiet graves between;
Strong-buttressed like a castle old
That hath its fill of wars;
By night and day, gold eve or gray,
It points the place of stars.

It clasps a holy silence in,
Six days of every seven,
And then an angel organist
Plays interludes of heaven;
And in the hushing of the days,
Throughout the after week,
Unto the golden-kissing sun
It holds its dusky cheek.

Within, the moted sunlight falls
On carving rich and brown,—
Without, far off, hums on and on,
The knavery of the town;
Within, the light makes purely dim
The niches of the saints,—
Without, the earth doth flout the heaven,
With immemorial plaints.

A porphyry angel o'er the font,
Its breadth of plume extends;
A purple light, serenely bright,
Rests on it as it bends;
It hath no haste to stir its wings,
Dun eve or dawning pale,—
Its steady shade, like sorrow laid,
Doth cross the chancel rail.

Old friendships snap; love's golden bowl
Lies shattered in my hold;
Yet still God's granite watchman thrills
The chords that thrilled of old,
And still may its evangel be,
Through endless waning moons,
While yet its tell-tale brazen face
Clangs out its hourly tunes.

BEYOND THE HILLS.

WITHIN the hills, my little world
Lies green beneath the summer suns;
Slow-curving down the easy slopes,
A muffled streamlet runs.

Beyond the horizon's wavy line
The clouds come up, and pause, and go,
Calm-pleasured in the depths of blue,
And sailing onward slow.

Upon the hills the shadows lie,
Dim westward trails when comes the
light,
Firm-purposed, eastward traveling,
And fading into night.

All fair, beyond conception fair,
When climbing unto yonder peak,
Where leans the silver birch-tree forth,
And quivers as to speak

Unto its brethren o'er the vale,
Adhering to the scanty soil,
Upholding seeming fruitless lives
Against the winds with toil.

How fair, beyond conception fair,
The sequent range of cultured farms,
The golden fields in firm embrace
Of the fair river's arms!

And all my world that lies within
These hills, and yon green line of woods,
O'er which in prime of summer time
The warmed heaven broods.

But far beyond the intrenchéd hills
My yearning soul takes eager wing,
Keeping imagination's flowers
Sweet with eternal Spring.

I trace a mighty river on,
Past cities bathing weary feet,
And millions grimed with toil and dust
And fainting in the street;

Estates innumerable, and wilds,
Vine-vailed from summer heats intense,
Dim groves of orange, sunny-bathed
In tropic indolence,

Until the deep unending sea
In sultry summer sweetly smiles,
Swelling and falling ceaselessly
About its thousand isles.

Before me stretch the leagues of coast,
The lifting mist, the white-sailed ships;
And past its towers of fleecy cloud
The blue sky calmly dips.

I spread my sails; away! away!
My native shores grow dim; are gone;
Night chases day, day chases night,
Until some sudden spice-blown dawn,

To left and right the island palms
Nod golden in the coming light,
And slowly westward, dragon-plumed,
Retreats the dusky night.

The great sea swallows up its isles;
The waving palms go westward down;
Through zones of light and shadow on,
Bright noons and twilights brown,

Until the shores of fabled Ind
From low-laid cloud take gradual shape,
And gliding o'er some glassy bay,
Beyond a pleasant cape,

I hear the muezzin's call to prayer
Across the noonday waters still,
And past the town, and fields of rice,
The pagod crowns the hill.

The banyan's cool and dim arcades
Retire to cooler, dimmer deeps,
The parrot flashes through the shades,
The vine in endless net-work creeps:

The grand, world-crowning Himalay,
 Cloud-girdled underneath its snows;
 Far down, the enamored bulbul woos
 His own deep-hearted rose.

My hasty sails are fancy-blown;
 I trace the huge unshaded Nile,
 From springs in Ethiop lands remote,
 Past cabalistic pile,

Past questioning sphinx, 'mid wastes of
 sand,
 And carven temple, dark and dread,
 With old-world theories overgrown,
 Deep-graven, but all dead:

The wonder of the pyramids,
 Clear-cut upon the desert line,
 Relics of Isis, and the days
 When Nature was divine.

Again away; through polar night
 The white bear o'er the ice-field steals,
 And reddening in the polar light,
 The iceberg snaps and reels.

The huge whale spouts upon the lee;
 Far off the hutted Esquimaux
 Their hardy coursers drive with speed,
 Across the wastes of snow.

I turn the dark, historic page;
 The weary present fades away,
 And lofty-pillared Greece and Rome
 Are cities of to-day.

On miracles of classic art
 The southern splendors glance and
 gleam;
 On Plato, with great thought and heart,
 In groves of Academe;

On Grecian fleet by Salamis;
 On bust and nymph of peerless grace;
 On fountain, plinth, and peristyle,
 And leering cynic's face.

The sunshine in the streets of Rome
 Is stained with blood; the trumpet
 sounds,
 And o'er the Coliseum's sand
 The nervy lion bounds.

The elder Brutus stands apart,
 With heel firm-pressed, as if he trod
 The father underneath his feet;
 Stern-faced like any god.

The younger Brutus, musing late,
 Vexed by his foe's intrusive shade,
 Looks grandly soulful through the mist
 The ebbing years have made.

And Coriolanus, browed with scorn,
 With curling lip and haughty soul,
 Watches the wild plebeian surge,
 Like restless sea waves roll.

In intervals of soothing rest
 I turn the poet's charmed leaves;
 Through bowers and groves of sweetest
 song
 The wind of autumn grieves.

'Mid grots, and blissful silences,
 The poet's voice falls still and clear,
 With note of hopeful prophecy,
 Or warning voice of fear,—

Or still small voice of sympathy,
 Impassioned with human woe,
 Falling upon the marble heart
 Like fire flakes upon snow.

Thus do I burst the intrenched hills,
 These cerements of useless clay,
 And, like the fantasy of dreams,
 All things around me play;

Until the hills re-gather shape,
 The shadows creep, the slow dews fall,
 The sky re-opens holy eyes,
 And sparkles over all.

MATTIE GRIFFITH.

IN the year 1853, D. Appleton & Co., New York, published a thin volume entitled "Poems by Mattie Griffith." Miss Griffith was then a favorite contributor to the *Louisville Journal*. She is a Kentucky poet "to the manor born," her birthplace being Louisville, we believe. She is now residing in Boston, Massachusetts, and is writing poems and tales for *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, and other New York and Boston journals.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

AN hour ago the music of the wood
And the low chant of waves came o'er
the glade,
But now no murmur breaks the solitude,
And a stern weight on Nature's pulse
seems laid.
Yon moon has seen the death of countless
years
From her blue air-halls in the midnight
sky,
And lo! her dim, sad eye looks down
through tears
Upon the earth to see another die.

Silent and beautiful, she sits alone,
The priestess of the sky, and in her pale
Sweet light a spell of mournful love seems
thrown
Upon the plain, the forest, and the vale;
It is the Old Year's death-hour, but no sob
Comes on the night-air from his dying
breast;
Serene and calm and still, without one
throb
Of agony, he passes to his rest.

Yet tears are in our hearts and in our eyes
'Mid the strange stillness of this solemn
night,

While here we sit and muse upon the ties
The dying year has severed in his flight;
Aye, as his last breath on the air is flung,
Our hearts are heavy and our eyes are
dim
With thinking of the woes that with him
sprung
To life—alas! they cannot die with him.

Like the cold shadow of a demon's plume,
A chilling darkness that will not depart
Lies on our thoughts and casts its sullen
gloom
Around the dearest idols of the heart;
We learn in youth the stern and bitter
lore
That comes of ruined hopes and dark-
ened dreams,
And nature has no magic to restore
The glory of the spirit's shadowed gleams.

Scattered and broken on life's desert wide,
The soul's best gems, its brightest treas-
ures shine,
And memories of joy and love and pride
Lie dim upon the bosom's shattered
shrine;
We gaze into the future, but a shade
Is on its visions, they are not so bless'd
And beautiful as those the year has laid
Within the heart's deep sepulcher to rest.

The music of our being's rushing stream
 Is growing sad and sadder day by day,
 And life is but a troubled fever-dream
 That soon must vanish from our soul's
 array;
 But when this wild and fearful dream is
 past,
 The mounting spirits of the pure will
 rove
 Above the cloud, the whirlwind, and the
 blast,
 In the bright Eden of immortal love.

Farewell, Old Year! while sorrow dims our
 eyes,
 We bless thee for the lessons thou hast
 given;
 Though thou hast filled earth's atmosphere
 with sighs,
 We trust that thou hast brought us near-
 er heaven;
 Some stars that gleam along thy shadowy
 track
 Will shine upon our hearts with holy
 power,
 And oft our pilgrim-spirits will come back
 To muse and weep o'er this thy dying
 hour.

Old Year, farewell! the myriad flowers
 that thou
 Hast blighted will again in beauty bloom,
 And breathing millions thou hast caused
 to bow
 In death, will rise in triumph from the
 tomb.
 Not thus, Old Year, with thee. Thy life,
 now fled,
 No power of God or Nature will restore;
 The graves of years may not give up their
 dead,
 And thou wilt live, oh never, nevermore.

Farewell! forever fare thee well, Old
 Year!
 The gentle Angel, missioned at thy birth

To keep life's records through thy sojourn
 here,
 Has poised her shining wing and left
 the earth;
 Oh may the words of love and mercy fall,
 Heaven's own bless'd music, on each err-
 ing soul,
 When on His burning throne the Judge
 of all
 Shall to our eyes unfold the awful scroll.

LEAVE ME TO MYSELF TO-NIGHT.

Go, leave me to myself to-night!
 My smiles to-morrow shall be bright,
 But now I only ask to weep,
 Alone, alone, in silence deep.

Go, go and join the wreathing dance,
 With floating step and joyous glance;
 But leave, oh leave me here to weep
 O'er holy memory's guarded keep.

Within my soul's unfathomed tide
 Are pearls and jewels I must hide,
 Deep from the rude and vulgar eyes
 Of Fashion's wild, gay votaries.

I ask not sympathy, I ask
 But solitude for my dear task
 Of watching o'er those gems that gleam
 Deep in my soul's unfathomed stream.

Ah! tears are to my weary heart
 Like dew to flowers—then do not start,
 Nor deem me weak, that thus I weep
 In silence lone, and dark and deep.

'Tis but a few brief hours that I
 Would from the glad and joyous fly,
 And then, like them, I'll wear a brow
 Free from the tears that stain it now.

But oh! to-night I needs must weep,
 And deeply all my senses steep
 In the sweet luxury of tears,
 Shed over the shrine of buried years.

HORACE RUBLEE.

HORACE RUBLEE, to whom politics are now greater than poetry, holds the office of State Librarian in Wisconsin, and is the editor of the *State Journal*, published at Madison. He was born, about thirty years ago, in Vermont; he came to Wisconsin at the age of ten, and is consequently one of the "oldest inhabitants."

We believe he no longer poetizes, and attributes his former poetry to youthful impressibility and inexperience. The following pleasant verses indicate the possession of a talent which should yet be cultivated.

STEADFASTNESS.

O THOU who in the ways
Of this rough world art faint and weary
grown,
Thy drooping head upraise,
And let thy heart be strong; for, better
days,
Trust still that future time will unto thee
make known.

In darkness, danger, pain,
Despondency, misfortune, sorrow, all
The woes which we sustain,
Still be thou strong, from idle tears re-
frain,
And yet upon thy brow, in time, success
shall fall.

Banish that viewless fiend,
Whose horrid presence men have named
Despair;
Let all thy efforts tend
Through life unto some great, some no-
ble end,
And life itself will soon a nobler aspect
wear.

As the soft breath of Spring
Robes in bright hues the dark old Earth
again,
So would such purpose bring
Thee back the buoyancy of youth, and
fling
Joy on thy aching heart unfelt through
years of pain.

Like the untrembling ray
Of some clear planet, shining through
the night,
Pursue thy steady way;
And though through gloom and dark-
ness it may lay,
Thou shalt at last emerge and tread a path
of light.

But not by weak endeavor,
By fickle course, faint-heartedness, and
fear,
Canst thou expect to sever
The massy links of error's chain; for
never
Did they before aught else save stout
strokes disappear.

To the Steadfast alone
The matchless glory of her unvailed form

Does Truth make fully known ;
 Who would her perfect loveliness be
 shown,
 His fixed design must bear, unmoved in
 calm or storm.

Go, then, and from the wells
 Of ancient lore—from bards and sages
 old,
 And from the chronicles
 Of deeds heroic, gather potent spells
 Such as shall nerve thy soul to action high
 and bold.

LONGINGS.

I LONG for some intenser life,
 Some wilder joy, some sterner strife !
 A dull slow stream, whose waters pass
 Through weary wastes of drear morass,
 Through reptile-breeding levels low—
 A sluggish ooze, and not a flow—
 Choked up with fat and slimy weeds,
 The current of my life proceeds.

Once more to meet the advancing sun,
 Earth puts her bridal glories on ;
 Once more beneath the summer moons,
 The whippowil her song attunes ;
 Once more the elements are rife
 With countless forms of teeming life ;
 Life fills the air and fills the deeps ;
 Life from the quickened clod up-leaps ;
 But all too feeble is the ray
 That glances on our northern day ;
 And man, beneath its faint impress,
 Grows sordid, cold, and passionless.

I long to greet those ardent climes,
 Where the sun's burning heat sublimed
 All forms of being, and imparts
 Its fervor even to human hearts ;
 To see up-towering, grand and calm,
 The king of trees, the lordly palm,

And, when night darkens through the skies,
 Watch the strange constellations rise :
 The floral pomps, the fruits of gold,
 The fiery life I would behold ;
 The swart warm beauties, luscious-lipped,
 With hearts in passion's lava dipped ;
 Nature's excess and overgrowth ;
 The light and splendor of the South !

Or, if it be my lot to bear
 This pulseless life, this blank despair,
 Waft me, ye winds, unto those isles
 Round which the far Pacific smiles ;
 Where, through the sun-bright atmosphere,
 Their purple peaks the mountains rear ;
 Where Earth is garmented in light,
 And with unfading Spring is bright.
 Then, if my life must be a dream,
 Without a plan, without a scheme,
 From purpose as from action free,
 A dream of beauty it shall be.

DREAM-FACES.

THE faces that we see in dreams
 Are radiant, as if with gleams
 From some diviner world than this :
 A sweeter, sadder tenderness
 Darkens the depths of loving eyes :
 A more seraphic beauty lies
 On lip and brow, than ever yet
 The gaze of waking mortal met.

O blessed mystery of sleep !
 That can recall from out the deep
 Of vanished years, and from the tomb,
 The loved and lost to life and bloom :
 That makes each memory a bright
 Reality, and fills the night
 With gladness and sweet thoughts that stay
 Like lingering perfume through the day.

ROSA VERTNER JOHNSON.

ROSA VERTNER JOHNSON, whose real maiden name was Griffith, but who was the adopted child of a prominent and wealthy citizen of Mississippi, named Vertner, was born at Natchez. Her childhood home was at a romantic country-seat belonging to her adopted parents, near Port Gibson, Mississippi. She was educated, however, at Lexington, Kentucky, and began there to write poems for the *Louisville Journal*, which were much admired for their delightful rhythm and beautiful imagery.

In 1856, George D. Prentice wrote a notice of Mrs. Johnson and her poetry, to accompany a portrait in *Graham's Magazine*, from which we quote :

"Rosa," during all the years of her life, has been a favored child of fortune, living in wealth and luxury, a star of fashion, and the center of a very large circle of devoted friends and admirers. . . . Probably few ladies, situated as she has been, would ever have given much thought to literature. But heaven made her a poet, and all the fascinations and allurements of fashionable society have not been able to mar heaven's handiwork. The daughter of a poet and a man of genius, she has written poetry almost from her childhood. She writes it because she must. It will not be shut up in her heart—as no doubt many of her admirers fain would be. The spirit of poetry is strong within her, and, if she were not to utter it, she would, like a mute song-bird, die of imprisoned melody. We have seen her in festive halls the gayest of the gay, and, although she had ever a quick and genial reply to the thousand flatteries constantly breathed into her ears, we have often thought that she would gladly have surrendered all the delights of such occasions to be one hour alone, with the Muse of her heart, beneath the starlit sky, or in the beautiful and holy twilight time.

In 1858 Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Massachusetts, published a handsome duodecimo volume of 334 pages, entitled "Poems by Rosa," which was received with more favor than her most sanguine friends anticipated. Mrs. Johnson spent a considerable share of her earlier married life in Louisiana, but for several years past, has adorned the social circles of Lexington in winter as well as in summer seasons. That delightful city is now her permanent home. Mr. Johnson is a prominent member of the legal profession, and a man of liberal wealth, who dispenses a generous hospitality at a home whose mistress is eminent for beauty as well as for poesy among even the women of Kentucky. In the sketch previously quoted from, Mr. Prentice said :

Whether we think of her as she moves in the social circle with that graceful stateliness with which the association of genius invests dignity, fascinating one by the blushing charm with which her modesty responds to the admiration her presence and her poetry inspire ; . . . or as pouring forth her rich thoughts and jeweled fancies from the retirement of her room to thrill and delight the hearts of the community ; or as gliding in her tiny shallop over the deep blue lakes, that seem like fair and lonely spirits to haunt with their solemn beauty the wild forests surrounding her Southern home, bearing her light fowling-piece in her hand, and bringing down the flying birds at almost every shot, there, and every where, as a woman, we delight to think of her with admiration, and proudly do we love to claim her as a Western poetess.

THE SUNSET CITY.

I SAW a strange, beautiful city arise
On an island of light, in the sapphire skies,
When the Sun in his Tyrian drapery
dress'd,
Like a shadow of God, floated down to the
West.

A city of clouds! in a moment it grew
On an island of pearl, in an ocean of blue,
And spirits of twilight enticed me to stray
Through these palaces reared from the
ruins of day.

In musical murmurs, the soft sunset air,
Like a golden-winged angel, seemed calling
me there,
And my fancy sped on till it found a rare
home,

A palace of jasper, with emerald dome,
On a violet strand, by a wide azure flood;
And where this rich City of Sunset now
stood,
Methought some stray seraph had broken
a bar
From the gold gates of Eden and left them
ajar.

Here were amethyst castles, whose turrets
seemed spun

Of fire drawn out from the heart of the
sun;

With columns of amber, and fountains of
light,

Which threw up vast showers, so chang-
ingly bright,

That Hope might have stolen their ex-
quisite sheen

To weave in her girdle of rainbows, I ween,
And arches of glory grew over me there,
As these fountains of Sunset shot up
through the air.

While I looked from my cloud-pillared
palace afar,
I saw Night let fall one vast, tremulous star,

On the calm brow of Even, who then, in
return

For the gem on her brow and the dew in
her urn,

Seemed draping the darkness and hiding
its gloom

With the rose-colored curtains which fell
from her loom,

All bordered with purple and violet
dyes,

Floating out like a fringe from the vail of
the skies.

And lo! far away, on the borders of
night,

Rose a chain of cloud-mountains, so won-
drously bright,

They seemed built from those atoms of
splendor that start

Through the depths of the diamond's crys-
talline heart,

When light with a magical touch has re-
vealed

The treasure of beams in its bosom con-
cealed;

And torrents of azure, all graceful and
proud,

Swept noiselessly down from these mount-
ains of cloud.

But the tide of the darkness came on with
its flood,

And broke o'er the strand where my frail
palace stood;

While far in the distance the moon seemed
to lave

Like a silver-winged swan in night's ebon
wave.

And then, like Atlantis, that isle of the
bless'd,

Which in olden time sunk 'neath the ocean
to rest

(Which now the blue water in mystery
shrouds),

Dropped down in the darkness this City
of clouds.

THE SEA-BIRD'S TREASURE.

ON a rock vast and hoar,
By a desolate shore,
One bright eve, as I wandered alone,
A gaunt sea-bird I spied,
Looking down on the tide,
Dark and grim, from his wave-beaten throne.

Mute and motionless there,
In the sun-tinted air,
And with plumage as black as the night,
That wild ocean-bird seemed
Like the form of a fiend,
Standing forth from a background of light.

A gay, frolicsome breeze
Fluttered over the seas,
And sang on till the waters were stirred;
But a strange, low lament
With its melody blent,
As I gazed on that spectral bird.

For lo! there as he stood,
Looking down on the flood,
I beheld from his white beak unrolled,
By the warm summer air,
A long curl of bright hair,
A brown ringlet, deep tinted with gold.

Just such ringlets as grow
Above foreheads of snow,
Overshadowing earnest blue eyes,
As the morning mist shrouds,
With its amber-hued clouds,
The deep light of Italian skies.

"Tell me, bird, didst thou go
Where the coral reefs grow,
Around grottos of crystal and pearl,
And most ruthlessly tear
That rich, radiant hair
From the brow of some fair shipwrecked
girl?

"Or where skeletons bleach
On the wide barren beach,

When upheaved by the billowy brine,
Of all beauty bereft,
Was that frail relic left,
With its life-mocking luster to shine?

"Was it there thou didst find,
'Mid the damp sea-weed twined,
That rare curl, where soft ripples once fell
On a breast pure and white;—
As in midsummer's light,
Dropping down in some stainless sea-shell?

"Strange and sad doth the gleam
Of that sunny tress seem,
As it floats o'er thy smooth, sable plume,
Like a beautiful ray
From the soul far away,
Trembling still round its dark ocean tomb.

"For thy mate didst thou bring
That frail, glittering thing,
To be twined in her storm-beaten nest,
As some heavenly thought
In its holiness wrought
Through the dreams of a sin-tortured
breast?

"Does the fond mother mourn
For that fair head, now shorn
Of its splendor, where dark billows flow?
Does the lullaby still
Through her memory thrill,
That she sang to her child long ago?

"Does she think of that time,
When the sweet Sabbath chime
Called her up to the temple of prayer,—
Of how fondly she smiled,
When that auburn-haired child
Knelt beside her in prayer there?"

Even now could she press
That long glistening tress
To her sad breast, methinks it would know
That those soft strands were shed
From the beautiful head
She had pillowed there long, long ago.

But earth's children must grieve :
 Whether cypress-boughs weave
 O'er their lost ones, or wild sea-birds reap
 Their rich treasures, a moan
 Goeth up to God's throne,
 From the hearts of the many who weep.

Still I see the rich curl
 Of that fair shipwrecked girl,
 Who lies shrouded where storm-billows roll,
 And that bird grim and gaunt
 Shall for evermore haunt,
 Like a phantom, the depth of my soul.

ONE SUMMER NIGHT.

ONE Summer night I stood with thee,
 Beneath a full unclouded moon ;
 My young heart then was wild with glee,
 And basked in pleasure's golden noon ;
 My dark hair fell in wavy showers
 Upon my neck and o'er my brow.
 All gemmed with pearls and wreathed with
 flowers :
 Their fragrance seems around me now.

A rose-bud from my bosom fell,
 As thus beneath the moon we stood ;
 And thou—ah ! I remember well—
 Didst raise and kiss the unconscious bud.
 But not unconscious was the heart
 Forever thine—forever true ;
 And in that hour the wish would start
 That I had been a rose-bud too.

I longed to save it free from blight,
 I longed to keep that careless kiss,
 And oh ! I wished that Summer night,
 With all its brightness and its bliss,
 Could last forever ;—'twas no crime,
 When all the moments fled so fast,
 That I should wish to fetter time,
 And live them over as they pass'd.

But thou didst break the spell too soon,
 That made my early youth so bright—
 I found thee colder than the moon,
 Whose beauty seemed to haunt that
 night

With splendor, till the nodding flowers
 Were half-awakened by its ray,
 And startled birds, within their bowers,
 Sang sweetly, dreaming of the day—

Of warmth and sunlight—foolish dove !
 To warble 'neath a moonlit sky,
 As was my heart to dream of love,
 Beneath the proud glance of thine eye,
 That looked upon it but to wake
 Love's sweetest music, wild and free,
 To leave—an echo, and forsake
 The heart while yet it thrilled for thee.

Long years have passed, and now once
 more

I stand where on that night we stood,—
 Again the Summer moonbeams pour
 Upon my brow their silvery flood ;
 The same from yon calm sky they come,
 No change their mellow light can tell,
 Since first upon the spotless bloom
 Of Eden's bowers they softly fell.

Yon moon has never lost one ray
 Since first she lit the earth and sea,
 And I have never turned away
 One single thought of love from thee,
 Since on that Summer night we met ;
 But now the moonbeams seem to glide
 Around me with a sad regret,
 As if they missed thee from my side.

The night-wind, as it sweeps along,
 I fancy has a different tone,
 And the low burden of its song
 Runs ever thus : " Alone ! alone !"
 How changed the earth, the sky, the flowers,
 Since that too well-remembered time,
 When hope sprang up to meet the hours,
 And pleasure drowned the midnight
 chime.

ANGEL WATCHERS.

ANGEL faces watch my pillow, angel voices
haunt my sleep,
And upon the winds of midnight shining
pinions round me sweep;
Floating downward on the starlight two
bright infant forms I see—
They are mine, my own bright darlings,
come from heaven to visit me.

Earthly children smile upon me, but those
little ones above,
Were the first to stir the fountains of a
mother's deathless love,
And, as now they watch my slumber, while
their soft eyes on me shine,
God forgive a mortal yearning still to call
his angels mine.

Earthly children fondly call me, but no
mortal voice can seem
Sweet as those that whisper "Mother!"
'mid the glories of my dream;
Years will pass, and earthly prattlers cease
perchance to lisp my name,
But my angel babies' accents shall be
evermore the same.

And the bright band now around me, from
their home perchance will rove,
In their strength no more depending on
my constant care and love;
But my first-born still shall wander, from
the sky in dreams to rest
Their soft cheeks and shining tresses on an
earthly mother's breast.

Time may steal away the freshness, or
some whelming grief destroy
All the hopes that erst had blossomed, in
my summer-time of joy;
Earthly children may forsake me, earthly
friends perhaps betray,
Every tie that now unites me to this life
may pass away;—

But, unchanged, those angel watchers, from
their blessed immortal home,
Pure and fair, to cheer the sadness of my
darkened dreams shall come,
And I cannot feel forsaken, for, though
'reft of earthly love,
Angel children call me "Mother!" and
my soul will look above.

THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER.

'Mid the deep and stifling sadness, the
stillness and the gloom,
That hung a veil of mourning round my
dimly-lighted room,
I heard a voice at midnight, in strange
tones of anguish, say:
"Come near me, dearest mother! Now,
my God, O let me pray!"

* * * * *
He prayed—and dumb with anguish did
my trembling spirit wait,
Till that low wail had entered at the ever-
lasting gate;
And then I cried, "O Father! throngs of
angels dwell with thee,
And he is thine—but leave him yet a little
while with me!

"Two buds has Azrael plucked from out
the garden of my love,
And placed them in the living wreath that
spans thy throne above;
Twice o'er love's consecrated harp have
swept his cold, dark wings,
And when I touch it now, alas! there are
two broken strings.

"Twice have his strong, sharp arrows
pierced the lambs within my fold,
And now in his unerring grasp another
shaft behold!"
Two prayers went up at midnight—and
the last so full of woe,
That God did break the arrow set in Az-
rael's shining bow.

JULIA AMANDA WOOD.

MINNIE MARY LEE is the literary pseudonym of a lady whose home is in Sauk Rapids, on the Mississippi river, in Minnesota. Her maiden name was Julia Amanda Sargent. She is a native of New London, New Hampshire, where she was born about the year 1830. Miss Sargent was married in 1849, at Covington, Kentucky, to William Henry Wood, a lawyer. In 1851 Mr. Wood removed to Minnesota, and soon after was appointed Land Receiver at Sauk Rapids. He and Mrs. Wood now edit a weekly paper, published at Sauk Rapids, called *The New Era*. Mrs. Wood has written for various Western papers, and for *Arthur's Home Magazine*. Jane G. Swisshelm, in a notice of Mrs. Wood for her paper, the *St. Cloud Visitor*, said: "She appears to be one of the very few literary women who are happy in their domestic relations, and who have not fled to the pen to get away from the pressing consciousness of some crushing misery. Her only great sorrow appears to have been the death of her first-born, which leaves her but one child, a bright boy of three summers. Her pen has been an important means of making known the great natural beauty and many resources of her adopted land."

HER GLOVE.

It is the glove she wore so long ago,
That fitted daintily her hand of snow,
The hand whose clasp it was such joy to
know.

She was a being radiant as the dawn
When it comes forth with flush of glory
on;
O, how like night it was when she was
gone!

She was the queen of all our festive
mirth;
To win her smile, our greatest care was
worth,
For never was a sweeter smile on earth.

How beauteous flowed down to her shoulders
fair

The glorious wealth of her abundant hair,
Shading a face such as the angels wear.

Her name was Emily, a treasured name;
My pulses thrill whene'er I hear the same,
I spring to meet one, as whene'er she came.

This glove has brought her back so clear
to-day,

Until her presence doth around me play,
As if her spirit had just passed this way.

Some years have gone since clods pressed
coldly down

Upon those starry eyes of softest brown,
But seas of time cannot her memory
drown.

Spanned by the river of returnless tide,
The space between us is not far nor
wide;
I hope to meet her on the other side.

PRAYER FOR MY DYING CHILD.

SINCE I cannot save thee, darling,
Since my yearning prayer is vain,
While my heart so bleeding, broken,
Pours o'er thee its tearful rain,
Bends my soul before the altar
Of our Father's golden throne,
Praying, O with tones that falter,
For some soul to guide thine own.

Through the dark and shadowy valley,
O'er the river chill and wild,
Up the starry steeps of soul-land
Thou wouldst fear and faint, my child;
Thou so young, and mild, and tender,
Full of tears when mamma's gone,
How couldst bear the radiant splendor
That at last should o'er thee dawn?

Send some spirit, Father holy,
Down to guide my fainting dove;
There is one among Thine angels
Who was once my child of love;
Like his eyes so blue and wondrous,
Are the eyes of dying grace;
Brownéd hair like his, and golden,
Falls around her pallid face.

Shall not he with gentle coming,
Fold his wing beside her bed,
Clasp her soul to his, so saintly,
Ere we call our blossom dead?
Ah, methinks I feel the presence—
Now I bow me to the rod;
Christ, give pardon for my sorrow
That my darlings are with God.

THERE IS A LIGHT.

THERE is a light within my soul,
A beauteous gush of light,
That lately o'er me sweetly stole,
Most wondrously and bright—
That wraps me in delicious gleams
More purely, softly, tender,
Than e'er came o'er me in the dreams,
That had their dawn in splendor.

'Tis not of sun, or moon, or star,
All glorious though they be;
It breaketh not from world afar
This blessed light on me—
It is more soft, subduing, clear,
Entrancing in its flow,
Most like that light of spirit-sphere
Which dawneth not below.

Clouds never lower in that pure clime,
The rain-drops never fall,
But steadily and ever shines
That light most bright of all.
It is the light that each fond heart
Doth kindle by its love,
And who shall say this is not part
Of all the bliss above?

O earth, and sea, and sky, and air,
Are lighter for this light,
And even birds and flowers fair
Are more than ever bright.
I tremble in its presence sweet
That every ill doth banish,
Lest, 'mid all things so frail and fleet,
This, too, should darkly vanish.

Thou chosen one, who giv'st this light
O'er all my being thrown,
Without which day is darkest night,
Thou—beautiful—my own—
O wilt thou, in the coming years,
Be my sole light as now,
And all the way through smiles and tears
Give sunshine to my brow?

GORDON A. STEWART.

GORDON A. STEWART was born on the eighteenth of April, 1833, in southern Ohio, and has always, by residence, literary effort and affection, been identified with the interests of the State and of the West. He has been associate editor of the *Hardin Republican*, but is now engaged at Kenton, in the practice of the law, to which he was admitted in 1855. A year or two afterward, he was married; but his young wife, to whom he was most tenderly attached, died within a year from their marriage. In "The Spirit-Bride," Mr. Stewart beautifully touches upon the sorrow which desolated his life. The looking-forward, however, which characterizes this poem, characterizes many others that he has written. A deep religious feeling pervades them. In a literary point of view his verses are graceful, with occasional marked felicities of expression; with here and there an absence of mind in regard to the nicer proprieties of art—of which probably no one is more conscious than the poet himself.

Mr. Stewart ardently believes in a western literature, and has more than once broken a shining lance in honor of it. His chief exploit in the cause, is a story, written in 1854, called "Autorial Life in the West," in which he portrays the literary disabilities supposed to exist here.

THE SPIRIT-BRIDE.

MANY think that Heaven is far
Beyond the light of the morning star—
That cycling suns its guardians are!

But who think so, could never have known
The pangs of the heart, left in darkness
alone,

Robb'd of the light that round it shone!

Heaven is nearer than they suppose,
For, putting aside their earthly clothes,
They lay down in its sweet repose.

Heaven is nearer than they suspect,
For did they but a moment reflect,
They might hear voices of God's elect,

Singing His praise in Nature's psalm,
At the feet of the Great "I Am,"
Around the cross of the crucified Lamb!

'Tis no lone isle in a shoreless main,
Whence loved ones come to us never
again

To assuage our sorrow, or ease our pain!

No! 'Tis a world near allied to this;
For the eye that closes one moment in
this,

May open the next, in heavenly bliss!

Each praying soul has a Pisgah-height,
To which it may climb, through adversity's
night,

And behold the land of heavenly light.

And there are times, on this mundane
sphere,

When the weary soul can distinctly hear
The rustling robes of an angel near!

Ah, one who on earth did pain endure,
One who has made her calling sure,
One who has kept her election pure,

Comes to me now, and stands by my side;
She, who was once my earthly bride,
She, who is now my spiritual guide.

Her delicate form I plainly trace,
I see a smile on her love-lit face,
And I fold her again in love's embrace!

Her head once more I have gently press'd
Close to my throbbing, aching breast—
There, O God, could she ever rest!

To me now she is more than ever divine!
Her sweet soft eyes looking into mine,
Drunken my soul with delicious wine!

God once gave me a joy like this!
I lave again in His bountiful bliss,
And raise her lips for a melting kiss!

But she has eluded my fond embrace,
And stands by my side with a sorrowful
face,
Saying, "Come to God's merciful throne
of grace;

"Christ will bind up thy broken heart,
And a new life to thy soul impart;
Come to Him, husband, just as thou art!"

I am holding again her proffered hand,—
I hear the songs of the angel band,
For we are near to the heavenly land!

Again we are standing, side by side,
I, a mortal groom—she, a spirit-bride,
Awaiting the flow of Eternity's tide!

JUNE.

A BREEZY landscape from my window
lies,—

The woods and fields all dress'd in richest
green,

Tremblingly glisten in the morning
sheen,

And fleecy clouds afloat the azure skies.

Now and anon there steals into my room

The pure breath of the morning, full
and sweet

With fragrance of the wheat and clover
bloom;

Then passing, like an angel, through the
street,

It whispers to the poor unhungered soul

Of harvests, rich, and bountiful, and rare,

That soon shall ripen, and by manly toil

Gladden the hearts of thousands every-
where.

Such are the scenes that tell us June is here,
The month of flowers, the promise of the
year.

AFTER-BLOOM.

WE treasure the flowers of old summers,

Their fragrance is haunting the room;

We gaze at the vase on the mantle,

Around it float airs of lost bloom.

Though we rise out of grief's dark winter,

Though joy kisses sorrow through tears;

Yet we sigh for the rose-lipped pleasures

We pluck with the flowers of lost years.

But never returns the last summer,

Though spring kisses winter away;—

Our hearts are renewed with the fragrance

Of flowers that we gather to-day.

The flowers of to-day are the purer,

Baptised with love's morning dew;

And the lingering perfume of old ones

Is lost in the sweets of the new.

SARAH E. WALLACE.

SARAH E. WALLACE, daughter of J. C. Elston, one of the early and influential settlers of Indiana, was born at Crawfordsville, in that State, in the year 1830. In 1852 she was married to Lewis Wallace of Indianapolis. Her poems are characterized by sweet womanly feeling and fancy, and poetic grace of expression. They appeared originally in the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and, their author avoiding rather than seeking reputation, were submitted to the editor without name or date.

THE PATTTER OF LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun at morning
Away to the garden he hies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes;
Running a race with the wind,
His step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

Anon to the brook he wanders
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water-sprite.
No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair;
No pearly sea-shell is fairer
Than his slender ankles bare;
Nor the rosiest stem of coral,
That blushes in Ocean's bed,
Is sweet as the flush that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window my neighbor
Looks down on our little cot,
And watches the "poor man's blessing;"
I cannot envy his lot.
He has pictures, books, and music,
Bright fountains, and noble trees,
Flowers that blossom in vases,
Birds from beyond the seas;

But never does childish laughter
His homeward footstep greet,
His stately halls ne'er echo
The tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a "sleeping cherub"
(Our other one has wings);
His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harpstrings hold such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the City
Whose Builder and Maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl,
The eyes of our other angel—
A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that I be accounted worthy
To walk in sandals of light;
And hear amid songs of welcome,
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of Heaven
The patter of little feet.

THE SINGING TREE.*

THE night is filled with beauty—
Moonbeams, still and fleet,
Have silvered each trodden path,
And paved with pearl the street,
The spreading maple at my door
Is a weird and wondrous tree,
For all night long it singeth
Sweetest songs to me.

'Tis many years since first I stood
In the changeful light and shade
Of its leaves and blossoms dancing,
While the merry breezes played—
The air was sheen and perfume,
Enchantment all to me,
I dwelt in a sinless Eden
Beneath a magical tree.

Soon the sound of little voices,
And the touch of little hands,
Brought us yet closer together,
Bound us in living bands.
The bright years chased each other
Till precious children—three,
 Airily swung,
 Like blossoms sprung,
From the heart of the graceful tree.

Our life had reached its full,
Its warm deep summer-time,
When he died—my beloved—
In the strength of manhood's prime.
That bitter, bitter grief
May not be written or told;
It bowed my head to the dust
And silvered its "paly gold."

My children were left awhile,
They grew in strength and pride,
I knelt in wild idolatry,
I knew no world beside.

Their pretty words, their baby ways
Ah! how can I e'er forget!
The light in their dying eyes—
It wrung my heart—'tis bleeding yet.

* * * * *

Glorious, golden Autumn
Flashed far o'er hill and dale,
Like a radiant Princess crowned
E'er she kneels to take the vail.
And friendly winds, like redbreasts,
Sprinkled the dying sod
With brown and crimson leaves,
And flowers of golden-rod;
And softly sings a requiem
Of rarest melody,
To a child who stood alone
Under the singing tree.

My only boy—how I madly wept,
How I vainly tried to pray!
But the silver cord was loosed,
My pearls were dropping away.
Spring came and hung the maple
With plumes that waved in pride;
June bloomed, and faded—swanlike,
Sweetest the hour she died—
When I looked in my baby's face
And saw that soon must he—
The last and loveliest one—
Sleep under the faithful tree.
Swiftly, surely his life went out,
The last strong link was riven;
There stood no love for living thing
Between my heart and Heaven.

Such nights—such holy nights as
these—
"I cannot make them dead;"
They break the bands of dreamless
sleep,
They leave their earthy bed.
I hear each well-known step
As they come about my knee,
And the voices loved so well
Are the songs of the singing tree.

* "Here he found the talking bird, the singing tree, and the yellow water."—*Arabian Nights*.

ROSELLA RICE.

ROSELLA RICE is a native of Ashland county, Ohio. Her father, Alexander Rice, was among the earliest settlers at Perrysville, and Rosella has always resided at the old homestead, where she was born, about the year 1830. Miss Rice is a born poet, and has nursed her strange, wild fancies, amid the equally wild hills and glens and rocky caves which she has haunted with a devotion that has amounted to a life passion. Meeting with but few associates who could appreciate the depth of her passion for such communings, her spirit was wont to retire within herself, except when it was called forth by the presence of the sylvan gods among whom she worshiped. Her early contributions to the county papers are marked by her own rude, but genuine original characteristics. Coming but little in contact with the world at large, she built upon ideal models, wherever she departed from her own original. Miss Rice has read much and well, and within the last few years has visited the wide world considerably. She has contributed to *Arthur's Home Magazine*, Philadelphia, and to several of the Cleveland, Columbus, and other papers in Ohio. Her prose writings always attract attention and secure a wide circulation, from their peculiar original vigor and directness. In 1859 she published a considerable volume, entitled "Mabel, or Heart Histories, a Novel," from the press of Follett, Foster & Company, of Columbus, Ohio.

CHARLIE LEE.

I WILL whisper, Charlie Lee,
Olden memories to thee ;
Tell thee of the alder shade
Where we two together played,
How the bended bough we rode,
Till our ruddy faces glowed—
Then our horses tethered fast
Till the weary lesson past,
Light again, we bounded free—
Little Rose, and Charlie Lee.

I will whisper, Charlie Lee,
Other stories unto thee ;
Tell thee of the grassy meads,
Where white lilies hang their heads,

Where sweet-williams purple grew,
And low violets wet with dew ;
Where the pinky clover blooms,
Nodding, scattered soft perfumes,
And, with dimpled hands full we
Roved delighted, Charlie Lee.

I will whisper, Charlie Lee,
Treasured stories unto thee ;
How we waded in the rill,
Panting, clambered up the hill,
'Mong the lithe and waving pines,
Sobbing low to summer winds,
From the leaves of winter-green
Berries of a crimson sheen,
Chatting gaily, gathered we,
In aprons tiny, Charlie Lee.

I will whisper, Charlie Lee,
Other stories unto thee—
Dost remember how I longed
For the highest blooms, where thronged
Humming-birds and yellow bees,
On the rough crab-apple trees?
And the limbs so gnarled, there
Caught thy curls of golden hair;
But thy laugh rang out in glee—
Noble-hearted Charlie Lee.

I have whispered, Charlie Lee,
Childish stories unto thee—
Manhood's seal is on thy brow,
And thou carest little now
For our childhood's sunny time,
Like unto a rippling rhyme,
That we lisped in baby years,
Ere we knew of hopes and fears;
Sunniest hours! how blest were we—
Little Rose, and Charlie Lee.

THE NIGHT WIND'S REVEL.

Comes the wild wind round the corner,
Like the piteous wail of mourner;—
'Tis of one, a mother weeping,
O'er the crib where lieth sleeping
The babe whose slumber is unwaking,
Though the mother's heart be breaking.
How like her wail, thou mocking wind!
Ah, lonesome night! Ah, mocking wind!

Comes the wild wind round the corner,
Like the frenzied wail of mourner:—
'Tis of one whose heart is broken,
But whose woe is else unspoken.
Glad hands that reached for treasures rare,
Poor hands that found but empty air—
Tightly clasp together now,
O'er a throbbing, burning brow!
How like her wail, thou treach'rous wind!
Ah, lonesome night, and mocking wind!

Comes the wild wind round the corner,
Like the piteous sob of mourner;
From wail and shriek it falleth now
Sinking down to sobbing low.
'Tis of one whose pathway led
Among green graves of silent dead,
Who loved to sit where willows weep!
Ah, faithless winds, thy sobs sound so—
Mournfully, like her sobbing low!

Come night winds like weeping mourners,
Wailing, sobbing, round the corners!
Come with soughs, and shrieks, and cries,
Mad minions of the stormy skies!—
Though the weeper's wail ye bear,
And mock the frenzy of despair,
Jubilant bear the tearful moan,
The quivering sigh, and dying groan;
Though your wails unearthly be,
And your crying paineth me,

Yet I close my eyes and pray,
With my wandering thoughts away,—
Away in dark and desolate homes,
Where pale sorrow, sad-eyed, comes,
Whence the piteous cries go out,
Caught up by the wild wind's rout,
And borne, sad notes, on wings along,
Commingle in exultant song!

SPIRITS OF THE WILDWOOD.

WHERE the wanderer's foot hath seldom
trod—

Where scarce a thought, unless of God,
Could fill the heart, oh, then and there
The wildwood spirits fill the air!

Within the glen, upon the hill,
The waterfall, the tinkling rill,
Within the vale embosomed deep
By trees and vines, and rocky steep,
Alone in deep, sweet solitude,
Dwell the wild spirits of the wood.

GEORGE TRUE.

GEORGE TRUE, a native of Mount Vernon, Knox county, Ohio, was born about the year 1830. His father was one of the pioneer preachers of central Ohio, and is still a citizen of Mount Vernon. George True wrote respectable verses when a boy, and became a favorite contributor to the county papers, as well as the generally selected poet for whatever local celebrations, description, or story, in verse, was appropriate. In January, 1856, Mr. True became the publisher of *The Genius of the West*, at Cincinnati, and when he discontinued that magazine, in June of the same year, connected himself with the editorial department of the *Toledo (Ohio) Blade*, in which capacity he is now employed.

DAWN.

I.

FROM the upland and the meadow
Faded darkness' gloomy vail ;
Night was fleeing, light was coming,
And the stars were growing pale.
All night long had weary watchers,
By a couch of restless pain,
Heard a faint voice ask the question :
"When will morning come again?"

II.

Watched the blushing sky, as morning
Climbed the rugged eastern hills,
Waited, tremblingly, his coming,
Crowned with golden daffodils.
Softer eyes were turned with longing
Toward the hill-tops' dusky brown ;
Fairer tresses than the sunbeams
Waited an immortal crown.

III.

Oh ! how earnestly out-gazing
Watched those eyes, as high and higher
Crept the roseate tinge, till softly
Burned the mountain-tops with fire ;

Till the sweep of light's broad billows,
Like a molten sea of gold,
Burst the mountain-wall, and over
All the plain its richness rolled.

IV.

Very often had that faint voice,
Falling fainter every day,
Wished for morning's ruddy coming,
Wished the shadows all away.
Very often toward the mountains
Had those spiritual eyes
Turned, with gaze each day more longing,
Watched the morn-awakened skies.

V.

Hers that look, so calm and saintly,
Though with pallor strangely veiled ;
Hers that love, like heavenly fragrance,
On the desert earth exhaled ;
Hers the graces, such as only
Crown the lovely, pure and good,
Who, before they enter heaven,
Have put on their angel-hood.

VI.

Higher still the sun ascending,
Showed his broad and dazzling crown ;

Higher swelled the golden river,
 Flowing from the mountains down;
 Bathed that light the dewy flowers,
 Crowned them all with jewels rare,
 Till above the hills the billows
 Surged and filléd all the air.

VII.

She a mother, who so faintly
 Through the long night wished for day,
 From her lips that loving spirit,
 With a blessing, passed away.
 Clasped her infant boy once fondly,
 Smiled to see the promised dawn—
 Then awoke she in that morning
 Which forever shineth on.

VIII.

Through the flower-encircled casement
 Streamed the full tide of the morn,
 And within that cottage chamber
 Crowned two souls to life new-born.
 One to tread earth's rugged pathway—
 His a weary lot, at best;
 But the mother's dawn of glory
 Ushered in her day of rest.

 HARVEST SONG.

SWING—swing—swing!
 Our heavy cradles ring;
 When the dew-drops hang on the bending
 corn,
 And cool is the breezy breath of morn,
 And our hearts a lightsome joyance feel
 'Mid the rustling grain and the ring of the
 steel.
 Swing—swing—swing!
 Our Harvest Song we're singing,
 Our cradles bright, in the morning light,
 Through the golden fields are ringing.

Swing—swing—swing!
 Our sharpening rifles ring

On our dew-wet blades, when a swath we've
 laid,
 And across the field a furrow made,
 A golden furrow of ripened grain
 Which the binders gather with might and
 main.
 Then swing—swing—swing!
 Our Harvest Song we're singing;
 With a gladsome shout we'll face about,
 Our cradles blithely swinging.

Swing—swing—swing!
 The beaded pitcher bring
 From the spring in the hollow, all dripping
 and cool,
 Where the grape-vine hangs o'er the clear
 deep pool.
 No burning draughts from the poisonous still
 Want we, our harvest strength to kill.
 We'll swing—swing—swing!
 While our Harvest Song we're singing,
 No help we'll borrow, the price of sorrow
 And degradation bringing.

Swing—swing—swing!
 Till the bells in the city ring;
 Or over the whispering fields of corn
 Is heard the sound of the dinner horn—
 Then we'll find how sweet hard labor can
 Make the bread of the working man;
 And swing—swing—swing!
 Our Harvest Song still singing,
 With health renewed by healthful food
 Again our cradles swinging.

Swing—swing—swing!
 More wearily we sing
 With shorter breath our lagging tune,
 In the stifling heat of the afternoon;
 But, rallying at the set of sun,
 We shout, "Hurra! our harvest's done!"
 Our Harvest Song we now have sung:
 Our cradles in their places hung:
 There, with a final parting cheer,
 We'll leave them till another year.

MARY R. T. M'AVOY.

THE letters "M. R. M." are well known to the readers of the *Louisville Journal*, the *Memphis Enquirer*, *The Genius of the West*, and *Challen's Illustrated Monthly*, published in Philadelphia. They represent Mary R. T. McAvoy, of Paris, Bourbon county, Kentucky, who, since 1850, has written very pleasant poems for the newspapers and magazines mentioned.

MADELEINE.

THE moon is up—the night is waning fast,
My boat is anchored by the pebbled shore,
And I have lingered here to look my last,
Upon the home that may be ours no more ;
To keep again an old familiar tryste,
To clasp thy gentle hand once more in
mine,

And braid thy hair with flowers by night-
dews kiss'd,
While o'er thy upturned brow the young
stars shine,

Madeleine.

Dost thou recall to-night the beauteous
time,
When in these fragrant woods I met thee
first :

While faintly fell the vesper's holy chime,
Thy maiden charms upon my vision burst.
The sun was setting in a golden glow,
His parting glance beamed bright on flower
and tree ;

A roseate hue had tinged the mountain
snow,

But these were naught, for thou wert all
to me,

Madeleine.

How oft to me, upon the battle's eve,
That picture of the past comes floating by,

And then my inmost spirit doth receive
The tender glances of thy soul-lit eye.
The west wind dallies with thy mantle's
fold,

Beneath the arch where myrtle branches
meet,

And softly fans thy ringlet's wavy gold,
That almost ripple to thy tiny feet,

Madeleine.

And then I hear the full, majestic swell,
Of the deep organ in the old church aisle,
And thy dear voice that softly rose and
fell,

More sweet to me than seraph's tone the
while ;

I start to hear the cannon's booming sound,
The clash of steel upon the deep mid
sea,

The conflict's roar the anthem notes have
drowned,

The war-cloud dimmed that vision bless'd of
thee,

Madeleine.

Yet pledge once more, dear love, before
we part,

While o'er thy upturned brow the young
stars shine,

In fearless faith, to me, thy guileless heart,
Ere sails our ship across the foaming brine.

The moon is up, the night is waning fast,
My boat is anchored by the pebbled shore,
And I have lingered here to look my last,
Upon the home that may be ours no more,

Madeleine.

SERENADE.

THE Minstrel sang in the orient land
Of the zephyr's balmy sigh,
And the flowers that gorgeously expand
Beneath a cloudless sky;
But I, as I wander, wake a song,
To the glad rejoicing rain,
That patters, and pours, and sweeps along,
Till the old woods ring again;
To the stormy dash and the diamond flash
Of the bright resounding rain!

Hurra! hurra! for the royal rain,
With its wild and gleesome shout,
As over valley and hill and plain
It idly roams about,
Wooing each spring and gushing rill
With myriad, musical words,
Sweeter than all the songs that fill
The haunts of the forest birds—
Ah! sweeter than every sound of earth
Those myriad, musical words.

Sweet was the minstrel's antique strain,
Of green and starlit bowers;
But sweeter the sound of the gentle rain,
That wakens the sleeping flowers,
That freshens each mossy, shaded bank,
Where the leaves are springing up,
And fills with nectar the woodland tank
For the fairies' acorn cup,
The bright rejoicing rain that falls,
Where the flowers are springing up.

Ah! maiden, wake from thy drowsy dreams.

Dost hear the rippling rain?

List to its myriad, musical themes,

As it sweeps across the plain;

It brings a song for the silent streams,

A blush for the folded flowers,

And whispers low of the sunny beams

That follow the genial showers.

Then waken, oh! waken, maiden fair,

Awake with the dreaming flowers.

IT IS THE WINTER OF THE YEAR.

It is the winter of the year,
On buried flowers the snow-drifts lie,
And clouds have veiled with ashen gray,
The blueness of the summer sky.
No brooks in babbling ripples run—
No birds are singing in the hedge—
No violets nodding in the sun,
Beside the lakelet's frozen edge;
Yet unto bruised and broken boughs,
Freshly the greenest mosses cling,
And near the winter's stormy verge,
Floateth the fragrant bloom of Spring.

It is the winter of my life,
On buried flowers the snow-drifts lie,
And clouds have veiled with ashen gray,
The blueness of my summer sky.
No light steps cross my threshold stone,
No voice of love my ear doth greet,
No gentle hands enclasp mine own,
With cordial welcome fond and sweet;
Yet unto bruised and broken hearts,
The words of tenderest promise cling,
And floateth near Time's stormy verge,
The bloom of everlasting Spring.

FRANCES A. SHAW.

FRANCES A. SHAW is a native of Maine, whose father migrated to Minnesota in the hope of retrieving a shattered fortune, but failing in that hope took sick and died, leaving his widow and six children in circumstances which required the best exertions of the elder ones to make home comfortable and happy. Miss Shaw had been liberally educated, and has turned that education to good account by teaching school. She wrote verses in her earliest youth, and her Muse has found much to engage it, in the stirring legends and romantic scenery of the Upper Mississippi. Her poem "Minnehaha" was originally published in *The Genius of the West* in 1855. She has contributed frequently to Illinois papers, and is at present a resident of Galena, in that State.

MINNEHAHA.*

'Twas a beauteous day in summer, glad-
ness thrilled the balmy air,
Lightly danced the zephyrs round me, mu-
sic floated every where,
I could hear the grand old river, as his
waters sought the sea,
Rising, falling to the pulses of a weird,
strange melody.
At my feet a smiling streamlet danced in
careless glee along,
And with that solemn anthem, blent its
lightly gushing song.
And I traced its silvery windings till its
sparkling waters fell,
Bounding, leaping, gaily dancing o'er the
rocks, adown a dell,

* Five miles from St. Anthony, Minnesota, in the vicinity of Fort Snelling, is a beautiful shady glen. Through this flows a small stream, which at a short distance from its confluence with the Mississippi, gliding over a precipitous ledge of rocks, forms the "Little Falls," most appropriately and poetically called by the Indians, "Minnehaha," or "laughing waters." There is a kind of wild grandeur about the larger falls of St. Anthony, but Minnehaha is the very perfection of beauty.

Where a scene of wondrous beauty was
unfolded to my eyes,
That enthralled my raptured spirit in a
wild and glad surprise.

O'er those rocks, dark-browed and hoary,
breaking into feathery spray,
Bursting into merry laughter, ran the
brook away—away,
Till its rippling waters parted, and in
light-robed fairy bands,
Bounded off the singing wavelets, linking
their white, dimpled hands.
As with wavy tresses flowing to the breeze
they tripped along,
They seemed like happy children, warbling
forth their joy in song.
What a robe of silvery whiteness round
those dusky hills they hung!
What a vail of airy lightness round that
cliff's dark brow they flung!
How they wooed the golden sunbeams, till
they formed an arch so bright,
That it seemed a ladder stretching upward
to the land of light!

Had angel forms descended then to visit
haunts of men,
They might have made their chosen home,
that sweet sequestered glen;
For well we know the spirit Beauty has
to earth come down,
And placed on Minnehaha's brow her
fairest, brightest crown.

And this was "Minnehaha," these were
then the "laughing waters"
That echoed once the laughter of the for-
est's dark-eyed daughters.
Here, from summer's heat retreating,
would the Indian hunter stray,
And bare his fevered forehead to their cool
light-falling spray.
Oft, in listening to their music, would the
savage chief forego
Many a dream of battle gory, and of hos-
tile tribe laid low;
Here, beneath this arch of waters, many a
whispered vow of love,
Blending with their ceaseless murmur,
sought the Father's ear above.

Years have fled. Warrior and chieftain,
wily hunter, dusky maid,
From their own dear "laughing waters,"
to a far-off land have strayed.
And fairer brows are bared to catch the
baptism of their spray,
But yet no tone of grief is blent with their
sweet, joyous lay;
As in their never-varying course those
waters rush along,
Their mystic notes a language find, they
sing me this wild song:

Through the ages old and hoary,
Since creation's natal day,

All unknown to song or story,
Have we journeyed on our way.
At the morning's sun upspringing,
'Mid the deepening shades of night,
Ever laughing, ever singing,
From this airy rock-crowned height,
Fall we to our streamlet's waters,
Glide we to our father's breast,
Fairest of the beauteous daughters
That within his arms find rest.

'Mid the tempest's rage and madness,
Still our pleasant voice ye hear;
When the sun smiles out in gladness,
Yet it thrills all nature's ear.
When the weary earth is sleeping
'Neath the pensive, pale moonlight,
And the stars are vigils keeping
In the silent halls of night,
Carol we the same sweet story,
Chant we still a song to Him,
In the radiance of whose glory
All our brightness is but dim.

"Minnehaha!" "laughing water!" when
my heart is sad and lone,
Let me seek again thy pleasant haunts, and
listen to thy tone.
When earth's coldness chills my spirit,
when I faint beneath life's cross,
When its idols all are shattered, and its
good seems very dross,
Let me learn from thee a lesson, though
deep waters round me roll,
Though earth's storms shall gather o'er me,
and its sorrows shroud my soul,
Still serene amid the tempest may I lift
my heart above,
And go on the path of duty, trusting in
the Father's love.



PAMELA S. VINING.

PAMELA S. VINING, a teacher in the Seminary for Young Women at Albion, Michigan, is known in the literary world as XENETTE. She was born in Orleans county, New York, and her childhood was spent in that State. Her father was an emigrant to northern Michigan when it was comparatively a new country. Miss Vining was introduced to the literary public in Wellman's *Literary Miscellany*, published at Detroit. She has since written for New York magazines, and for the *Ladies' Repository* at Cincinnati.

THE PLOWMAN.

TEARING up the stubborn soil—

Trudging, drudging, toiling, moiling,

Hands, and feet, and garments soiling—

Who would grudge the plowman's toil?

Yet there's luster in his eye

Borrowed from yon glowing sky,

And there's meaning in his glances

That bespeaks no dreamer's fancies,

For his mind has precious lore

Gleaned from Nature's sacred store.

Toiling up yon weary hill,

He has worked since early morning,

Ease, and rest, and pleasure scorning,

And he's at his labor still,

Though the slanting western beam

Quiv'ring on the glassy stream,

And yon old elm's lengthened shadow

Flung athwart the verdant meadow,

Tell that shadowy twilight gray

Cannot now be far away.

See! he stops and wipes his brow,

Marks the rapid sun's descending,

Marks his shadow far extending,

Deems it time to quit the plow.

Weary man and weary steed

Welcome food and respite need;

'Tis the hour when bird and bee

Seek repose, and why not he?

Nature loves the twilight bless'd,

Let the toil-worn plowman rest!

Ye who nursed upon the breast

Of ease and pleasure enervating,

Ever new delights creating

Which not long retain their zest

Ere upon your taste they pall,

What avail your pleasures all?

In his hard but pleasant labor,

He, your useful healthful neighbor,

Finds enjoyment, real, true,

Vainly sought by such as you.

Nature's open volume lies,

Richly tinted, brightly beaming,

With its varied lessons teeming,

All outspread before his eyes.

Dewy glades and opening flowers,

Emerald meadows, vernal bowers,

Sun and shade, and bird and bee,

Fount and forest, hill and lea—

All things beautiful and fair

His benignant teachers are.

Tearing up the stubborn soil—

Trudging, drudging, toiling, moiling,

Hands, and feet, and garments soiling,

Who would grudge the plowman's toil?
 Yet 'tis health and wealth to him,
 Strength of nerve, and strength of
 limb;
 Light and fervor in his glances,
 Life and beauty in his fancies,
 Learned and happy, brave and free,
 Who so proud and bless'd as he?

MEMORY BELLS.

Up from the spirit-depths ringing,
 Softly your melody swells,
 Sweet as a seraphim's singing,
 Tender-toned memory bells!
 The laughter of childhood,
 The song of the wildwood,
 The tinkle of streams through the echoing
 dell,—
 The song of a mother,
 The shout of a brother,
 Up from life's morning melodiously swell.

Up from the spirit-depths ringing,
 Richly your melody swells,
 Sweet reminiscences bringing,
 Joyous-toned memory bells!
 Youth's beautiful bowers,
 Her dew-spangled flowers,
 The pictures which hope of futurity drew,—
 Love's rapturous vision
 Of regions Elysian
 In glowing perspective unfolding to view.

Up from the spirit-depths ringing,
 Sadly your melody swells,
 Tears with its mournful tones bringing,
 Sorrowful memory bells!
 The first heart-link broken,
 The first farewell spoken,
 The first flow'ret crushed in life's desolate
 track,—

The agonized yearning
 O'er joys unreturning,
 All, all with your low, wailing music come
 back.

Up from the spirit-depths ringing,
 Dirge-like your melody swells;
 But Hope wipes the tears that are
 springing,
 Mournful-toned memory bells!
 Above your deep knelling
 Her soft voice is swelling,
 Sweeter than angel-tones, silvery clear;
 Singing in heaven above
 All is unchanging love,
 Mourner, look upward, thy home is not
 here!

MINNIEBEL.

WHERE the willow weepeth
 By a fountain lone—
 Where the ivy creepeth
 O'er a mossy stone—
 With pale flowers above her,
 In a quiet dell,
 Far from those that love her,
 Slumbers Minniebel.

There thy bed I made thee
 By that fountain side,
 And in anguish laid thee
 Down to rest, my bride!
 Tenderest and fairest,
 Who thy worth may tell,
 Flower of beauty rarest,
 Sainly Minniebel!

Weary years have borrowed
 From my eye its light,
 Time my cheek has furrowed,
 And these locks are white;
 But my heart will ever
 'Mid its mem'ries dwell,
 Fondly thine forever,
 Angel Minniebel!

ELIJAH EVAN EDWARDS.

ELIJAH EVAN EDWARDS was born at Delaware, Ohio, on the twenty-sixth day of January, 1831. His father was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Edwards enjoyed excellent advantages for early education, and graduated with honor at Asbury University, Greencastle, Indiana, in 1853. He was immediately employed as Professor of Ancient Languages, in an Academy at Brookville, Indiana, and was, in 1856, President of Whitewater College, Centerville, Indiana. In 1857 and 1858, Mr. Edwards was Professor of Ancient Languages in Hamilton University, Red Wing, Minnesota. He is now Principal of Lemont Seminary, Cook county, Illinois. He has written well both in prose and verse, for the *National Magazine*, New York, for the *Ladies' Repository* and *Odd Fellows' Casket*, Cincinnati, and for various prominent newspapers.

LET ME REST.

"LET me rest!"

It was the voice of one
Whose life-long journey was but just begun.

With genial radiance shone his morning sun,
The lark sprang up rejoicing from her nest,
To warble praises in her maker's ear;
The fields were clad in flower-enameled vest,

And air of balm, and sunshine clear

Failed not to cheer

That yet unwearied pilgrim; but his breast
Was harrowed with a strange, foreboding fear;

Deeming the life to come, at best,

But weariness, he murmured, "Let me rest!"

Inglorious rest!

Why should intrepid youth

A respite seek from weariness so soon?

Why should he shun the fervid heat of noon?

His course is onward to the Land of Truth,
Through many a lonely, many a dangerous way,

And he, to reach that blessed land, forsooth,

Must bear the heat and burden of the day,

Its noontide ray,

Its gathering storms: not here the land of rest,

But o'er the thorny plain, the mountain's crest,

To the unresting ones God's peace is given,
And bleeding feet tread the long path to heaven.

"Let me rest,"

But not at morning's hour,

Nor yet when clouds above my pathway lower;

Let me bear up against affliction's power,
Till life's red sun has sought its quiet West,

Till o'er me spreads the solemn, silent night,

When, having passed the portals of the
blessed,

I may repose upon the Infinite,
And learn aright

Why He, the wise, the ever-loving, traced
The path to heaven through a desert waste.
Courage, ye fainting ones; at His behest
Ye pass through labor unto endless rest.

“AND THEN.”

’Twas when

A youth stood on his threshold, looking
forth,

With dreamy eyes, upon the smiling earth,
And picturing joy amid the coming years,
A strange and solemn voice fell on his
ears—

“And then?”

“What then?”

I shall go forth to mix with pleasure’s
throng,

Join in the dance, the revel, and the song,
Till youth with all its joyous scenes hath
fled—”

The voice once more with chilling whisper
said,

“And then?”

“What then?”

I’ll labor then to gather wealth and gold,
To meet my wants when I am weak and
old;

To smoothen my path in life’s declining
years.”

Again that solemn voice fell on his ears—

“And then?”

“What then?”

Why, when age bends my frame, and dims
my eye,
My fate will be the fate of all—to die;

Of years and honors full, I ask no more!”

The voice replied more solemn than before,
“And then?”

“What then?”

He answered not, but with his youthful
heart

Resolved to choose the nobler, better part,
That nevermore amidst his visions bright
Those whispered words should mar his
soul’s delight,

“And then.”

THE THREE FRIENDS.

THREE friends that never fail
Each mortal hath,
Himself, his God, and last,
The angel Death.

Higher than power or fame,
Dearer than self,
Nearer than brother’s love—
The love of Self.

Truer than sun or star,
Higher than heaven,
Deeper than nether space,
God’s love is given.

More gentle than the spring,
Or summer’s breath,
And as a mother kind,
The angel Death.

There is a threefold fate
Binding the soul;
God fills, Self drinks, Death breaks
Its golden bowl.

The cup is filled with bliss—
Drain it, O soul!
Nor hate the friend who breaks
The empty bowl.

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

QUIET lives furnish slight materials for biography, except to those who, knowing intimately a poetic mind, can appreciate the delicate impulses under which it acts, or sympathize with the emotions by which it is elevated or depressed. We knew M. Louisa Chitwood only through correspondence and through her contributions to the newspapers and magazines of the West, but we had learned to love her as one who gave promise of richest ornament to our literature, believing that, strong in life and genius, she would grow to eminent maturity; and when the news came that suddenly, with visions unrealized—with poems unwritten—dear friends whom she deeply loved unseen, she had been stricken by death in the morning of womanhood, we felt that the Destroyer had broken a circle through which ran some of our most dearly cherished friendships.

Miss Chitwood was born October twenty-ninth, 1832, and died December nineteenth, 1855, at Mt. Carmel, Indiana. Early in life she exhibited unusual fondness for poetry, and at school excited the envy of her fellow-pupils by the excellence of her compositions. The first poem from her pen which appeared in print was published at Connersville, Indiana. It was highly commended as a poem from the pen of a young girl, not far in her teens, who gave evidence of being a true child of genius—whose mind, strengthened with age and regulated by discipline, would yet add luster to American literature.

Miss Chitwood did not alone give promise of excellence as a poet. Her prose sketches possess a peculiar sweetness of tone and grace of style, particularly those written for children. We think she was especially gifted as a writer for the juvenile mind. Her sympathies were active, and she had a gift in their expression, whether through poems, prose sketches, or in letters to her friends. She was most warmly cherished by many who had never seen her, as a dear correspondent, and all who have written notices of her early death, wrote with affectionate regret—not merely regret that a gifted woman had died, but that a dear friend was lost.

George D. Prentice, in announcing her decease, said:

Miss Chitwood was young, but in her brief career of life, she knew something of sorrow, and her heart was both softened and strengthened by the stern discipline. She was kind and gentle and true and good—warm-hearted and high-souled—diffident and shrinking, but conscious of bright and beautiful thoughts and of strong powers, given her by God for useful purposes. Her whole nature was deeply and intensely poetical, and thus to her the whole world was full of poetry. . . . Oh, it seems a mysterious dispensation of Providence that the little amount of breath necessary to the life of a glorious young girl, is withdrawn, whilst enough of wind to make a blustering day is vouchsafed to the lungs and nostrils of the tens of thousands of the worthless and vile.

Miss Chitwood was a regular contributor to the *Louisville Journal*, the *Ladies' Repository*, *The Genius of the West*, *Arthur's Home Gazette*, the *Odd Fellows' Ark*, and other papers and magazines.

Mrs. Jane Maria Mead, who writes us "that her letters were overflowing with af-

fection, as flowers burdened with perfume," describes her "as a girl of medium stature, of a kindly spirit; of a genial, confiding nature. She was called beautiful. Her complexion was very fair, her cheeks rosy, her lips red as coral, her eyes of a rich blue, soft and sweet in their expression; her hands were small and white, her hair of a flaxen color, inclining to a golden hue, and was of great length."

Miss Chitwood was preparing a volume of poems for the press when her last illness overtook her. Under the supervision of George D. Prentice, who wrote an introduction for it, that volume has since been published* for the benefit of her mother, who resides at Mt. Carmel, Indiana.

THE TWO POEMS.

"I WILL sing," thus said a poet;

"I will weave a lay for fame;"
And his dark eye flashed and sparkled,
And his pale cheek flushed with flame;
While with quick, impatient fingers,
And with pale lips half apart,
Did he wake the lyre to wailings,
Groanings from a tortured heart.

Then he sang a gorgeous poem,
Like a kingly diadem;
Every line was like a jewel,
Every word was like a gem;
And he cast it, smiling proudly,
On the world's deceitful sea,
Saying, as it floated onward,
"Fame, oh! bring fame back to me."

On it went, that gorgeous poem,
As the blue waves swept apart;
Captivating but the fancy—
Never speaking to the heart;
For to those who paused to listen,
The low dirge within its breast
Gave it nothing but wild yearnings,
Sadness, bitterness, unrest.
But it twined the poet's forehead
With a laurel wreath of flame;

He did reap what he had planted,
A rich harvesting of fame.

"I will sing," thus said a poet;
"I will sing a lay for Love."
Meekly were her dark eyes lifted
To the quiet stars above;
Then there came a dear good angel,
And her white wings o'er her press'd,
Tuning to a low, sweet music
Every pulse within her breast.

Then with dreamy eyes and misty,
And with red lip half apart,
Wove she into words and stanzas
The emotions of her heart.
"Go," she said, "thou little poem,
Go abroad like Noah's dove—
Breathe to every heart a blessing,
Bring me love! oh, bring me love!"

Lightly went the little poem,
Gladly on its mission sweet,
Like a wave of wondrous beauty,
Singing at the sailor's feet;
Like a green tree in the desert,
Like a cooling water-brook,
Like a lily by a river,
Like a violet in a nook.

* Poems. By M. Louisa Chitwood—selected and prefaced by G. D. Prentice. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co., 1857. 12mo. pp. 288.

Oh! like all things bright and joyous,
 Was that simple, earnest lay,
 And of love a plenteous harvest,
 Shed about the poet's way.
 Knelt she in the golden twilight,
 With the dews upon her hair,
 And with tearful eyes to heaven,
 Breathed her thankfulness in prayer.

"If a pilgrim hath been shadowed
 By the tree that I have nursed;
 If a cup of clear cold water
 I have raised to lips athirst;
 If I've planted one sweet flower
 By an else too barren way;
 If I've whispered in the midnight
 One sweet word to tell of day;

"If in one poor bleeding bosom
 I a woe-swept chord have stilled;
 If a dark and restless spirit
 I with hope of heaven have filled;
 If I've made for life's hard battle
 One faint heart grow brave and strong;—
 Then, my God, I thank thee, bless thee,
 For the precious gift of song."

THE GRAVES OF THE FLOWERS.

THE woods are full of tiny graves,
 The sweet graves of the flowers,
 That sprang in every sheltered nook,
 Amid the Spring-time hours.
 The buttercup lies on the slope
 Where first the sunlight fell;
 The violet sleeps beside the rill,
 The daisy in the dell.

Upon no stone is carved the name
 Of April's children fair;
 They perished when the sky was bright,
 And gentle was the air.
 To the soft kisses of the breeze
 They held, half-trembling, up,

Full many a small transparent urn
 And honey-laden cup.

But when the roses budded out,
 In summer's balmy hours,
 No little mound was made to tell
 Where slept the gentle flowers.
 Those early flowers—they seem to me
 Like little children sweet,
 Who smile a moment on our path,
 Then perish at our feet.

We know they cannot linger, e'en
 In love's most fond embrace;
 We see the mark of Paradise
 Meek shining from their face;
 And soon their tiny graves are made,
 But years go circling by,
 And not a stone can tell us where
 The little children lie.

But some are sleeping on the hill,
 Beneath the emerald grass,
 Where gay birds soaring to the sky,
 Pause singing as they pass;
 And many in the church-yard sleep,
 And many in the dell,
 And many near the cottage homes
 Of those who loved them well.

Oh, many an Indian baby lies
 In forest old and grand;
 Its rustic playthings fallen from
 The mouldering little hand;
 And flowers have sprung, and flowers have
 died,
 Upon its silent breast;—
 Their nameless graves are side by side:
 None mark them as they rest.

Yet, in each grassy, humble mound,
 Where sleeping childhood lies,
 A bud is bursting into bloom—
 A blossom for the skies.
 But, ah! the flowers, the April flowers!
 Their graves are small and low;
 We know they lie in wood-land bowers,
 And more we cannot know.

THE SEAMSTRESS.

A DIRGE, and an open grave,
 A coffin upon the bier;
 Then the clay fell over the care-worn
 breast,
 And a form went down to its place of rest,
 Like a weary bird to her evening nest,
 In the tall trees waving near.

She had struggled long with life,
 Long with her weight of woe,
 Till her eyes were dim with their flood of
 tears,
 Till her breast was sick with its hopes and
 fears;
 She had struggled on through weary years,
 Till the sands of life were low.

She had toiled from the early morn,
 When over the sleeping earth
 The clear bright rays of the sunlight fell
 Over the city, forest and dell;
 And music woke like a fairy bell,
 With a tremulous sound of mirth:

Till the golden sun was set,
 And the changing day gone by,
 And the stars shone forth like diamonds
 bright
 Set in the jeweled crown of Night;
 And the moon pour'd forth her flood of
 light
 From the far-off azure sky:

Till her rounded cheek grew pale,
 With her weary, toilsome lot;
 No friends were near, with their fond
 caress,
 To speak kind words, to soothe and bless;
 But she struggled on in her loneliness,
 Unnoticed and forgot.

Like a fettered bird long caged,
 Which is at length released,

Her soul flew forth from its cage of clay
 Into the fields of light and day,
 Where her spirit knows no more decay,
 But all shall whisper peace.

They have placed her in the tomb;
 None shed a sorrowing tear;
 The busy world will go plodding on;
 The night shall come, and the morning
 dawn
 For long, long years, yet the spirit gone,
 No more shall suffer here.

BOW TO NONE BUT GOD.

TURN thy face to the sunshine!
 Let nothing cast thee down,
 While truth upon thy forehead
 Rests blazing like a crown.
 Look up! nor fear, nor falter,
 Though a monarch press the sod—
 Soar upward like an eagle,
 And bow to none but God!

Cringe not to Wealth's proud children,
 Though robed in garments fine—
 Give not an inch! the pathway
 Is theirs not more than thine;
 Let thy stern eye confront them,
 Bearer of hoe or hod,
 Onward and upward, ever
 Bow thou to none but God!

Look up! be brave and steadfast,
 Press onward to thy goal;
 Art thou not the possessor
 Of an immortal soul?
 Soul bought by throes of anguish,
 In the garden where He trod—
 Soul, costly as a monarch's:
 Bow thou to none but God!

Shall thy cheek flush with crimson
 Before the world-called great?

Wilt thou fawn meekly, humbly
 To that thy heart must hate?
 Wilt thou bow to the oppressor
 With courtly beck and nod?
 No! stand like some strong mountain,
 And bow to none but God!

Onward! let slander's arrows
 Pass by in silent scorn;
 Let malice die in darkness,
 It was in darkness born;
 Let Falsehood perish writhing
 'Neath Truth's unsparing rod,
 She is the best avenger:
 Bow thou to none but God!

Onward! and plant thy harvest,
 Whate'er the world may say;
 No serpent's hiss beguile thee
 A moment from thy way.
 If the way be very humble
 O'er which thy feet have trod,
 Go on, with soul unbending,
 And bow to none but God!

No, never! while thy bosom
 Has a heart-throb within,
 Let thy free tongue be silent
 When the rich and mighty sin.
 Look up! nor fear nor falter,
 Though a monarch press the sod;
 He is but man, weak, erring:
 Bow thou to none but God!

SERENADE.

THE breeze is singing softly
 To the young bird on the tree;
 And if the breeze is singing,
 Shall not I sing to thee,
 Jennie, darling?
 Shall not I sing to thee?

The humble flower is looking
 Toward the evening star,

As I look to thee, my dearest,
 And worship from afar,
 Jennie, darling—
 And worship from afar.

Perhaps thy dark brown lashes
 Lie softly on thy cheek;
 Then let thy spirit listen,
 And hear me as I speak,
 Jennie, darling—
 And hear me as I speak.

Oh! let me, let me love thee,
 And worship from afar;
 For thou art far above me
 As yonder beauteous star,
 Jennie, darling—
 As yonder beauteous star.

And let me pour my spirit
 In one deep song to thee;
 Give but one glance, one token
 My talisman to be,
 Jennie, darling—
 My talisman to be.

She hears! she smiles! my spirit
 Soars like a bird afar!
 I half forget the distance
 Between me and the star,
 Jennie, darling—
 Between me and the star.

Good-night!—or is it morning?
 The landscape looks so bright,
 Or is it those dear glances
 Emitting glorious light,
 Jennie, darling?
 My soul is bathed in light.

THAT LITTLE HAND.

HIS little hand, so frail and fair!
 I held it when he died,
 As, with an agonizing prayer,
 I knelt me by his side.

And when the storm-clouds o'er me rise,
 Nor light comes with the day,
 That little hand is o'er mine eyes,
 To wipe their mists away.

Oh, death is not forgetfulness !
 It is not utter loss :
 Our dear ones do not love us less
 When they the death-gulf cross.

Oh, thou sweet cherub—gentle dove,
 From storms forever flown,
 Let thy light spirit-hand of love
 Forever clasp mine own.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

I HEAR a robin singing
 Out in the Autumn rain ;
 My soul its way is winging
 To childhood's time again ;
 I hear the south winds blowing,
 The rush of the harvest mowing,
 And the voice of the river flowing,
 Where lilies lived and died ;
 I rest beneath the shadow
 Of the aspen in the meadow,
 With no hope crucified.

And now his song is over,
 I hear the falling rain,
 But I seem to smell the clover
 With honeyed lips again ;
 And locks the world hath braided,
 And eyes the tomb hath shaded,
 Come back undimmed, unfaded,
 To my glad heart once more ;
 And all the sky is lighter,
 And all the world is brighter,
 Until my dream is o'er.

Oh, frail ties, fair and golden,
 That bind us to the past—
 Oh, dreams when hours the olden
 Seem all come back at last ;

Slight are the spells that take us
 To sweetest thoughts, and wake us
 From heartless things that make us
 Of sordid life the slaves ;
 And through the world's rough bustle
 There come the rush and rustle
 Of angel-wings, like waves.

THE TWO VOICES.

"THE way is rough, the rocks are bare,
 How can my bleeding footsteps cross?"—

"Courage! faint heart, do not despair,
 The rocks are dotted o'er with moss."

"The way is dark, and lone and far,
 The mists of gloom around me rise."—

"Look through thy tears, behold a star
 Soft shining on the tranquil skies."

"The way is desolate, I know
 Not where to turn—afraid, alone."—

"Have faith, a hand as pure as snow,
 Is waiting to receive thine own."

"The way is sad, the tones that thrilled
 My heart, come to my ears no more."—

"Go on in hope ; they are but stilled,
 That thou mayst seek them gone before."

"The way is cheerless : ah, my path
 Bears more of woe than others feel."—

"Not so, the smiles another hath
 A secret canker oft conceal."

"The way is fearful ! ah, the stream
 Is dark, by fears my heart is riven."—

"Courage one moment, yonder gleam
 The jasper gates of rest and heaven."

WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY.

WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY was born on the twentieth of June, in the year 1832, at Bloomington, Indiana, where his father resided as Professor of Mathematics in the Indiana University. His parents were John H. Harney and Martha Wallace Harney, and both are still living in Jefferson county, Kentucky. His father is widely known as one of the most profound scholars in the West, as the author of several standard works on mathematics, and as the editor of the *Louisville Daily Democrat*, wielding a wide and powerful influence in politics. Mr. Harney removed to Kentucky when William was about five years of age, and his life has been spent in an atmosphere of learning and refinement. After the preliminary training, William Wallace Harney entered Louisville College, where his education was mostly obtained. He did not graduate, following the advice of his father to be always ready for an examination to attain a diploma. His education was perfected under the tuition of Noble Butler, and N. P. Peabody. He taught school in Louisville for some years, and was elected Principal of the High School, which he conducted with signal ability for two years. He was called, upon the establishment of the State Normal School, to a professorship, which he filled, with eminent credit to himself, until the downfall of the school. He then began the practice of his profession, law, in Louisville, until the opening of the gubernatorial canvass of 1859, when he became connected with the editorial department of the *Louisville Daily Democrat*, in which position he has remained, except at brief intervals, ever since. During several years, Mr. Harney was a frequent contributor of poetry to the *Louisville Journal*, George D. Prentice awarding his poems high merit. He contributed also to the *Democrat*, and several other papers. These poetic efforts have not been numerous, but varied and entirely successful, as the abundant encomiums awarded them, together with their general popularity, will bear witness. Mr. Harney possesses fine scholarship, a correct and cultivated taste, with extraordinary versatility of talent, a logical mind, and great force of character. He has made a lasting impression upon the public mind in Kentucky as an able political writer, and as a genial and brilliant wit. The absorbing character of his duties as a journalist has not left him that leisure for the cultivation of his reputation as a poet, that his friends could wish, and the pure spring of Helicon has been neglected for the dirty pool of politics.

THE STAB.

On the road, the lonely road,
 Under the cold white moon,
 Under the ragged trees he strode;
 He whistled and shifted his weary load—
 Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step timed with his own,
 A figure that stooped and bowed—
 A cold, white blade that gleamed and
 shone,
 Like a splinter of daylight downward
 thrown—
 And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good,
 The barn fowl woke and crowed;
 Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood,
 And the brown owl called to his mate in
 the wood,
 That a dead man lay on the road.

THE BURIED HOPE.

FOLD down its little baby hands—
 This was a hope you had of old;
 Fillet the brow with rosy bands,
 And kiss its locks of shining gold.
 Somewhere within the reach of years,
 Another hope may come, like this;
 But this poor babe is gone, in tears,
 With thin white lips, cold to thy kiss.

In Summer, a little heap of flowers,
 In Winter, a little drift of snow,
 And this is all, through all the hours,
 Of the promised, perished long ago.
 So every heart has one dear grave,
 Close hidden under its joy or care,
 Till o'er it the gusts of memory wave,
 And leave the little head-stone bare.

THE SUICIDE.

THE night was cold, the wind was chill,
 The very air seemed frozen still,
 And snowy caps lay on the hill,
 In pure and spotless white;
 The icy stars lay on the sky;
 The frozen moon went sailing by,
 With baleful, livid light.

The leafless tree, with whitened limb
 Stood, like a specter lean and grim,
 Upon the darkened river's brim,
 A moveless sentinel!
 And waters turbulent and vast,
 Went swiftly boiling, eddying past,
 Adown the inky swell.

The twigs with tracery of white,
 And tapestry of curtained night,
 With fringe of strange, phosphoric light,
 Bowed idly to the moon;
 Anon, across the silent wood,
 The owl would break the solitude
 With wild and awful tune!

No hurrying wheel or beating tread
 Disturbed the sleeper in his bed,
 But earth and all on earth seemed dead,
 And frozen in their graves;
 The moon seemed that All-Seeing eye,
 That watched the waters whirling by
 In black and silent waves.

Near where the wrinkled waters fell,
 A woman—oh! such tales to tell—
 Lay, like a frozen Christabel,
 Upon the river's brim.
 Ah! was it so? or had I dreamed?
 Yet so I saw, or so it seemed,
 By that cold light and dim.

And fearfully I drew a-nigh,
 With opened lip, and staring eye,
 And trembling limbs—I knew not why—
 Unto the darkened spot,

Half-willing to advance, or flee
The thing that lay so silently,
And moved or muttered not.

Adown upon the river's bank,
With raven hair, the tresses dank,
A corse the yawning waters drank,
To cast upon the shore ;
The placid features, cold and still,
The pallid lip and bosom chill
Lay washing at the water's will,
And speechless evermore.

An ivory arm of purest white
Was swinging with the water's might,
And swaying slowly left and right,
As if the pulse was there ;
The eyes were closed upon the cheek,
And one white arm was folded meek
Upon the bosom fair.

And raven shreds were tangled in
Among the fingers long and thin,
As rent by grief, or chance, or sin,
In moments of distress ;
The garments, as in hours of trust,
Were rent from off the icy bust,
That gleamed in loveliness.

I, kneeling by that lovely face,
And gazing, vainly sought to trace
Her name, her station, or her place,
But all in vain at last ;—
But hark! what sounds are those I
meet ?
'Tis hurrying, clambering, stealing feet
That fearfully go past.

A wave, much larger than the rest,
Came rolling o'er that lovely breast,
And seizing it from out my quest,
It bore it down the tide ;
But was not that a horrid dream,
That thrilling, shrilly, piercing scream
That started from my side ?

I turned, but naught of earth was there,
Nor specter from the church-yard lair,
Nor creature dark, nor foul, nor fair,
Nor living thing, nor dead ;
But all was silent, still, and deep,
As are forms that lie in sleep,
Within their narrow bed.

THE OLD MILL.

LIVE and die, live and die,
And all the weary, weary years go by,
And the quaint Old Mill stands still ;
The sun-mixed shade, like a spotted snake,
Lies half-hidden in the bosky brake,
And half across the rill.

The Summer comes, and the Winter comes,
And the flower blooms, and the striped bee
hums,
And the Old Mill stands in the sun ;
The lichen hangs from the walls aloof,
And the rusty nails from the ragged roof
Drop daily, one by one.

The long grass grows in the shady pool,
Where the cattle used to come to cool,
And the rotting wheel stands still ;
The gray owl winks in the granary loft,
And the sly rat slinks, with a pit-pat soft,
From the hopper of the quaint Old Mill.

The mill-wheel clicked, and the mill-wheel
clacked,
And the groaning grooves once creaked
and cracked,
And the children came and played ;
The lazy team, in the days of yore,
Munched their fodder at the Old Mill door,
Or drowsed in its grateful shade.
But the good-wife died, and the miller died,
And the children all went far and wide
From the play-ground by the dam ;

Their marble-ring is grass o'ergrown
As the mossy foot of the old grave-stone,
Where the old folks sleep so calm.

But the miller's son, in the city thick,
Dreams that he hears the Old Mill click,
And sees the wheel go round ;
And the miller's daughter, through her
half-shut eyes,
Sees the miller in his dusty guise,
And the place where the corn was ground.

JIMMY'S WOOING.

THE wind came blowing out of the West,
And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
The wind came blowing out of the West :
It stirred the green leaves out of their
rest,
And rocked the blue-bird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound,
Like children babbling all around—
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With wee light foot, so trim and sly,
And sunburnt cheek and laughing eye—
And Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth, in linsey gown—
And Jimmy mowed the hay ;

A rustic Ruth, in linsey gown,
He watched her soft cheeks' changing
brown,

And the long dark lash that trembled down,
Whenever he looked that way.

Oh ! Milly's heart was good as gold,
And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
Oh ! Milly's heart was good as gold ;
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more he thought than e'er he told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
The rain came pattering down amain ;
And, under the thatch of the laden wain,
Jimmy and Milly, a cunning twain,
Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain-drops hurried in
Under the thatch of hay ;
The merry rain-drops hurried in,
And laughed and prattled in a din,
Over that which they saw within,
Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay ;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest ;
And then I'll swear she looked her best
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out,
Over the ruined hay—
And when the sun came laughing out,
Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
And twittering birds began to shout,
As if for a wedding-day.

LEWIS JAMES BATES.

L. JAMES BATES, who was born at Caatskill, New York, September twenty-second, 1832, but who has passed all his active life in the Mississippi Valley, is one of the most promising young poets of the West, who can set type as well as indite rhymes. Mr. Bates's poems have been published chiefly in the *Grand River Eagle*, Grand Rapids, Michigan, but he contributed to *Putnam's Monthly*, and writes for the *Knickerbocker*, New York. He is the author of several parodies, which exhibit a keen sense of what is humorous. Mr. Bates has been connected with the editorial department of the *Grand River Eagle*, and of the *State Journal* at Madison, Wisconsin. He now resides at Grand Rapids.

THE BRIDAL.

FAIRER than the spotless white,
At the nightly hour of noon,
Of the blended northern light,
And the gentle harvest-moon—
Sweeter than some angel-dream,
Such as infant-smiles express—
Maiden of the poet's theme,
Thou wert all that love could bless.

In the morning of her hair,
Rippling gold on banks of snow,
Rose and fell, as waves of air
In the dawning float and flow.
In the sunshine of her eyes,
Wheresoe'er her glances roam,
Danced the dainty summer-flies,
Deeming June at last had come.

Than the beauty of her soul
Seraph-joys were grosser even,
Blending in delicious whole
Half of earth and half of heaven.
But one shadow dared abide
In the glory of her home—

Formed so for an angel-bride,
Feared we lest the groom should come.

One alone, with lover's eye,
Watching at the early dawn,
Saw the angel-presence nigh—
Heard his footstep o'er the lawn.
Ah, what torture racked his brain,
As the footfall plainer grew,
For all human love was vain
Where an angel deigned to woo.

Robed in pure and spotless white,
Smiled she as the day drew on,
Waiting for the set of night,
When her lord should claim his own.
One by one the hours depart—
One by one the footfalls grow
Nearer to her drooping heart—
Nearer to her breast of snow.

When at last the eve had come,
And the man of God was there,
Came the groom to bear her home,
With a blessing and a prayer.
As the parting light of day
Mingles with the shades of even,
Melted thus our love away,
Half to earth and half to heaven.

THE MEADOW BROOK.

FROM the west window, look !
 Yon waving line of green
 Marks where the meadow brook
 Windeth its way unseen :—
 Windeth its way unseen
 Under the willows :
 All the sweet flowers between
 Drink of its billows.

Silent and still it flows,
 So little space it hath ;
 But the sweet meadow rose
 Brightens along its path :
 Brightens along its path
 Under the willows,
 To the dark lake whose wrath
 Stays its bright billows.

Rill of the humble soul,
 Though no proud multitude
 Mark where thy waters roll,
 By their green line of good—
 By their green line of good—
 Roses and willows
 Bloom o'er thy life's small flood
 Far down its billows.

Rill of the loving heart,
 By thy bright fringe of green
 Telling us where thou art
 Winding thy way unseen—
 Winding thy way unseen
 Under life's willows,
 All the sweet flowers between
 Drink of thy billows.

Silent and still thy flow
 (Love needs but little room) ;

Yet, where thy waters go,
 Ah ! how the roses bloom !
 Ah ! how the roses bloom !
 Roses and willows !
 Till the dark lake of doom
 Stills thy sweet billows.

THE HAPPY YEAR.

ONE morn—I do remember well—
 It rained—'twas on a New-Year's day—
 Methought the tears of angels fell
 On all the seasons passed away.

What glimmer of millennial light
 Has lit the roadway trod in gloom ?
 The world reels blindly through the night,
 The "Happy Year" may never come.

Our days have fallen on evil times ;
 Our highest are our basest men ;
 The blood of mediæval crimes
 Drips from our garments now, as then.

Out of that deep, how little rise :
 Out of that darkness what faint spark
 Has shown, to cheer the longing eyes
 Weary of watching through the dark ?

What star has touched the zenith yet ;
 Has passed the dim, meridian line,
 The seal on morning's brow to set,
 And quicken error's slow decline ?

Weary of questioning the night,
 I looked into the storm, and lo !
 The blackness of the earth was white !
 The falling rain had changed to snow !

MARY R. WHITTLESEY.

MARY ROBBINS WHITTLESEY was born at Elyria, Lorain county, Ohio, in 1832, and is the daughter of the late Frederick Whittlesey. She now resides at Cleveland, with her mother. Her poetry has appeared chiefly in the *Ohio Farmer*, to which journal she has contributed several poems of great merit. Her verse betrays her careful intellectual culture, and is full of fine poetic sensibility (another word for genius), which will hereafter develop itself in forms of greater originality. The poems here printed do not indicate the range of the poet's thought, but are in her best manner.

HEMLOCK HOLLOW.

UNDER these hemlocks no blossoms grow,
And the black banks slope to the stream
below,
That is blacker still, and sluggish, and
slow;
For even in summer the sun shines not
Thro' the drooping boughs of this dreary
spot;
And the mill-wheel mouldered years ago,
And the mill-stream's current is running
low.

Here, in October, the icicles gleam,
Hanging their fringes from yonder beam,
Over the sullen and silent stream;
And some who in summer-dawns have
crossed
Yonder bridge, have seen it white with
frost;
And the mill-wheel mouldered years ago,
And the mill-stream's current is running
low.

A weird and somber silence broods,
Morning and noon, in these hemlock
woods,

Where never a singing-bird intrudes;
And the only sound, when the night falls
cool,
Is the frogs' dull croak from yon stagnant
pool;
For the mill-wheel mouldered years ago,
And the mill-stream's current is running
low.

THE WOODMAN'S AX.

BENEATH the forest's roof of green,
A few pale, scentless blossoms lean,
With straggling tufts of moss between.

The woodman's ax strikes sure, tho' slow;
"Alas! for glory lying low;—
Alas! their like will never grow."

So mourn we, muttering: "Woe betide
The cruel, cruel hand that plied
The ax which felled the forest's pride!"

The years glide on in sun and shade—
Forgotten lies the forest glade,
Where often, once, our footsteps strayed;

Till, in some careless hour, we come
Upon a patch of sunny bloom,
Deep in the forest's heart of gloom,

And pause, in sudden, quick delight,
To wonder how these blossoms bright
So long have hidden from our sight.

The woodman's ax let sunlight in,
Where pale and scentless flowers did lean,
With straggling tufts of moss between;

And lo! this garden full of bloom,
Where humming-birds and wild bees hum,
Deep in the forest's heart of gloom.

There is no loss without its gain,
And blessings lurk in all our pain,
Or we have lived our life in vain.

That seems a cruel hand to us,
Which lays our joys low in the dust—
We bow beneath it—for we must,

But, in good time we come to know
That hand let sunshine in below,
Where lowly gifts, like flowers, might grow.

Content, and sweet humility,
And patient trust, and charity,
The blossoms of adversity.

Oh! mourners! weary of life's pain,
Take heart! thro' grief we joy attain—
There is no loss without its gain.

JULIETTE.

JUST fourteen, as slim and straight
As the poplar by the gate;
Eyes as black, and bright, and fearless
As some wild things, pretty, peerless
Juliette!

Short, black hair, too straight to curl,
Though it has a little twirl;
Pouting lips, and nose *retroussé*,
She is no meek, simple Lucy—
Juliette.

Where she sits, she seems to me
Like a wild bird, or a bee,
Pausing in her flight a minute,
Only freshly to begin it—
Juliette.

When she walks, no Indian queen
Wears a prouder, statelier mien;
Stepping o'er the grass so lightly,
With a tread both proud and sprightly,
Juliette.

In the glances of her eye,
Proud, defiant, though so shy,
Speaks a spirit, keen, sarcastic,
Matching with that step elastic—
Juliette

Juliette, take care!—take care!—
Men, of girls like you, beware;
Tho' you're young, and bright, and pretty,
They'll not love you, if you're witty,
Juliette.

If you walk with such an air;
Red lips pouting, "I don't care;"
Bright eyes saying, "I'll not fear you,
I'll not worship, nor revere you,
Stupid men!"

All unconscious, though you be,
Of that dash of mockery,
Every look and gesture show it,
And some time I know you'll rue it,
Juliette.

Only fourteen, Juliette!—
Time to mend those sad ways yet;
Train those eyes to meek demureness:
Gentle glances are most sure, Miss
Juliette.

Teach those lips no more to curl,
Or they'll leave you, saucy girl,
Your bright eyes, and red lips juicy,
For some humble, blue-eyed Lucy—
Juliette.

Yet I love you, as you are,
Bright and sparkling, like a star,
With those shy, proud ways, concealing
Worlds of deep and tender feeling,
Juliette.

NOT YET.

I SEE the mists slow-rising from the river
meadows,
The ghostly mists that soon will wrap
me round;
I hear the moths flit through the twilight
shadows
Of yonder room—a ghostly, haunting
sound.

And this is all—no echo of the voices
That talked with mine in twilights long
gone by;
No shadowy gleams from well-remembered
faces
Turned upward to the starry evening
sky.

Come, mists, slow-rising from yon sleeping
river,
Close wrap me in your cold and pallid
arms!
They are not colder than the bosoms stilled
forever,
Not paler than those still and shrouded
forms.

And yet, not thus, I know, would they em-
brace me,

If in the spirit they should come to-
night,

After these long, long years, once more to
face me,

With brows all radiant with celestial
light.

Come, friend, whose pure and high, yet
loving spirit,

Once called these hill-sides home, and me
thy friend,

Come near me as of old—I should not
fear it—

I know thy tenderness could never end.

And he, so early called from earth to meet
thee,

He with folded arms, and lofty mien,

Whose soul was hidden from us; come and
greet me,

My childhood's friends, so long unheard,
unseen!

I feel the mists close round me creeping,
creeping;

I hear the moths flit in yon darkened
room;

But this is all, though spirits may be
keeping

Their solemn trysting 'mid the gathering
gloom.

Not yet, not yet may we three meet, tho'
meadow,

And sloping hill-side, where the wild
flowers blow,

And orchard dark all day with slumbering
shadow,

Still with their haunting presence over-
flow.

BENJAMIN S. PARKER.

BENJAMIN S. PARKER was born on the tenth of February, 1833, in Henry county, Indiana. He spent his boyhood and early manhood on a farm, enjoying common-school advantages for education.

Mr. Parker has written for the *State Journal*, at Indianapolis, and for other papers of his native State, a large number of pleasant poems, many of which are on subjects of Western interest.

INDIAN GRAVES.

ALL along the winding river
And adown the shady glen,
On the hill and in the valley,
Are the graves of dusky men.

We are garrulous intruders
On the sacred burying grounds
Of the Manitou's red children,
And the builders of the mounds.

Here the powah and the sachem,
Here the warrior and the maid,
Sleeping in the dust we tread on,
In the forests we invade,

Rest as calmly and as sweetly,
As the mummied kings of old,
Where Cyrene's marble city
Guards their consecrated mould.

Through the woodland, through the meadow,
As in silence oft I walk,
Softly whispering on the breezes,
Seems to come the red men's talk ;

Muttering low and very sweetly
Of the good Great-Spirit's love,
That descends like dews of evening,
On His children, from above.

Still repeating from the prophets,
And the sachems gray and old,
Stories of the south-west Aiden,
Curtained all around with gold :

Where the good and great Sowanna
Calleth all His children home,
Through the hunting grounds eternal,
Free as summer winds to roam :

Singing wildest songs of wailing
For the dead upon their way,
On the four days' journey homeward
To the realms of light and day :

Chanting soft and gentle measures,
Lays of hope and songs of love,
Now like shout of laughing waters,
Now like cooing of the dove :

Then, anon, their feet make echo
To the war song's fiendish howl,
And revenge upon their features
Sets his pandemonian scowl.

See! again, the smoke is curling
From the friendly calumet,
And the club of war is buried,
And the star of slaughter set.

But alas ! imagination,
Ever weaving dream on dream,

Soon forgets the buried red men
For some more congenial theme.

But although their race is ended
And forever over here,
Let their virtues be remembered,
While we fervently revere

All their ancient burial-places,
Hill and valley, plain and glen;
Honor every sacred relic
Of that fading race of men.

Gitche-Manito has called them
From the chase and war-path here,
To the mystic land of spirits,
In some undiscovered sphere.

In a land of light and glory,
That no sachem's eye hath seen,
Where the streams are golden rivers,
And the forests ever green;

Where the winter-sun descending
Sets the south-west sky aflame,
Shall the Indian race be gathered
In the great Sowanna's name.

ISADORE.

PUREST souls are sometimes given
Into forms of slightest mould,
Spirits that belong to heaven,
As the lambkin to the fold,
That no earthly love can stay
From their native shore away.

Spirits very meek and lowly,
Such as in the days to come,
Singing praises to the Holy,
In the glad millennium,
Then shall tread the earth alone,
Till a thousand years are gone.

Such a soul of rarest beauty,
Oh! sweet Isadore, was thine,
As along the path of duty
Trode thy presence—half divine,
Till from out the courts above,
As a messenger of love,

When the starry lamps were swinging
In the vaulted blue of night,
Came an angel downward winging,
On his pinions snowy white,
And thy spirit bore away
To the realms of endless day.

FREEDOM.

FREEDOM is the child of heaven,
Mortal's priceless boon, God-given,
Deathless as the human soul.
All the ministers of evil,
All the angels of the Devil,
Despots that a space control,
Cannot blind this foe to evil,
Cannot blast it from the soul.

O! sing praise to God the giver
Of this boon that lives forever,
Nature, with thy heavenly voice!
Sun that shineth in thy glory,
Shout aloud great freedom's story,
Till the distant spheres rejoice,
Till the Earth, grown old and hoary,
Shall make freedom's God its choice.

Hearken thou, O! fellow-mortal,
Sitting in thy doom's sad portal,
To the voices as they flow,
How the starry beams that quiver,
And the swiftly-flowing river,
Shout for freedom as they go,
Then arise, thank God the giver,
And for freedom strike the blow.

MARY A. SHORT.

MARY ASENATH SHORT, daughter of Daniel and Anne W. Short, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1833. In 1850 she removed with her parents to Columbus, Ohio. Her first published poems were contributed to the *Weekly Ohio Statesman*, then conducted by Samuel Medary. She is well known as CULTIVATOR MARY, having frequently written over that signature for the *Ohio Cultivator*, and for "Grace Greenwood's" *Little Pilgrim*. Her later poems, published in *Arthur's Home Magazine* and *Beadle's Home Monthly*, have been signed FANNY TRUE. Miss Short is now a resident of Plymouth, Richland county, Ohio.

ANOTHER YEAR.

LIKE a child by the sea-shore standing,
Where the waves sweep up in their
pride,
I stand by the brink of the closing year,
And watch its receding tide.

Whatever of good, whatever of wrong,
To its dashing waves I have cast,
Will return again, when the tide rolls in
With the scroll of the mighty Past!

Remorseless waters! ye mock and play,
Ye surge o'er many a wreck,
O'er many a wreck of home and heart,
As over a shattered deck.

But on, in the strength of its native pride,
Sweeps the majestic sea;
Bearing the years, with their records and
deeds,
To the shores of Eternity!

Shall we idly wander upon the strand?
Shall we gather the shells that lay
Rose-hued and pearl, amid the foam,
Tossed up by the mocking spray?

Shall we heed the roar of the restless deep,
While the waves roll up and recede,
And the record they bear—a blank, per-
chance,
Or a wrong or unworthy deed?

A white-capped billow is nearing the shore,
It is welcomed with hope and fear;
And the name we read on its jeweled crest,
Is the name of another year!

Then on the breast of the breaking wave,
Rich tokens of good we'll cast,
And they shall return, when the tide
sweeps in,
With the scroll of the mighty Past!

GONE HOME.

"Dust to dust," the Preacher said,
Above the form of the sleeping dead;
"Ashes to ashes," let her be,
Alone in her holy purity.

Folded the hands upon her breast,
Mocking the semblance of dreamy rest;

The closed lips part no more with breath,
All still in the awful hush of death.

Smooth the pillow beneath her head,
Tenderly touch the beautiful dead;
Who shall part the veil for thee,
And reveal this strange death-mystery?

Sweetly humble, her life while here,
Fitful with changing hope and fear;
Silent and pure, she walked alone,
Onward and upward to the Throne!

On through a world that was cold and vain,
On through bitterness, grief and pain;
Keeping her soul, 'mid trials and cares,
Gentle and white with her trusting prayers.

She reached at last the Beautiful Gate,
No need for the weary one to wait;—
Her robes were such as the angels wear,—
The Gate swung back, and she entered there!

LITTLE NELL WOOD.

“WHAT makes me so happy, so happy to-day?”
Cried little Nell Wood, looking up from
her play;
The while a sweet wonderment beamed in
her eyes,
As though 'twere a strange and delightful
surprise
That her heart with such gladness and joy
should be stirred,
And dance in her breast like a sweet sing-
ing bird!
She went to the window, and while the
Spring air
Pushed back the bright waves of her soft,
curling hair,
It brought ne'er a vision of meadow and
trees,
Or roses or brooks, or sweet honey-bees—

She saw not her lamb as it fed by the
door,

Or the kitten that played by her feet on
the floor,

And pulling her dress in a sly coaxing
way,

And pleadingly mewling, as much as to
say—

“Come, Nelly, caress me, and join in my
play!”

No, she saw none of these, for her thoughts
were all bent

Down deep in her soul, with a wondering
intent,

Searching out the bright sun whose beau-
tiful ray,

Had made her life happy, so happy that
day!

So happy—and still in her little vexed
brain

She was pondering the question again and
again,

As others have done, and oftentimes in
vain,

Why earth was so bright, and her glad
spirit thrilled

With kindness and love, and her gentle
heart filled

With a melody new,—when perchance on
the morrow,

The hours would darken with tintings of
sorrow.

'Twas the first earnest thought of her little
child-mind,

Still no impulse or cause for her joy could
she find,

So the happy day passed in her innocent
glee,

Till seated at night on her fond mother's
knee,

In her little white robe, all prepared for
her bed,

And the simple petition of prayer had
been said,

The mother with tenderness clasped to her
breast,
And whispered to Nell, ere she laid her to
rest,

"When Freddy was naughty, and struck
you this morn,
You did not grow angry and strike in re-
turn,

But all the day long you've been gentle
and mild,

And made mother proud of so darling a
child!"

A beautiful light is in little Nell's eyes,
A new thought has filled her with joyful
surprise—

"Now I know it," she cried, "it's all un-
derstood,

'Twas God made me happy, because I was
good!"

'Tis thus we find wisdom, all pure, unde-
fined,

When God sends us truth, on the lips of a
child.

She has solved the great problem, sweet
little Nell Wood,

That the way to be happy is, first to be
good!

APPRECIATION.

I ASK not for a kindly deed, ye should
My name applaud;

Give me no formal thanks or flatteries
As meet reward.

These cannot satisfy, when I have sought
With sweet delight,

Through thy long absence, with a faithful
heart,
To do just right!

When I have made thy wishes all my own,
And gently thought

That thou wouldst look approvingly on
what

My hands had wrought;
I ask that thou appreciate, and if

'Tis fairly won,
Grant me the blessing of a smile, and say,
"It is well done!"

MAY.

BEAUTIFUL May,
Like a child at play,
Comes tripping along her joyous way,—
Tripping along,
With mirth and song,
Laughing, loving May!

Wiping her tears,
Soothing her fears,
April no longer in shadow appears;
May's soft hand
Like a magic wand,
Scattereth blessings all over the land.

The bright sun gleams,
On hills and streams,
There's a strange, new warmth in his
glancing beams.
Ah! blue-eyed May
Is his bride to-day,
Beautiful maiden, May!

GEORGE W. CROWELL.

GEORGE W. CROWELL was born in the village of Bloomfield, Trumbull county, Ohio, in the year 1833. He assisted his father to till the soil until he was eighteen years of age. He then went to Cleveland and engaged in mercantile business, which he has since prosecuted with activity, giving only occasional attention to literature. Did he cultivate his poetical abilities as assiduously as he has pursued his business, he would occupy high rank among the poets of the West.

OUR SIRES.

WHERE are our sires, our noble sires,
Those men of toil and earnest thought,
Who lit our sacred vestal fires,
A heritage so dearly bought?

Who spurned the tyrants' deeds of wrong,
And swept o'er wide expanse of sea,
'Mid nature's wilds to battle long,
And swell the armies of the free.

Their ax-strokes rang 'mid forests deep,
Their cabins rose in every glade;
With freedom wild, their pulses beat—
Those fearless souls, the truly brave.

Our domains then, a wildering wild,
Of savage haunt and tangled wood,
Where roamed unfettered nature's child,
And forests grand, in beauty stood.

They crossed our many flowing streams,
They toiled o'er rugged mountains high,
Where proud the Mississippi gleams,
And where the Alleghanies lie.

They came, the aged and the youth,
Still firmly bearing in their van

The sacred ark of living truth,
To worship God, at peace with man.

They left to us a country free,
Untrammelled by despotic hand,
Of rivers vast and spreading sea,
Of swelling hills and mountains grand.

And bright upon historic page,
Enrolled their names shall ever shine
With peerless luster, age on age,
Through bright'ning realm of coming
time.

VENUS.

I LEAN upon my window-sill,
And gaze up to the evening star,
Which glows serenely calm and still,
In purple distance there afar;
Which hangs a golden urn of light
Within the silent deepening West,
And brighter gleams as shades of night
Brood o'er a world's deep, pulseless rest.
And earnest thoughts rise in my soul,
As still I mark its onward way,

Where waves of light retreating roll
 Along the dim confines of day.
 Where pale and calm, yet stern it shines,
 And leads the armies of the night,
 Which sweep with long and glistening
 lines,
 Like bannered hosts of peerless might,
 Along the pathway of the skies,
 Adown the blue and gleaming arch,
 Where day in fainting splendor flies
 Before their grand triumphal march.

But yet shall she assert her might,
 When through the gateway of the dawn
 She rolls her crimson tides of light
 O'er mountain waste and smiling lawn.
 And thus, I thought, as ages wane,
 How in the cycles vast of time
 Successive souls shall rise and reign
 In constellations there sublime.
 And as the starry fields above
 Melt in the golden haze of day,
 Thus in the boundless realms of love
 The stars of mind shall fade away.
 Forever rising through the gloom,
 Their endless columns onward pour,
 The nations marching to the tomb,
 They pass from earth for evermore.

And thus when with the solemn night
 I see her armies grand and vast,
 When Venus flames in splendor bright,
 My soul steals down the ages past,
 I see the star there brightly shine,
 Chaldea's pilgrims' guiding gem,
 The star which first with light divine
 Hung o'er the vales of Bethlehem.
 O child of Eve! O boon of life!
 O hope unto my soul that's given!
 I gaze from out the dust of strife,
 From earth to thee, from thee to heaven.

LOOK UP.

Look up! the future's all before!
 There—let the past deep buried lie;
 While life still nerves the arm to do,
 Let hope yet fire the soul to try.
 O bow not down before the blast,
 But stand erectly, firm and strong;
 And bravely meet opposing fate—
 What though the struggle's fierce and long!

Yes, bare your arm, and raise your head,
 And let your gaze be upward still;
 The palm of victory lies before,
 And you shall grasp it, if you will!

The world may seek to put you down;
 But that the world can never do,
 If, strong in conscious truth and right,
 Your purpose firm, you firm pursue.

The men who've made a living mark,
 And won a name which ne'er can die,
 Have toiled through years of doubt and
 gloom
 Up to their immortality.

How bright the generative scroll,
 Which marks the long descended line,
 That bore the sacred ark of truth
 Adown the dusky slopes of time!

They've often on the scaffold's deck,
 And often in the lonely cell,
 Maintained the dignity of right,
 And triumphed over earth and hell.

O fainting soul, fresh courage take,
 While deeds like these immortal shine;
 If thou wilt struggle to the end,
 The victory must and will be thine.

And in that toil each drop of sweat
 Shall flash a jewel in thy crown;
 The world may strew your path with thorns,
 But it can never put you down!

CARRIE S. HIBBARD.

THERE is a beautiful tenderness in all the poems that I have seen from the pen of "Mabel St. Clair," which must already have endeared her to many hearts that have "loved and lost." For me, there is overmuch odor of graves and coffin-varnish in her verse; she seems to have gathered nearly all her flowers from a place of tombs. But she has a genuine poetic feeling, and a rare felicity of expression, that counterbalance her funereal tendency, and her occasional want of art. The excellencies and faults of her poetry are too obvious for comment. She always seems to "look into her heart and write."

Miss Hibbard was born at Milledfield, Athens county, Ohio, in 1833, and now resides at Spring Hill, Fulton county. Under the *nom de plume*, "Mabel St. Clair," she has contributed to the *Ohio State Journal*, *Toledo Blade*, and *Athens Messenger*.

COUSIN MILLIE.

"I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly"—

Gaily sang out cousin Millie, one day,
As wildly we danced 'neath the broken-
limbed russet tree,
Long years ago, one mid-summer, at play.

Up went her arms, with their bands of soft
ribbon,
Down came the curls o'er her shoulders
of snow,
Trip went her feet to her lip keeping mu-
sic,
Now joyous and gushing, now plaintive
and low.

I kissed the red lips ere they paused in
their singing,
I pushed back the curls from her sunny
white brow;
And up from my heart came the words
that I uttered,
"Why, Millie, you're almost a butterfly
now."

Many long years have gone by since that
summer,

Years that have burdened those shoul-
ders with care;
Years that have hushed the glad song of
that morning,
And wrung from those lips the deep wail
of despair.

Oft when I meet her in emblems of mourn-
ing,
And look on the shadows that cloud her
sweet brow,
My heart faintly echoes the song of that
morning—
Ah! Millie, you'd be a sad butterfly now!

But when o'er her heart the pale hands
shall be folded,
When from her brow the damp locks
put away,
The beauty He'll give her in mansions of
glory,
Shall not—like the butterfly's—be for a
day.

THE OLD DOOR-STONE.

HALF hidden there in rustling leaves,
 With velvet moss o'ergrown,
 Dark with the shade the willow weaves,
 Deep lies the old door-stone;
 I sometimes fancy 'tis peopled still,
 That old house over the way—
 Fancy it echoes the joyous shout
 Of children merry at play.

Each room has a voice that I love to hear,
 Each haunt where our feet have trod—
 Though some that walked beside me there
 Are resting now under the sod.
 The grass that grew by the garden wall
 Was parted aside one day,
 To lay down our Abbie, the dearest of all,
 To sleep 'neath the shadow for aye.

And when sweet Minnie went a bride,
 Crowned with our hopes and prayers;
 We smiled adieu, but the old door-stone
 Was spattered thick with tears.
 And o'er it, too, our Charley passed,
 But he'll never cross it more,
 For the ocean wave sweeps over him now,
 A thousand leagues from shore.

And I mind me too, when the old door-stone
 Bore prints of the baby's feet;
 When she came to us at dewy eve,
 With pinks and violets sweet.
 Ah, had she lived to bear her part
 In the warfare of after-years,
 I fear that both her eyes and heart
 Would have sometimes filled with tears.

We may seek for other and fairer homes,
 But dearest, I know, and best,
 Will be the one whose hallowed rooms
 Our feet in childhood press'd.
 Be this my prayer—may He guide us all
 In wisdom, and mercy, and love;
 Till He calls us up to that brighter home
 "Not built with hands," above.

LADY MARY.

LADY Mary is riding by,
 Her black plumes nod in passing breeze;
 I caught the glance of her hazel eye,
 Passing under the gateway trees.
 Lady Mary is riding by,
 Handsome and rich, O! why not I?

Ah! pause, fair girl, ere thus you gaze
 At the nodding plumes and the faultless
 dress,
 She would tell thee, child, that it ill re-
 pays
 The price of her former happiness;
 And gladly she'd give them all to you,
 For an hour of peace her girlhood knew.

Those glittering bands wreath a weary
 brow,
 Those satin folds cover an aching heart,
 And dark as her sable plumes the woe
 That is tearing the chords of her life
 apart.
 An unloved wife, what more than this
 Could chain us here to wretchedness?

Strangers meet in those princely halls,
 Though bound by the closest of human
 ties,
 And the mirror that hangs on those gilded
 walls
 Too often reflects back tearful eyes.
 Were it thine to choose, say, say, sweet
 maid,
 Would ye purchase wealth at the price
 she's paid?

She may keep her servants, her lands, her
 gold,
 Her wealth, her home, so dearly bought,
 I am happier here a thousandfold,
 And her pomp and beauty I envy not.
 Lady Mary is riding by,
 She is not rich—'tis I, 'tis I.

GRANVILLE M. BALLARD.

GRANVILLE MELLEN BALLARD was born at Westport, Oldham county, Kentucky, on the thirtieth day of March, 1833. His father was a physician. Granville enjoyed excellent opportunities for education in boyhood, and graduated in the scientific department of Asbury University, at Greencastle, Indiana, in July, 1851. He has courted the Muses since his boyhood, and has contributed poems to Eastern, Southern and Western magazines and newspapers. His poems are all carefully constructed, and some of them are distinguished for mellifluous rhythm. The poems selected for this volume find place here, not because they are his best poems, but because they possess local interest as well as poetic merit. The "Ballad of Gnarlwood Tree" is an original contribution to this work. Mr. Ballard is now the principal teacher in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Indianapolis. He gives his leisure to a poem entitled "The Village Politician," which he proposes to publish before the expiration of the present year.

WHERE?—HERE.

WHERE doth the sunlight linger latest?
Where?

Where doth Diana smiling meet us?
Where doth Delphinus nightly greet us?
Where?

Where doth the early primrose bloom?
Where doth the pink exhale perfume?
Where do the shadows bring no gloom?
Oh! Where?

Where hath the sky the softest blue?
Where hath the grass the greenest hue?
Where doth the night distil her dew,
Into the lap of the sullen yew?
Where? Where?

Where do the waters murmuring low,
Reflect the sunset's golden glow?
Where do the springs forever flow?
Where do the winds most softly blow?
Where doth moss on the hill-sides grow?
Where? oh! Where?

Where do ivy and woodbine cling,
To the twisted trunk of the forest king?
Where doth the blue-jay loudly sing?
Where is the lark first on the wing?
Where doth the robin early bring
Her brood of young in the vernal spring?
Where? Where?

Not in the cold and dreary North,
Whence Boreas sends her children forth;
Nor yet beneath those Southern skies,
Where withered flowers shut their eyes;
Nor in the old and fabled East,
Where adders in the palace feast.
But here, oh soul that panteth, rest
Beneath the blue skies of the West;
Here find that ocean deep and wide
O'er which the bark of life may glide—
Nor wind, nor wave, nor aught beside
Can give to hope an ebb or tide—
Here.

BLOOD FOR BLOOD.

A BALLAD OF GNARLWOOD TREE.*

RED was the sun in Autumn,
 And the Autumn's leaves were red;
 And the green old earth was dappled brown,
 And the sky was blue overhead.

The alder bush was leafless,
 The sweet fern's leaves were seared,
 And smoky, and dull, and old and gray,
 The hills far off appeared.

From caverns came the west wind,
 Where sleep her fairy clan,
 And over the chords of a viewless harp
 The west wind's fingers ran.

Nimble the west wind's fingers
 Over the old harp swept,
 And a thousand monarchs of the wood
 In russet and purple wept.

It was a mournful music
 Such as the Autumn brings,
 For it was the weird October winds
 That swept the wizard strings.

In such a time of Autumn,
 In years now long gone by,
 In a dense old forest of the West
 Where spires now pierce the sky,

With blankets wound about them,
 And with bows and arrows three,

* Prominent among the objects of interest in the beautiful capital of Indiana, stands Gnarlwood Tree, with which the incidents of this ballad are associated. It is a native elm, and has been adjudged by travelers to stand without a rival, in all the cities of the Union, in point of beauty. The interest that clusters around it, on account of the tragedies supposed to have been enacted beneath its branches, should book it upon the page of romance. This tree has attained an altitude of about ninety feet, and the greatest diameter of its top is almost one hundred feet. Its trunk measures one hundred and eighteen inches in circumference, at a point equally distant from the ground and the lowest limbs. Its massive crown outlines a beautiful curve, and its roots extend over an area of nearly nine hundred square yards.

Big Ears, Elk, and Eagle Eye sat
 Under old Gnarlwood Tree.

Sad and sullen they sat,
 Dreamers at noon of day;
 And they looked intently upon the earth,
 But neither a word did say.

From noon till night they sat
 Under old Gnarlwood Tree,
 When Big Ears, chief of the Dela-
 wares,
 Rose up, and thus spoke he:

"Brothers, this day we've passed
 In penance for the dead;—
 Blood for blood was the olden law
 That turned our fathers red.

"Swift as the fallow-deer
 I vow to speed away,
 Nor heed the elk nor the buffalo
 Till I the pale face slay."

He knit his brow in wrath,
 He scowled on earth and sky,
 And the hot revenge that warmed his blood,
 Shot fire from his eye.

Then Elk, an Indian brave,
 Grim as the twilight oak,
 Arose as silently as the moon
 And these words fiercely spoke:

"Black is the evil bird—
 Black are the clouds of night—
 Black was the young Pokomah's hair,
 But contrast makes them white,—

"White as the wild swan's breast
 Whose feathers plume this dart,
 White as the winter's new-born snow,
 Beside the pale man's heart.

"Over the dreary moor,
 Over the steep hill-side,
 And over the prairie and through the wood,
 And over the rivers wide,

“Early and late and long,
Through rain and drifting snow,
In the blaze of day and the black of night,
In quest of blood I'll go.”

Eagle Eye next stood up,
Of all, he was the pride;
In mournful numbers he bewailed
The fate of his young bride.

“Where has Pokomah gone?
Pokomah, where is she?
Oh, wind that bloweth her long black hair,
Bring my Pokomah to me.

“For oh! she was the light
That nestled in my eye;
She made my heart as light as the cloud
That swims upon the sky.

“Lighter than eider-down
Was my Pokomah's step,
And brighter her dreams than gilded morn,
When on my arm she slept.

“Oh, treacherous pale-face man,
Thy breath doth taint the air;
My faithful arrow shall pierce thy heart,
For thou hast wronged me there.

“I'll scour the forest through
In search of the cowardly wight;
Blood for blood is the red man's code,
And I'm for blood this night.”

Then all was still again
Beneath old Gnarlwood Tree,
And through its branches the west wind
played
A mournful melody.

And all the stars evolved
A gentle and holy light,
As Big Ears, Elk, and Eagle Eye vowed
To be revenged that night.

But when the rosy morn
Betokened the early day,

Those Indian braves, with bow and quiver,
Were many a mile away.

They held an even course
Toward the rising sun,
Nor deemed their journey in quest of blood
But only just begun.

Onward through beechen groves,
And thickets of wild pawpaw,
Feeding upon the hickory nut,
And on the ripening haw;

Over the mighty rivers,
And over the winding rills;
And over a thousand shadowy vales,
And over a thousand hills;

Onward they held their way,
Through many a day and night,
Until the mountains had heaved in view
And then were lost to sight.

Then cautiously and slow
Their journey they pursued,
For over the hill-tops just ahead
A dozen houses stood.

One from all the rest
Nestled amid the green,
And over its wooden lintels climbed
The grateful eglantine.

Sweet briers from the forest
Within the garden grew,
And, dropping gold, laburnums stood
From Europe's gardens, too.

Within its flowery walks
There stood a maiden fair,
And she was placing the Autumn flowers
Among her chestnut hair.

Luella was her name,
A lady of high degree,
Born in a land of soft sundowns
Beyond the chiming sea.

One year before she came
 From silvery Guadalquivir,
 Never to strike the sweet guitar
 Again upon that river.

And in that cottage lived
 Her cousin, Rodriga,
 A hunter bold—but now, alack,
 An hundred miles away.

The braves approached the fence,
 For 'twas the closing day,
 And Eagle Eye scaled the picket walls
 And seized upon his prey.

And when the morning dawned,
 The captive and the three
 Had journeyed many a silent league
 Toward old Gnarlwood Tree.

For there was Pokomah slain
 By Rodriga's own hand,
 And thitherward, many and many a moon,
 Tended the captive band.

The winter had come and gone,
 The flower encased the bee,
 And green leaves welcomed the breezes
 back
 From off the southern sea ;

The vernal sun hung high,
 And loudly sang the jay,
 And flowers exhaled a sweet perfume
 Upon the first of May,

When she that once had lived
 In halls beyond the tide,
 Knelt a captive upon the green
 Where young Pokomah died.

As Eagle Eye drew his bow,
 Again these words he said,
 "Blood for blood was the olden law
 That turned our fathers red."

Swifter than elk or deer
 Sped his unerring dart,—

It parted the liquid fields of air,
 Then pierced Luello's heart.

Thus in years now olden,
 And upon the first of May,
 Where the grass grows green and the sky
 hangs blue,
 And the robin sings all day,

Perished the beautiful maiden,
 Who came o'er the chiming sea,
 Even from silvery Guadalquivir,
 Unto old Gnarlwood Tree.

ZULA ZONG.

OVER a meadow where dandelions
 Were crowned with airy balls,
 Stood a cottage ; and eglantine,
 And climbing roses loved to twine,
 With many a beautiful antique vine,
 Over its wooden walls.

And in that cottage long years ago,
 Lived beautiful Zula Zong.
 Her voice was clear as a silver bell ;
 And oh ! her laugh, it cast a spell
 Over the depths of sorrow's well,
 Unknown to the minstrel's song.

And over that meadow but yesterday,
 The old path led me on ;
 I heard no voice, as in years afore,
 And dimpled cheeks I saw no more—
 With tears of sorrow my eyes run o'er
 For beautiful Zula Zong.

Now alders grow where hollyhocks grew,
 Over that meadow all brown ;
 And red briars nod to the mistletoe,
 Where myrtle and woodbine years ago,
 Were trained with a hand as white as
 snow,
 Over that meadow so brown.

JOHN T. SWARTZ.

JOHN T. SWARTZ, a contributor to the *Ladies' Repository*, and to the *Western Christian Advocate* of Cincinnati, was born in Clark county, Indiana, September eleventh, 1833. His parents removed to Cincinnati in 1841, and John T. attended the public schools until he was prepared for the Woodward High School, from which he graduated in 1854. He was immediately engaged as a teacher in one of the district schools, and was thus employed, when seized with the disease which caused his death, March fifth, 1859. He was a young man of scholarly attainments and exemplary character, and had his life been spared would have made a name in our literature.

THERE ARE NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

I MET a child; his feet were bare;
His weak frame shivered with the cold;
His youthful brow was knit by care,
His flashing eye his sorrow told.
Said I, "Poor boy, why weapest thou?"
He said, "My parents both are dead;
I have not where to lay my head;
O, I am lone and friendless now!"
Not friendless, child; a Friend on high
For you his precious blood has given;
Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry—
"There are no tears in heaven."

I saw a man in life's gay noon,
Stand weeping o'er his young bride's bier;
"And must we part," he cried, "so soon!"
As down his cheek there rolled a tear.
"Heart-stricken one," said I, "weep not;"
"Weep not!" in accents wild he cried,
"But yesterday my loved one died,
And shall she be so soon forgot?"
Forgotten? No! still let her love
Sustain thy heart, with anguish riven;
Strive thou to meet thy bride above,
And dry your tears in heaven.

I saw a gentle mother weep,
As to her throbbing heart she press'd
An infant, seemingly asleep,
On its kind mother's shelt'ring breast.
"Fair one," said I, "pray, weep no more;"
Sobbed she, "The idol of my hope
I now am called to render up;
My babe has reached death's gloomy shore."
Young mother, yield no more to grief,
Nor be by passion's tempest driven,
But find in these sweet words relief,
"There are no tears in heaven."
Poor trav'ler o'er life's troubled wave—
Cast down by grief, o'erwhelmed by care—
There is an arm above can save,
Then yield not thou to fell despair.
Look upward, mourners, look above!
What though the thunders echo loud;
The sun shines bright beyond the cloud;
Then trust in thy Redeemer's love.
Where'er thy lot in life be cast,
Whate'er of toil or woe be given—
Be firm—remember to the last,
"There are no tears in heaven."

CARRIE CLARK PENNOCK.

IN the years 1856 and 1857, a number of poems, which attracted attention by the promise they gave of future excellence, were published in the *Mahoning Register*, conducted by James Dumars, at Youngstown, Ohio. The following year graceful poems from the same pen were given to the readers of the *Ohio Farmer*, and of the *Home Journal* of New York city. Several of them were spoken of with merited approbation by Nathaniel P. Willis. Their author, Carrie Clark, is a native of Mahoning county, Ohio. She was born at Boardman, September first, 1833. Her parents are farmers, and her early life was spent in work rather than in study, but an irrepressible passion for reading and writing, led her, as the era of womanhood approached, to the acquisition of an excellent English education. She writes from immediate impulse, and generally upon themes of ideal beauty.

In October, 1859, Miss Clark was married, at the homestead, to J. H. Pennock, a physician who practices his profession at Bennington, Morrow county, Ohio.

The poem "Leonore" is first published in these pages. It is "of imagination all compact."

LEONORE.

WHERE the Adige sings its prelude
Sweetly to the murmuring sea,
And the Carnic-Alpine mountains
Send their torrents to the lea;
Where the flashing Adriatic
Rocks the fearless gondolier,
And the barcarole is murmured,
Plaintively, from cavalier;
Where the dark Tyrolean peasant
Tunes at eve his simple reed,
To the dark-eyed Tyrol maiden,
Tripping o'er the dewy mead;
There, where Adige sends her tribute—
Silvery tribute to the shore,
Stands an old and ruined castle,
Strangely traced with ivy o'er;
And its crumbling walls still echo
To the name of Leonore—

Lost Le'nore,
Bright Le'nore,
High-born, peerless Leonore.
And the waves along the shore,
Ever, ever, evermore,
Chant the dirge of fair Le'nore.
Through the castle's pillared halls,
Mournfully a spirit calls,
Leonore,
Fair Leonore,
At rest upon th' eternal shore,
Leonore,
Bright Leonore—
Her white wings folded evermore.

Round the castle turrets high
Floats the bird with sleepless eye;
From the loop-hole's dizzy height,
Shrieks the dusky bird of night;
And through tower and frescoed room,
Damp and lonely as the tomb,
Flits the bird of ebon plume.

Long the seneschal hath slept,
 Since the maiden hath been wept,
 And the clanging drawbridge's fall,
 Rings no more through castle-hall;
 Stately knights and dames no more
 Tread the halls of Ellasmore;
 And the lonely turret-bell,
 When it tolled the fatal knell
 Of Le'nore, the lost Le'nore,
 Woke its echoes nevermore;
 Strange to tell,
 The turret bell
 Told its own and Le'nore's knell.

Once, from yonder battlements,
 Looking o'er the dim sea-shore,
 Out upon the Adriatic,
 Gazed the maiden Leonore;
 Ever watching, ever praying,
 As she scanned the waters o'er,
 For the white sail, for the pennon,
 For the one that came no more;
 Northward, then, along the Adige,
 To the Tyrol's dusky height,
 Gazed the maiden, till her beauty
 And her brightness mocked the night.
 Came no white plume, came no horseman,
 Came no sound of bugle-horn;
 Watching, till the distant orient
 Bade approach of early morn;
 Only sang the gentle Adige
 Sweetly to the murmuring sea;
 Only sang the Alpine torrents
 Hoarsely to the verdant lea;
 Only rang the mastiff's baying
 Sadly through the castle-hall;
 Only shrieked the dusky owl
 From his loop-hole in the wall;
 Only moaned the dirge-like waters
 On the Adriatic shore;
 Still Le'nore,
 The lost Le'nore,
 Gazed for one that came no more.

Once the gray-haired seneschal,
 Looking upward through the night,

Caught a gleam of snowy vestments,
 Fluttering from the turret's height,
 And a voice of earnest prayer,
 Died, like music, on the air;
 And the old man soothly swore,
 'Twas the voice of Leonore.—
 Idle tale at Ellasmore—
 Laughed the old man's words to scorn,
 Deemed they 'twas some form of air,
 Shunned the haunted castle turret,
 Left the maiden to her prayer.
 Last was she of that proud race,
 Destined soon to share a place,
 By her haughty sires of yore,
 By the lords of Ellasmore,
 Sweetly sleeping where the Adige
 Murmurs to the dim sea-shore,
 And the troubled Adriatic
 Chants the dirge of fair Le'nore.

Watched the gray-haired seneschal,
 And the band at Ellasmore—
 Watched the maiden growing paler,
 Watched the fading flower, Le'nore.
 Till, at times, in sooth it seemed them
 Not Le'nore, their blessed Le'nore,
 But an angel sent to guide them,
 Upward, to the eternal shore.

Gone, one morning, was the maiden,
 Gone from castle and from tower;
 And the Adige knew not of her,
 Nor her own most secret bower;
 And for beauteous Leonore,
 Was wailing loud at Ellasmore,
 And cheeks were blanched by sudden
 fears,
 And dark eyes shone through trembling
 tears.

Could the Alpine torrents spoken,
 They could told of lost Le'nore,
 Kneeling on the stony turret,
 Gazing toward the dim sea-shore;
 And the stars, those silent watchers,
 They could told of lost Le'nore,

Where the battlements' dark outlines
Crown the heights of Ellasmore.

Spake the aged seneschal:

"Bring to me the turret key,
Northward, looking o'er the Tyrol,
Southward o'er the billowy sea;
For I bethink me yesternight
I caught a gleam of vestments white,
Upon the battlements' dark height;
And words, methought, of earnest prayer,
And white hands clasped in moonlit air;
'Twas Leonore, for ne'er before
Prayed maiden like blessed Leonore."
Some spake of sacrilege, to dare
The turret's strange, and weird-like air,
And bade to chapel first, to prayer.
But swiftly, through the castle-hall,
He hies him to its northern wall,
Plants the huge key, and quickly dares,
The turret's dark and tortuous stairs.

The height was won; there, on the
floor,
Her face turned toward the dim sea-shore,
Lay Leonore, fair Leonore,
Bright, beauteous, hapless Leonore,
Her pillow but the turret stone,
The turret shadows o'er her thrown,
And her dark tresses, like the night,
Vailing a form of wondrous light.

And they laid her where the Adige
Sings its prelude to the sea,
And the dark Tyrolean mountains
Send their torrents to the lea;
And the castle now is crumbling,
Gone the light of Ellasmore,
Gone, to beacon onward wand'ers,
Seeking for that unseen shore;
Done with watching, done with praying
On the turret's lonely height,

Done with waiting and with weeping,
Through the long and weary night;
And the casket sweetly slumbers,
Where the Adige to the shore
Sends its tribute, and the billows
Chant the dirge of fair Le'nore.

A PICTURE.

'Twas of a maiden, wondrous fair,
With wildering curls of raven hair,
That draped her snowy neck and arms,
And kissed her bosom's dimpled charms,
Yet through whose meshes, dark as night,
Came glimpses of her beauty bright;
As sometimes through a cloud, afar,
Come glimmerings of the evening star.
One snowy arm across her breast,
The silken boddice lightly pressed;
And nestled 'mid the laces light,
Four dimpled fingers, soft and white;
As though, before the mirror's face,
With careless and bewitching grace,
She dressed her swaying form, perchance,
To glide through some fair country dance;
And then her eye, so soft, so bright,
Gazelle-like in its changeful light,
Beneath whose darkly fringed lid,
Young Cupid kept his sorrows hid,
And sent, with swift, unerring art,
Their stinging points to many a heart.
The lips were closed, yet all the while,
Half trembled 'twixt a sigh and smile,
For Love, the rogue, though unconfessed,
Had stolen coyly to her breast,
Illuming with his tender rays,
The picture fair, that those who gazed,
Might drink somewhat, from that sweet face,
An angel's purity and grace.

LOUISA A. M'GAFFEY.

LOUISA AMELIA PRATT, who is known as RUTH CRAYNE, was born on the twentieth day of January, 1833, at the residence of her parents, Fletcher and Maria Pratt, who are influential among the prosperous farmers of Darby Plains, Madison county, Ohio. Miss Pratt was carefully educated, and she rewarded the care bestowed upon her by attaining unusual excellence, especially in the higher mathematics, and in classical studies. Her poems have been chiefly published in the *Ohio Cultivator*, the *Odd Fellows' Casket and Review*, Cincinnati, and the *Ohio Farmer*. They have all appeared in print at the earnest solicitations of friends, who recognized in them freshness of thought and style deserving the attention of lovers of poetry.

Miss Pratt was married April fourth, 1855, to John McGaffey an attorney of Springfield, Ohio, where she now resides.

THE HILL-TOP.

STAY, rest awhile, the way was steep ;

This shade is cool, this wind is balm,
And all the world lies tranced in deep
And breathless hush of noonday calm.

Sit down, sweet friend—this mossy seat
Invites repose—while we recount
The long, long miles our weary feet
Have measured to this lofty mount.

The hidden pitfalls we have passed,
By God's good grace, in safety o'er,
The bridges frail, on which we've crossed,
Above the torrent's sullen roar,
The gloomy pines that hid the day,
The traceless plains of naked sand,
The rugged roughness of the way
That mocked our strength on every hand:

All these, and more, behind us lie,
And in the midst of this fair scene,
This circling glow of earth and sky,
Our journey seems a vanished dream.

How full of God the blue above,
Instinct with God the world below,
And radiant stairways made by love,
On which His angels come and go,

Seem standing between earth and heaven,
On days of heavenly peace like this,
And softly comes the word "Forgiven,"
For all, in all, our lives amiss,
And then we think our days shall be
(How vainly think) white blocks to
grace
The Temple of our lives, that He
May always find a dwelling-place.

So looking o'er this toilsome day,
On outstretched wings my fancy flies,
And as this mount before us lay,
The Hill of Life before us lies.
I know the morning dew is gone ;
That romance can deceive no more ;
That the cool baptism of the dawn
Our faded flowers can ne'er restore.

But only that fresh blooms may spring,
 More fadeless and more fair than they;
 But only that our souls may sing
 A deeper, more inspiring lay;
 Outside youth's barred and crystal gates,
 Rise deeper flood-tides of the soul,
 Larger the destiny that awaits,
 Wider the waters round us roll.

Lo! part way up the steep ascent,
 'Mid fates of ice and fire we stand,
 Three in one mystic union blent,
 An angel guide on either hand.
 How can we fear, how shall we fear,
 With mercies showering from above,
 And voices whispering far and near,
 "God's providence is always love?"

Soon shall the prospect wider grow,
 New worlds spring up beneath our gaze,
 And airs instinct with sweetness blow
 Along the flow'ry mountain ways.
 While looking back, the rugged plain
 O'er which we come shall seem so fair,
 We only see its gulfs of pain
 O'erflow with purple morning air.

How beautiful our upward path,
 With God to grant our daily need!
 Our guardian angels, Hope and Faith,
 The white-browed innocent we lead,
 Whose sweet, wide eyes of wonder are
 Wells of delight, brimful of joy,
 Wherein, as in the morning star,
 Heaven's light reflects without alloy.

The summit gained, how wide the view,
 How fairer than our fairest dreams!
 How melt the morning tops in blue,
 How rich the light that round us streams!
 Our passions lay themselves to sleep,
 The shade is cool, the wind is balm,
 And all our world lies tranced in deep
 And holy hush of noonday calm.

Not long we linger; time cries "On!"
 And onward with the waning day,

With faltering steps we go, and wan,
 But love immortal leads the way;
 We shall not fear the dense white veil,
 That shrouds the valley at our feet,
 For underneath that phantom pale,
 Hides Mirza's Vision grand and sweet.

So from these autumn ripened hours,
 I've drawn these fancies to beguile,
 With their symbolic fruits and flowers,
 Our downward way for many a mile.
 But come, the day wanes on apace,
 The evening wind begins to blow,
 The way is rough in many a place,
 The valley darkens; let us go.

MORNING IN THE CITY.

COLD and clear o'er roof and spire
 The morning light is breaking,
 And like a giant in its might,
 The city is awaking.

No choral greeting from the birds,
 No sound of cattle lowing,
 No swift, free winds on tireless wings,
 O'er field and woodland blowing.

But faintly on the frosty air,
 A low and distant humming,
 That growing near and nearer still,
 Proclaims the day is coming.

Through wide, still streets, with merry clang,
 The morning bells are pealing,
 Through murky lanes, where misery hides,
 A cold gray light is stealing.

Now pours the human tide along,
 Old man and maiden tender,
 Grave manhood and youth's happy face,
 In the early morning splendor.

The long streets roar with hurrying feet,
And din tumultuous, dire,
And fierce the city's pulses beat
Through all her veins of fire.

Swart Labor, with his hundred hands,
Strikes, and the mighty ringing
With life's deep pulses keepeth time,
And with the poet's singing.

Within his workshop, smoke embrowned,
With valorous blows he fashions
Bright links, that bind to frozen North
The tropic's glowing passions;

That links all nations into one,
In thought and in desire,
And flashes over lonely seas,
The swift, electric fire;

That, lightning-winged, spurns time and
space,
And, herald of new ages,
Translates to us in words of flame
The future's glowing pages.

So as I write, the glad, bright day
Looks down with sweet forewarning,
A louder hum now fills the streets,
And closed the gates of morning.

JUNE.

THROUGH a gateway of cloud amber, rose-
hued and golden,
From the limitless heaven came the glo-
ry of June;
The mountains smiled grandly, the pines
waved a welcome,
And rivers and rivulets chorused in tune.

Even the tyrant old ocean, forgetting his
anger,
Clasped his children, the islands, in lov-
ing embrace,

And all his white shores wooed with mur-
murous kisses,
Subdued by the magical light of her
face.

To deck the gray earth in the fairest of
raiment,
A thousand bright blooms lent their
beautiful aid,
And down through the twinkling leaves of
the forest,
June peeping, saw, smiling, the show
that they made.

And the rose, queen of flowers, beloved of
the poet,
Blushed crimson as morning when June
stooped to kiss
The dew from her petals, and breathed out
her yearning
And passionate soul in that moment of
bliss.

THE HARVEST-MOON.

SLOWLY above the darkening eastern woods
Rises again the round Harvest-Moon,
O'erbrims their hollows with soft light, and
floods

With silver radiance all my little room;
Looks down on meadows sweet with new-
mown hay,
And yellow wheat-fields rich in golden
sheaves—

On rustling corn-fields bending to the sway
Of cool west winds, her softest spell she
weaves.

Hushed lies the dreaming world, the very
air
Seems full of blessings, and this holy
calm,

After the heat and turmoil of the day,
Falls on the soul a healing and a balm.

HARRIET M. HOWE.

HARRIET MARY HOWE was born on the fourth of May, 1834, at Elba, Genessee county, New York, and was the only daughter of Isaac N. and Nancy Howe. She began to write verses when fifteen years old. In the spring of 1847, her parents moved to Sandusky county, Ohio. The death of her father four years after cast a shade over the "Buckeye Home," of which she sung sweetly. Miss Howe wrote many poems which were published in the St. Louis papers, and in the *Fremont Democratic Messenger*, conducted by J. D. Botefur. In 1856 a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs caused a gradual decline in her health, until the twenty-fifth of March, 1859, when she died, at Green Springs, Ohio.

MY BUCKEYE HOME.

In the great valley of the West,
By bounteous heaven so richly bless'd,
Where Ceres waves her golden crest,
And plenty makes her throne,
Not far from blue Sandusky's side,
Whose waves with grateful murmurs glide,
To lose themselves in Erie's tide,
There lies my Buckeye Home.

When summer spreads her glowing skies,
I seek where dewy woods arise,
Unseen by aught save fairy eyes,
And fanned by zephyr's balmy sighs,
In pensive rapture roam.
Lulled by the poet's liquid lay,
I dream unnumbered hours away,
While romance spreads her magic sway
Around my Buckeye Home.

O'er Nature's book I daily pore,
Her deepest mysteries ponder o'er—
The silent wood, the lonely shore,
Yield sweeter wisdom, richer lore,
Than many an ancient tome.
I read Almighty love and power,
Alike in sunshine or in shower,
A lesson in each leaf or flower,
Which decks my Buckeye Home.

Warm glows our hearth each wint'ry
night,
And brighter beams affection's light,
Where loved and loving ones unite,
To hallow with each social rite
The holy shrine of home.
Fond hearts and faithful there remain,
Unchilled by winter's icy chains,
And one eternal summer reigns
Within my Buckeye Home.

The laugh and song ring blithe and gay,
The bells peals forth their silvery lay,
As swiftly in our bonny sleigh,
We glide beneath the moon's pure ray,
And part the snowy foam.
While far above, with sleepless eye,
Orion guards the midnight sky,
And leads his starry galaxy
Above my Buckeye Home.

Thus far from fashion's mazy tide,
And from the giddy heights of pride,
Down life's unruffled stream I glide,
Unnoticed and unknown.
While hovering round my quiet way,
Contentment gilds each fleeting day,
And pleasure's ever-genial ray
Illumes my Buckeye Home.

ISA AMEND EBERHART.

ISA AMEND EBERHART was born, May eighth, 1834, in Mercer county, Pennsylvania. In a note to a friend, who requested facts for a biographic notice, he said:

My father is a farmer, and the story of my education is simply the same one worked over a thousand times by the ambitious poor. I carried my algebra and Latin grammar with me at the plow, and I watched them more closely than I did the stumps. I pinned the French verbs on the handle of my shovel-plow, and learned them whilst plowing corn. About six years ago my old life had passed away, and I found myself in a land of darkness and sorrow. It was then Poesy came to me, like a mother, taking me in her arms and lifting me out of night.

Mr. Eberhart is a schoolmaster. His present residence is Chicago, Illinois. His poems have appeared in various Chicago papers, but chiefly in the *North-Western Home Journal*.

ONLY ONE LEFT.

In the holy arms of Sabbath
All the city lies asleep,
And from out their twilight curtains,
One by one the young stars peep,
While the sweep of angel pinions
Murmurs music low and deep.

I am looking from my window,
Peace and beauty fill my eye,
But I see a tall tree near me
Lift its bare arms to the sky,
And I turn from all this beauty,
Sadly turn away and sigh.

All its leaves, but one, have perished
In the cold and wintry air,
And that lone leaf trembles, clinging
Near its heart, as in despair,
While the branches, closing round it,
Point to heaven as if in prayer.

What a world of wild emotions
Through my spirit surge and swell?

Oh! I know a heart whose picture
In that lone tree seems to dwell,
And the scene is sadly whispering
Thoughts that language could not tell.

Yes, that heart's young bloom hath perished,
For the storms of death have blown
From its side the loved and cherished
Kindred spirit to its own;
Still one hope—the hope of heaven—
Closely clings, though all alone.

FRAGMENT.

Go, ask the smiling moon at night,
The stars that sweetly shine,
The merry brook or happy breeze,
If man should e'er repine;
The moon, the stars, the breeze, the brook
Will laugh the thought to scorn,
And echo back these truthful words—
Man was not made to mourn.

JOHN J. PIATT.

JOHN JAMES PIATT was born on the first day of March, in the year 1835, at a village now called Milton, four miles from Rising Sun, Indiana. His early boyhood was spent on a farm, but his parents, John Bear and Emily Scott Piatt, having removed to Ohio, in the vicinity of its Capital, John J. was apprenticed to Charles Scott, then publisher of the *Ohio State Journal*. He there learned the printing business, enjoying irregular opportunities for the acquisition of "a little Latin and less Greek," at the Columbus High School and at Kenyon College. He has been known as a poet about eight years, but not widely until 1858, when several poems, written by him for the *Louisville Journal*, were warmly commended and republished by many influential papers. In 1859 he became a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and his poem, "The Morning Street," was ascribed to poets who deservedly have national reputations.

In the early part of the year 1860, Follett, Foster and Company published a neat duodecimo volume of one hundred and thirty-two pages, entitled "Poems of Two Friends"—Mr. Piatt and William D. Howells acknowledged the friendship and the poems of the volume. It was noticed with flattering encouragement by leading journalists not only in the West but in eastern cities. We cannot better characterize Mr. Piatt's merits as a poet or the promise of the volume than by making the following quotation from a notice in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1860:

The volume is a very agreeable one, with little of the crudeness so generally characteristic of first ventures,—not more than enough to augur richer maturity hereafter. Dead-ripeness in a first book is a fatal symptom, sure sign that the writer is doomed forever to that pale limbo of faultlessness from which there is no escape upward or downward. We can scarce find it in our hearts to make any distinctions in so happy a partnership; but while we see something more than promise in both writers, we have a feeling that Mr. Piatt shows greater originality in the choice of subjects. . . . Both of them seem to us to have escaped remarkably from the prevailing conventionalisms of verse, and to write meter because they had a genuine call thereto. We are pleased with a thorough Western flavor in some of the poems. We welcome cordially a volume in which we recognize a fresh and authentic power, and expect confidently of the writers a yet higher achievement ere long. The poems give more than glimpses of a faculty not so common that the world can afford to do without it.

THE STRANGE ORGANIST—A PRELUDE.

DEEP in the strange Cathedral gloom,
Where incense all the ages rose,
I stand alone. The mystic bloom
Of saintful silence round me grows.

High Church of Song! The hallowed
place

Where haunt the hymns of bards of
old!

Above the organ Shakspeare's face

I dream—hear Milton's soul outrolled.

Deep in the dim Cathedral hush,
 I stand alone. The organ's keys
 I touch with homeless fingers. Blush,
 Sad soul!—what harmonies are these?

THE MORNING STREET.

I WALK, alone, the Morning Street,
 Filled with the silence strange and sweet;
 All seems as lone, as still, as dead,
 As if unnumbered years had fled,
 Letting the noisy Babel be
 Without a breath—a memory!
 The light wind walks with me, alone,
 Where the hot day like flame was blown;
 Where the wheels roared and dust was
 beat,
 The dew is in the Morning Street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour
 Along this mighty corridor
 While the noon flames? the hurrying
 crowd
 Whose footsteps make the city loud?
 The myriad faces? hearts that beat
 No more in the deserted street?
 Those footsteps, in their dream-land maze,
 Cross thresholds of forgotten days;
 Those faces brighten from the years
 In morning suns long set in tears;
 Those hearts—far in the past they beat—
 Are singing in their Morning Street.

A city 'gainst the world's gray prime,
 Lost in some desert, far from time,
 Where noiseless ages, gliding through,
 Have only sifted sands and dew—
 Yet still a marble hand of man
 Lying on all the haunted plan;
 The passions of the human heart
 Beating the marble breast of Art—
 Were not more lone to one who first
 Upon its giant silence burst,

Than this strange quiet, where the tide
 Of life, upheaved on either side,
 Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat
 With human waves the Morning Street.

Aye, soon the glowing morning flood
 Pours through this charmed solitude;
 All silent now, this Memnon-stone
 Will murmur to the rising sun;
 The busy life this vein will beat—
 The rush of wheels, the swarm of feet;
 The Arachne-threads of Purpose stream,
 Unseen, within the morning gleam;
 The Life will move, the Death be plain;
 The bridal throng, the funeral train
 Together in the crowd will meet,
 And pass within the Morning Street.

THE NIGHT-TRAIN.

A TREMBLING hand—a lingering word—
 the burning
 Of restless passion smouldering, and we
 part:
 Ah! slowly from the dark the world is
 turning
 When midnight stars are in a heavy
 heart.

The streets are lighted, and the myriad
 faces
 Steal through the gas-light, with their
 home-led feet,
 Passing me, homeless: sweet and warm
 embraces
 Charm many a threshold—smiles and
 kisses sweet.

From great hotels the stranger throng is
 streaming—
 The restless wheels in many a street are
 loud;

Within the depot, in the gas-light gleam-
ing,
A glare of faces, stands the waiting
crowd.

Soon will the web of streets be quiet, ly-
ing
In dew—the human hive no more
a-swarm;
And soon the charmed silence, Slumber,
flying
Into the myriad heart, will nestle warm.

The whistle screams: the wheels are
rumbling slowly;
The path before us glides into the light:
Behind, the city kisses Silence holy;
The panting engine leaps into the night.

I seem to see each street a mystery grow-
ing,
Bounded by dream-lands—Time-forgot-
ten air:
Does no sweet soul, awaking, feel me
going?
Loves no sweet heart in dreams to keep
me there?

THE WESTERN PIONEER.*

Into the prairies' boundless blossom,
Into the wide West's sunburnt bosom,
The earliest emigrants came:
The flowers, like sunny miracles, grew
Before them, fragrant, from the dew,
Filling the grass like flame!

From some old land of song and life—
Of man, in manhood's glowing strife,
Departing all alone,
And journeying with the journeying sun,

* The bees are said to have ever swarmed westward be-
fore the steps of the whites.

They came—their busy empire won—
Before the white man known.

The Indian saw the moving bees,
From flower to flower, in dream-like breeze
Blowing their pilgrim way;
Or, deep in honey of the flower,
Hanging in sunshine hour by hour,
Dream through the dreaming day.

He saw the future's garment gleam
O'er mounds of tribes and legend-stream—
O'er the sweet waste of flowers;
He saw his hunting ground—the past!
Lit with the domes of cities vast—
Glory of spires and towers!

Those other bees! He felt—he saw,
With sorrowing eye, in dreamy awe,
The blossom of the West
Thrill with sunny-toiling bees
Of busy Freedom, happy Peace—
Wide blessings and the bless'd.

They come! They came! Lo! they are
here!

The Indian heart-beat every where
Starts echoes wild no more;
The leaves have fallen from his trees
Of life: dead leaves, in every breeze,
Rustle for evermore!

MOONRISE.

'Tis midnight, and the city lies
With dreaming heart and closed eyes:
The giant's folded hands at rest,
Like Prayer asleep, are on his breast.

From window, hushed, I see alone
The tide-worn streets so silent grown:
The dusty footprints of the day
Are blessed with dew and steal away.

O scarce a pulse of sound ! Afar
 Flashes, upon a spire, a star,
 And in the East a dusky light :
 Vailed the ghost-moon steals through the
 night !

Unveiling slow, her face of blood
 Uplifting in the solitude !
 The city sleeps : above, behold
 The moonrise kiss a cross of gold !

Golden in air that cross : at rest
 Below, the city's sleeping breast ;
 And on the cross, moon-brightened, see,
 Christ, dying, smiles down lovingly !

POSTSCRIPT.

I SHALL not hear from her again :
 In all my blushing letters, long
 I stole the secret from my pen,
 And hid it in unwritten song.
 Her letters, sweet as roses pressed,
 Bloom from my dreaming heart to-day.
 Flushing I wrote, in sweet unrest :
 My rose forgot to climb for May.

Long years : for her another's name—
 Another's lip—another's arm—
 (Ah, crawl into the ashes, flame !)
 Another heart—though mine was warm.
 My cricket, hush ! his mirth is stilled ;
 Dream-flames among dream-embers
 play ;
 Another my lost heaven has filled :
 My rose forgot to climb for May.

Ah, well—the Postscript steals at last
 Beneath shy letters, buried—dead :

“I love”—in my regret are cast
 Low echoes, whispering words unsaid.
 Sweet flowers, remember her, apart ;
 Write your sweet postscript here to-day
 Upon her head-stone—in my heart ;
 My rose forgot to climb for May.

TWO KINGS.

Two Kings, in vanished ages,
 Swayed kingdoms far apart ;
 One's scepter was a bloody hand,
 And one's a loving heart.

The harvest cradled plenty,
 Where reaped that bloody hand ;
 The widows wailed, the orphans moaned—
 War wedded a waste land.

The harvest cradled plenty,
 That loving heart controlled ;
 The mother sang, the children played—
 Peace bound her sheaves of gold.

The one prepared his tombstone,
 The people's marbled groans ;
 The pyramid above forgot,
 Below, the crumbling bones.

Dust in the vanished ages,
 Dust lies that bloody hand ;
 That heart beats in the people still,
 And blossoms in the land.

That loving King is reigning ;
 He made no man a slave :
 In the people's heart they laid him deep—
 His laws are on his grave !

ELVIRA PARKER.

ELVIRA PARKER, who is well known as a contributor to the newspapers and magazines of Cincinnati, is a native of Philadelphia, where she was born, December twenty-sixth, 1835. Miss Parker was educated at "The Wesleyan Female College," Cincinnati. She now resides, with her mother, in the village of Reading, near that city.

Miss Parker writes poetry with grace, but evidently trusts more to the charm of feeling than to the force of art.

EOLINE.

COME balmy gale,—or zephyr bland,
That fan the blossoms of our land ;
Come gently kiss the placid brow,
Nor break the slumber, calm, and
mild,
That holds in mystic thralldom now
Our wild, capricious, fitful child ;
For wayward oft, her moods, as thine,
Whom we call strange, sweet Eoline.

One moment, as a joyous bird,
Her blissful lay of mirth is heard ;
As silvery, laughing echoes trip,
In rich, delicious cadence gay,
From off the rosy, budding lip,
Flowing unchecked, and free away,
A glad enchantress, and divine,
Seemeth our gleeful Eoline.

Then, as a clouded summer sky,
A shadow dims her beaming eye ;
A pensive sadness checks the song,
That rose in sweet, voluptuous sound.
A wizard spell all deep and strong,
Her every thought has seeming bound,

Yet knows not why she should repine,
Or wherefore weep—strange Eoline.

There's magic in her music voice
That makes, at times, the heart rejoice ;
A meaning in the dark orb's light,
Beneath its jetty fringe, half hid ;
A dawning of some new-born might,
When blazing from the upraised lid,
We see the flame of mind forth shine,
From the proud soul of Eoline.

Ye scarce would know her path of years
As yet had led 'mid sin and tears ;
Or that her truthful, earnest heart
Had felt the burden of despair,
So guileless she, and free of art,
So trusting and so child-like fair,
That all our love must still incline
In homage to sweet Eoline.

O, like a wavelet of the sea,
A wanton wind upon the lea,
A severed petal of the glade,
That playfully fieth here and there—
An April morn of sun and shade—
A happy song, a mournful prayer,
Mystic she seemeth and divine,
Whom we call strange, sweet Eoline.

CORNELIA W. LAWS.

CORNELIA ELLICOTT WILLIAMS is the daughter of the late M. C. Williams of College Hill, near Cincinnati. She was educated at the Ohio Female College, at College Hill, where, in addition to her attainments in more sedate studies, she took high rank for the elegance of her composition, in prose and verse, and for artistic skill in music. Her soul is full of song, and her poetry is the offspring of the melodies of heart and voice.

Miss Williams was married, in 1857, at Syracuse, New York, to Joseph P. Laws, a merchant of Richmond, Indiana, where she now resides. Her poems have been contributed to the *Cincinnati Commercial*, the *St. Louis Democrat*, and *Syracuse Journal*, and some of them very extensively copied by the Press. She first published "The Empty Chair," in 1856; the next year, "Six Little Feet on the Fender," and "Behind the Post."

Of the "Empty Chair," as it first appeared in the *Commercial*, George W. Cutter thus wrote to that paper: "If my poor judgment is worth any thing in matters of this kind, I unhesitatingly pronounce it 'beautiful exceedingly.' I know of few poems in our language, that, for freshness and originality of thought, justness of metaphor, picturesque arrangement, pleasing melody, and depth of pathos, surpass or even approach this 'gem of purest ray serene,' these beautiful buds of promise." These commendations apply with still more force to some of her later compositions.

Mrs. Laws is still in the bloom and freshness of early womanhood; and these effusions from her pen may be happily styled "the beautiful buds of promise" that precede and foretell the flowers and fruitage of a brilliant summer and golden autumn of life.

THE EMPTY CHAIR.

On the hearth, the embers dying,
Flush the darkness as they fall,
And the shadows flitting, flying,
Play like waves upon the wall.

Hither, thither they are winging,
Reeling routes around the room,
O'er the silent pictures flinging
Fitful palls of sullen gloom.

On the pool the rain is wreathing
Circlets, tripping here and there,
Golden gleams oft interweaving,
Stolen from some casement's glare.

Through the drifting darkness whirling,
Madly race the yellow leaves,
And down the darkened pane are purling
Streamlets from the dripping eaves.

The parted curtains white are streaming,
By the fagot's light more fair,

Like the falling snow-drifts gleaming,
O'er a lone and empty chair.

Where the church-bell now is throbbing,
Blended with the storm's refrain,
O'er a grave like mourners sobbing,
Falls the plashing Autumn rain.

Wild the shriveled leaves are sweeping,
Down the walks upon the wind,
And with loving nestle creeping
In the footprints left behind.

When the groves with buds were teeming,
Wept a maiden silent there,
Where the curtains white are streaming
O'er that lone and empty chair.

At her side pale blossoms drumming
Soft against the window-pane,
Seem'd to say, "He is not coming—
Cease, oh! cease, thou weep'st in vain."

Alas! with weeping, watching, waiting,
From her cheek the roses fled;
But with fondness unabating,
Sunk she to her dreamless bed.

At that casement still is basking
Evermore, that empty chair,
And its silence seems an asking
For that pale form, passing fair.

SIX LITTLE FEET ON THE FENDER.

In my heart there liveth a picture,
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafters,
And reddened the roof's brown mould;
Gilding the steam from the kettle
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout all the livelong evening
Its measure of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
That frescoed that rude old room—
Because of the voices echoed,
Up 'mid the rafters' gloom—
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet—
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so fresh and sweet.

When the first dash on the window
Told of the coming rain,
Oh! where are the fair young faces,
That crowded against the pane?
While bits of firelight stealing
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness,
In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary,
One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving him there by the way.
There was fresh clay on the fender
That weary, wint'ry night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From his grave on the bright hill's height.

Oh! why, on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?
Oh! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love?

BEHIND THE POST.

THE tint of dying day reposes
Lightly on the blushing roses;
Foolish Nannie! thus to wait,
Sighing at the garden gate;
"Never fear! never fear!"
Some one said it, very near.

Could it be the wind a-sighing,
Through the grass, in ripples hieing,
Further on, further on,
Chasing, racing, down the lawn!
Much I fear, much I fear
No one said it, very near.

Fireflies in the ravine glimmer,
And the maples growing dimmer,
Quiet from the hill-side fade;
What if some one false has played?
"Never fear! never fear!"
I'm sure I heard it, very near.

I shall surely soon be weeping—
E'en the roses, seem as peeping,
Curious through the garden gate,
Softly saying, "He is late."
And they seem to start with fear,
As they blow the gate-post near.

Now with bent heads low they whisper,
Telling how "he came and kissed her,
Later yet, one time before,
Sweetly kissed her o'er and o'er;"
"See that shadow! now I fear,
Some one must be very near—

Else the moon in sport hath made it,
And slyly on the grass hath laid it"—
Ah! but from behind the post,
Some one glideth, light as ghost,
Saying, "Now for every tear,
Thou art doubly, doubly dear."

If the one you loved had said it,
If in dark eyes you had read it,
Would you not forget the pain
He had caused you, in your gain?
Notwithstanding all your fears,
Notwithstanding all your tears?

THE SHADOW.

THE moonlight stole softly o'er the quiet
hill-tops,
Tracking all with its footprints of gold;
The forest, the fountain, the meadow, the
copse,
Had borrowed a beauty untold.

In the tress of the willow, the zephyrs ca-
ressed,
With their songs making tuneful the
night,
And the silken-leaved lily, with the dew
on its breast,
From its covert blinked out at the light.

Blithe chirpings rose up from the glad in-
sect throng,
And the whippowil grieved in the
glen;
O! why was my heart so touched by its
song?
O! why did the tears gather then?

Long, long, had I listened a footfall to
hear,
Down the slope where the violets peep,
But moments seemed lengthened to hours
so drear,
And I sunk on the casement to weep.

But tears trickled o'er a cheek flushed
with hope,
And were all gathered home in a
smile,
For a footstep fell lightly on the meadow's
green slope,
And a shadow fell over the stile.

CORA MITCHELL DOWNS.

CORA MITCHELL DOWNS is a native of Shawangunk, New York, and is now residing at Wyandotte, Kansas. She was educated at Poughkeepsie, New York, and while there, at school, some of her fugitive pieces attracted considerable attention by their pathos and tenderness. She afterward removed to Fremont, Ohio, and wrote over the signature of CORA, for the *Sandusky Register* and several literary journals. She was married, at Fremont, January first, 1857. Since her marriage her pen has been quiet; the wife's and mother's duties taking precedence of literary tastes and occupations.

THE OLD ELM TREE.

I HAVE many blessed memories
Of rock, and hill, and stream,
Where the sunshine used to linger,
Like a fair and pleasant dream!
Where the moonlight came with silver
steps,

O'er mossy bank and lea,
But the dearest of all memories,
Is the Old Elm Tree!

I lingered there in childish hours,
To watch the ripples play—
Beneath its feathery branches sat,
And idled many a day!
And there, again, in later years
The sunshine of my glee
Was lost amid a mist of tears,
'Neath the Old Elm Tree!

And there are none to love me now,
As in the days of yore;
My mother sleeps a dreamless sleep,
And loves and smiles no more!
And strangers claim the pleasant home
Where she was wont to be—
They even call the ground their own,
'Round the Old Elm Tree!

There the moonlight falls as softly
And silently as then;
There the branches droop as lowly
And silently as then!
Oh, will no heart be sadder
With memories of me,
When ling'ring 'neath thy shadow,
My Old Elm Tree?

There are those who may remember
That I loved the quiet shore,
There are those who may regret
me,
That I come not—evermore—
When the autumn winds are sighing,
And the joys of summer flee,
That I come not—with the twi-
lights,
To the Old Elm Tree!

They cannot rest beside it,
Nor feel my presence there;
For my spirit breathes a vesper
Upon the silent air.
A breath of poetry and flowers,
A song of bird and bee,
Is mingled with enchanted hours,
And the Old Elm Tree!

O! the gentle, gentle memories
 Of earlier, happier years!
 How my heart goes out to meet them,
 Beyond the mist of tears!
 And down upon the mossy banks
 I sit again, and see
 How the moonlight and the ripples meet
 By the Old Elm Tree!

— — —
 THE SPIRIT'S CALL.

WHY thrill like harp-chords 'neath the
 stormy sweep
 Of some grand master's hand, oh, soul of
 mine?
 Why rouse thee from thy careless dreams
 and sleep,
 And shake thy fettered wings with strength
 divine?

What burning words from human lips hath
 woke
 Thy charmed slumbers in a single hour?
 What tones of high command could thus
 invoke
 The palsied pulse of years to deeds of
 power?

Thou know'st thy destiny—thy hope is
 strong;
 So where the eternal mountain-cliffs arise,
 Leave thy fair dreams in burning words of
 song,
 Thy memory lettered in immortal dyes.

Not here, my spirit! fold thine eagle
 wings,
 When gath'ring clouds of coming fears in-
 form;
 Thine eyrie seek 'mid loftier, nobler
 things,
 Light gleams beyond—and God is in the
 storm!

On a high purpose stand, and from that
 height
 Gaze out upon the future far and sure;
 So shall thy strength renew for nobler
 flight,
 And thy calm faith like pillar'd rocks
 endure.

Though far beneath lie gentle love and
 trust,
 And all the golden dreams of earlier
 days—
 Though dearer hopes are bleeding in the
 dust,
 Thou wilt not turn aside thy steadfast
 gaze.

Perchance an arrow from a bow unseen,
 May strike thy soaring wing at dawn of
 day;
 And the Pale Angel come with brow
 serene
 To take thy meed, thy glorious gift away.

What then? the swan its death-song sweet-
 est sings,
 Pouring its thrilling notes on twilight air;
 So thou, my spirit! fold thy drooping
 wings,
 And breathe thy life out in wild requiem
 there!

Thy pinions bleed and weary with the
 strife,
 Beating against their iron links of care;
 While golden hills loom up in fairer life,
 And in the distance mock thy chill
 despair.

Chained to the rocks of petty ills, art
 thou!
 Beneath the Lethean river ebbs and
 flows,
 Promethean patience on thy stainless
 brow,
 And thine—an immortality of woes!

SAMUEL V. MORRIS.

SAMUEL V. MORRIS, who wishes to be recorded as a Hoosier "to the manner born," was born at Indianapolis, about the year 1835. He is yet a resident of that city, and is a lawyer by profession. He has contributed to the *Knickerbocker* magazine, to the *Indiana State Journal*, and other "Hoosier" papers.

E TRIBUS UNUM.

UPON the headland Now,
We stand and gaze upon the troubled sea
That lashes round its base. The heavy
haze
Of dim forgetfulness hangs like a cloud
About us, and with eager ken we strive
To pierce its misty depths. But all in
vain.
Still, ever and anon, a wave of thought
Comes surging in from out the gloom, and
oft
In this torn fragment of the ocean Past,
We recognize the joyous wave that bore
Us 'long the summer sea of life, when Then
Was Now. But fast it hurries on far in
The gloom of the To Be, and yet again
'Twill meet us, when To Be is Now.
And thus To Be, and Is, and Was are one
In their relations to our lives. The soul
Is the grand reservoir wherein the Past
Empties its springs. And our future life
Complete or faulty, in its outward show
Is but our present inner life exposed.
The Past we may deplore, and ought, if
lost.
But if 'tis past and living, be content;
For it, though past, may in its offspring
live.

What joys! what sorrows! and what gilded
dreams,
Like ivy 'round the fallen oak, still cling
With living tendrils to the cold, dead
forms
Of by-gone years! The soul with in-
turned eye
Full gazing in itself, oft sees the Past
Reflected there, and dreams itself away
To other years, and 'tis not well. The
Past,
All vital in the soul in its effects,
Is a great prompter of eternal thoughts;
But when the soul lives in the Past, oh,
then
The Future will be marred, and all the
thoughts
Will smell of other years, unless they pass
Through the refining fire that burns and
glows
Within the furnace Now. Then let the
Past
Live in the soul, the soul not in the Past!
And from the Past and Present, fashion
well
The Future, so that when the Was and Is
And the To Come in Time are gone, the
soul
May fashion out of Time a Future, fair
And comely, for Eternity.

LUELLA CLARK.

LUELLA CLARK, one of the daughters of Illinois, who contributes to the *Ladies' Repository* in Cincinnati, gives promise of decided excellence in metrical composition. She is a teacher in the North-Western Female College, at Evanston, a pleasant village on Lake Michigan, a few miles from Chicago.

I STOOD BENEATH THY BOUGHS.

I stood beneath thy boughs, O tree!
With the sunshine all above,
While a bird within thy sheltering leaves
Sang all day to his love,
And faintly fell, at intervals,
The cooing of a dove.

And I thought beneath thy boughs, O tree!
How like is love to a bird;
And life a constant summer, where
Its music shall be heard;
Alas! I thought, when winter came,
"How like is love to a bird!"

I look through the naked boughs afar,
To the calm and blessed sky,
And lo! a clear, unwavering star
Is set, serene on high;
And I think how like God's love that star
So fair; its light so nigh.

Through summer's glow, through winter's
gloom;
Through change, and chill, and pain;
Through stormiest hours of struggling life,
God's love doth still remain;
O Father, let, henceforth, that love
Within this bosom reign!

UP THE HILL A-BERRYING.

ON a sunny summer morning,
Early as the dew was dry,
Up the hill I went a-berrying.
Need I tell you, tell you why?
Farmer Davis had a daughter,
And it happened that I knew,
On such sunny mornings, Jenny
Up the hill went berrying too.

Lonely work is picking berries;
So I joined her on the hill.
"Jenny, dear," said I, "your basket's
Quite too large for one to fill."
So we staid—we two—to fill it,
Jenny talking—I was still—
Leading where the way was steepest,
Picking berries up the hill.

"This is up-hill work," said Jenny:
"So is life," said I; "shall we
Climb it each alone, or, Jenny,
Will you come and climb with
me?"
Redder than the blushing berries
Jenny's cheek a moment grew;
While, without delay, she answered,
"I will come and climb with you."

WILLIAM S. PETERSON.

WILLIAM S. PETERSON, a member of the Iowa Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in Dearborn county, Indiana, November twenty-second, 1836. He has written for the *Ladies' Repository* and other periodicals published under the auspices of the church to which he belongs. Mr. Peterson is at present stationed at Winterset, Iowa.

THE FOREST SPRING.

IN the joyous reign of summer,
When the southern breezes blow,
O'er the wood-lands and the meadows
Phœbus spreads his fiery glow,
And the blue-birds in the orchard
Warble music soft and low.

To the greenwood grove I hasten,
And with lightsome heart I sing:
Give to me the sparkling water
That is bubbling from the spring;
Give me water, crystal water,
For it leaves behind no sting!

O'er me wave the leafy branches,
In the softly sighing breeze,
Which is playing, like a lover,
With the tresses of the trees;
And around me, in the clover,
Hum the honey-hunting bees.

Mother Earth is full of beauty,
In her summer glories dressed;
Here, upon her lap reclining,
Like an infant, will I rest,
And enjoy the healthful current
That is flowing from her breast.

As I quaff its brimming sweetness
With my fever-heated lips,
I would not exchange one crystal
Drop that off the beaker drips,
For the brightest liquid riches
That the bacchanalian sips.

Very bright and pleasant pictures
Has my fancy often drawn
Of the wild deer in the forest,
Resting here beside her fawn,
Drinking from the limpid streamlet,
In the years now long ago.

Here the laughing Indian maiden
Has her glowing lips immersed,
And the haughty forest hunter
Often here has quenched his thirst,
Ere the damning "fire-water"
Had the red man's nature cursed.

But old Time has changed the scenery;
Earth is of her forests shorn,
And the Indian wanders westward,
Spirit-broken and forlorn,
For his fathers' lands are waving
With the white man's golden corn.

But the spring is ever flowing,
Through the change of every year,
Just as when the Indian maiden
Quaffed its waters pure and clear,
Just as when across its bosom
Fell the shadow of the deer.

On the mossy margin kneeling,
I my simple numbers sing—
The glad heart's spontaneous tribute
In a song of rapture bring—
Drinking, in this crystal water,
"Health to all who love the spring!"

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS was born at Martinsville, Belmont county, Ohio, in the year 1837. His father being a printer and publisher, he learned the printing business in the paternal office at Hamilton, Butler county, whither his parents moved in 1840. Mr. Howells has been recognized as a writer about six years. He has been editorially connected with the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and with the *Ohio State Journal*, and has contributed poems to the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine, and to the *Saturday Press*, New York, and is now a regular correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer*. Some of his prose sketches are quite equal in grace of conception and individuality of treatment to any of his poems. His characteristics as a poet are so well described in a notice of the volume previously mentioned in these pages—"Poems of Two Friends"—in the *Saturday Press*, that we quote it:

Mr. Howells is a man of genius. We do him justice; we do not pay him a compliment. His genius is not, indeed, of the highest order; but it is genius, nevertheless. A striking indication of genius in this poet, is the intense compression of his style. In his better poems there is no laborious detail—nothing of the agony of inefficient art. Knowing that the best clothing for a beautiful thought is nudity, he has ordained his *thought* to be more than its *expression*. This is the imperial attitude of genius. His pictures are drawn with few strokes. He says all in few words—vivid, direct. Along the chain of his thought play keen lightning-jets of poetic passion, which illumine the dark places of the human heart, as lightning illumines the midnight sky.

DRIFTING AWAY.

As one whom seaward winds beat from the shore,
Sees all the land go from him out of sight,
And waits with doubtful heart the stooping night,
In some frail shallow without sail or oar,
Drifting away!

I ride forlorn upon the sea of life,
Far out and farther into unknown deeps,
Down the dark gulfs and up the dizzy steeps,
Whirled in the tumult of the ocean strife,
Drifting away!

Like faint, faint lights, I see my old beliefs

Fade from me one by one, and shine no more;

Old loves, old hopes lie dead upon the shore,

Wept all about by ghosts of childhood griefs,

Drifting away!

O never more the happy land shall glow

With the fair light of morning on mine eyes;

Upon its loftiest peak the sunset dies,

And night is in the peaceful vales below,

Drifting away!

I rise and stretch my longing arms in vain,
 And fold in void embraces on my breast
 The nothing clasp'd, and with dim fears
 oppress'd,
 Cry to the shores I shall not see again,
 Drifting away!

THE MOVERS.

PARTING was over at last, and all the good-
 byes had been spoken.

Up the long hill-side the white-tented wag-
 on moved slowly,

Bearing the mother and children, while on-
 ward before them the father

Trudged with his gun on his arm, and the
 faithful house-dog beside him,

Grave and sedate, as if knowing the sor-
 rowful thoughts of his master.

April was in her prime, and the day in its
 dewy awaking;

Like a great flower, afar on the crest of
 the eastern wood-land,

Goldenly bloomed the sun, and over the
 beautiful valley,

Dim with its dew and its shadow, and bright
 with its dream of a river,

Looked to the western hills, and shone on
 the humble procession,

Paining with splendor the children's eyes,
 and the heart of the mother.

Beauty, and fragrance, and song filled the
 air like a palpable presence.

Sweet was the smell of the dewy leaves
 and the flowers in the wild-wood,

Fair the long reaches of sun and shade in
 the aisles of the forest.

Glad of the spring, and of love, and of
 morning, the wild birds were singing;

Jays to each other called harshly, then
 mellowly fluted together;

Sang the oriole songs as golden and gay
 as his plumage;

Penisvely piped the querulous quails their
 greetings unfrequent,

While, on the meadow-elm, the meadow-
 lark gushed forth in music,

Rapt, exultant and shaken, with the great
 joy of his singing;

Over the river, loud-chattering, aloft in the
 air, the king-fisher,

Hung, ere he dropped, like a bolt in the
 water beneath him;

Gossiping, out of the bank, flew myriad
 twittering swallows;

And in the boughs of the sycamore quar-
 reled and clamored the blackbirds.

Never for these things a moment halted
 the movers, but onward,

Up the long hill-side the white tented wag-
 on moved slowly,

Till, on the summit, that overlooked all the
 beautiful valley,

Trembling and spent, the horses came to a
 standstill unbidden;

Then from the wagon the mother in silence
 got down with her children,

Came, and stood by the father, and rested
 her hand on his shoulder.

Long together they gazed on the beautiful
 valley before them;

Looked on the well-known fields that
 stretched away to the wood-lands,

Where, in the dark lines of green, showed
 the milk-white crest of the dogwood,

Snow of wild plums in bloom, and crim-
 son tints of the red-bud;

Looked on the pasture-fields where the cat-
 tle were lazily grazing—

Softly, and sweet, and thin, came the faint,
 far notes of the cow-bells;

Looked on the oft-trodden lanes, with their
 elder and blackberry borders,

Looked on the orchard, a bloomy sea, with
its billows of blossoms.

Fair was the scene, yet suddenly strange
and all unfamiliar,

Like as the faces of friends, when the word
of farewell has been spoken.

Long together they gazed; then at last on
the little log-cabin—

Home for so many years, now home no
longer forever—

Rested their tearless eyes in the silent rap-
ture of anguish.

Up on the morning air, no column of smoke
from the chimney

Wavering, silver and azure, rose, fading
and brightening ever;

Shut was the door where yesterday morn-
ing the children were playing,

Lit with a gleam of the sun the window
stared up at them blindly,

Cold was the hearth-stone now, and the
place was forsaken and empty.

Empty? Ah no! but haunted by thronging
and tenderest fancies,

Sad recollections of all that had ever been,
of sorrow or gladness.

Once more they sat in the glow of the wide
red fire in the winter,

Once more they sat by the door in the cool
of the still summer evening,

Once more the mother seemed to be sing-
ing her babe there to slumber,

Once more the father beheld her weep
o'er the child that was dying,

Once more the place was peopled by all
the Past's sorrow and gladness!

Neither might speak for the thoughts that
come crowding their hearts so,

Till, in their ignorant sorrow aloud, the
children lamented;

Then was the spell of silence dissolved, and
the father and mother

Burst into tears, and embraced, and turned
their dim eyes to the westward.

DEAD.

SOMETHING lies in the room
Over against my own;
The windows are lit with a ghastly bloom
Of candles, burning alone—
Untrimmed, and all aflame
In the ghastly silence there.

People go by the door,
Tiptoe, holding their breath,
And hush the talk that they held before,
Lest they should waken Death,
That is awake all night
There in the candlelight!

The cat upon the stairs
Watches with flamy eye
For the sleepy one who shall unawares
Let her go stealing by;
She softly, softly purrs,
And claws the banisters.

The bird from out its dream
Breaks with a sudden song,
That stabs the sense like a sudden scream;
The hound the whole night long
Howls to the moonless sky,
So far, and starry, and high.

THE POET'S FRIENDS.

THE Robin sings in the elm;
The cattle stand beneath,
Sedate and grave, with great brown eyes,
And fragrant meadow-breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,
The wise-looking, stupid things!
And they never understand a word
Of all the Robin sings.

THE BOBOLINKS ARE SINGING.

Out of its fragrant heart of bloom—
 The bobolinks are singing!
 Out of its fragrant heart of bloom,
 The apple-tree whispers to the room,
 "Why art thou but a nest of gloom,
 While the bobolinks are singing?"

The two wan ghosts of the chamber there—
 The bobolinks are singing!
 The two wan ghosts of the chamber there
 Cease in the breath of the honeyed air,
 Sweep from the room and leave it bare,
 While the bobolinks are singing.

Then with a breath so chill and slow—
 The bobolinks are singing!
 Then with a breath so chill and slow,
 That freezes the blossoms into snow,
 The haunted room makes answer low,
 While the bobolinks are singing.

I know that in the meadow land
 The bobolinks are singing!
 I know that in the meadow land
 The sorrowful, slender elm-trees stand,
 And the brook goes by on the other hand,
 While the bobolinks are singing.

"But ever I see, in the brawling stream—
 The bobolinks are singing!
 But ever I see in the brawling stream
 A maiden drowned and floating dim,
 Under the water, like a dream,
 While the bobolinks are singing.

"Buried, she lies in the meadow-land!
 The bobolinks are singing!
 Buried, she lies in the meadow-land,
 Under the sorrowful elms where they stand;
 Wind, blow over her soft and bland,
 While the bobolinks are singing.

"O blow, but stir not the ghostly thing—
 The bobolinks are singing!
 O blow, but stir not the ghostly thing
 The farmer saw so heavily swing
 From the elm, one merry morn of Spring,
 While the bobolinks were singing.

"O blow, and blow away the bloom—
 The bobolinks are singing!
 O blow, and blow away the bloom
 That sickens me in my heart of gloom,
 That frightens my ghosts away from their
 room,
 While the bobolinks are singing!"

SUMMER DEAD.

ALL the long August afternoon,
 The little drowsy stream
 Whispers a melancholy tune,
 As if it dreamed of June
 And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook
 Dust on their down and bloom,
 And out of many a weed-grown nook
 The aster-flowers look
 With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet
 With smell of ripening fruit.
 Through the sear grass, in shy retreat,
 Flutter, at coming feet,
 The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves,
 The harsh leaves overhead;
 Only the querulous cricket grieves,
 And shrilling locust weaves
 A song of summer dead.

ALBERT BARNITZ.

ALBERT BARNITZ is a native of Bedford county, Pennsylvania, where he was born on the tenth day of March, 1833, but claims to be a "Buckeye," because his father moved to, and settled permanently in, Crawford county, Ohio, when he was an infant. In 1857, Mr. Barnitz published a volume of poems* at Cincinnati. Mr. Barnitz is now a teacher of Elocution and student at Law in Cleveland.

LOVE ON THE UPLAND-LEA.

It was long ago, on an upland-level,—

On a shadowy upland-lawn,
That a free, proud youth did delight to
revel

With a sweet, glad, bright-eyed fawn!
Ah! a sweet, glad, bright-eyed fawn was
she!

A pure, and a lovely being!
Who roamed with the lad on the upland-
lea,

No eyes, but their own eyes, seeing!

The grand old trees, by the moss made
hoary,—

By moss and the mountain-vine,—
Whose trunks bore names far-famed in
story,

Would their leafy heads incline!
They would bend their verdant branches
low,

And breathless, list all spoken
By the youthful pair who sat below
Exchanging many a token!

The flowers looked up, and they smiled to
see us,—

The innocent little flowers!

And the beautiful birds ne'er thought to
flee us,

When we met in their forest-bowers!
For still the depths of this shady grove,
Of this classic realm, resounded
With the rapturous, twittering tones of
love,—

A love that there abounded!

The skies they were always blue up above
us!—

The pure, mild, beautiful skies!
Whence we thought the bright angels as-
sembled to love us,

Looked down from their ethery eyes!
And a mazy landscape stretched away—
A dreamy, dim Ideal!

While the guardian mountains' mute array,
Shut out every pleasure unreal!

Ah! sweet was the place, and most ro-
mantic,—

The place on the upland-lea!
Where, truant afar from the dame pe-
dantic,

Strolled my dark-eyed maid with me!
Exchanging many a pledge of love,
And many a glance of gladness!
Till the grand old oaks, so mute above,
Forgot their aged sadness!

*Mystic Delvings. Cincinnati: A. Watson, 1857. 12mo, pp. 288.

Yes! the grand old trees, long, sedate and sober,—

Sedate, and grave, and gloomy!
Forgetful, at length, of their life's October,

Awhile grew gay and bloomy!
For they answered low to the wooing winds,

In a soft melodious measure,
Till, 'roused by the mirth of their whis-
pered minds,

Each leaf was a tremor of pleasure!

How happy were we on this upland-level!—

On this shadowy upland-lawn!

When youthful and free we delighted to revel—

Myself and my dark-eyed fawn!

Ah! many and many a lonesome day,

Have I passed, since my gleeful child-
hood!

And repent now, that ever I came away
From this shadowy upland-wildwood!

TO IRENE.

In the cheerless gloom of my silent room,

I am sitting alone, Irene,

While the frozen rain on my window-pane

With a sorrowful cadence comes drifting,
amain,

As the merciless winds of the night con-
strain,

And I'm thinking of thee, Irene!

Yes! my thoughts take flight, through the
dismal night,

To the beautiful home, Irene,

Where, a stranger-guest, at the kind be-
hest

Of her whom the loveliest charms invest,

I was welcomed to more than the tongue
confessed,

Or my heart dared hope, Irene.

O, the kind regard which the fair award,

I can never forget, Irene!

And a nameless spell, like the mystic
knell

Which is born in the breast of the ocean-
shell,

From the innermost depths of my heart
will swell

With the memory of thee, Irene!

And beaming afar, like a rising star,

Is the Artist's hope, Irene!

Through the lonely night, while its rays
invite,

I will struggle along to that distant light,
That its beautiful splendor may shed de-
light

On the mate of my choice, Irene.

And may I not deem that my passionate
dream

Holds the essence of truth, Irene?

Then the rain may beat, and the driveling
sleet

Come drifting along in a frozen sheet,

But my heart broods a melody low and
sweet

That I'd breathe to but one, Irene!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE was born in Cecil, Maryland, on the twenty-fifth of December, 1840. Her father, who was a member of the Maryland Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died when she was five years of age. She inherits her poetical gift from him. Miss Browne is a blood relative (on her father's side) of Felicia Hemans, and can be said to have been born a rhymester, as she created poems before she could commit them to paper, dictating them to a playmate who had the start of the poetess in the chirographic art.

Miss Browne has contributed to various periodicals; among others, to the *Louisville Journal*, *Bloomington* (Illinois) *Pantograph*, *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia, *New York Ledger*, *Graham's Magazine*, and the *Methodist Protestant*, published at Baltimore. The gifted editor of the latter publication, Rev. E. Y. Reece, was the first editor who encouraged her talent for poetry. Miss Browne is not afraid of out-of-door exercise. She is an excellent shot, passionately fond of rambles in the deep woods and near laughing waters. She lives an impulsive, robust life, and is remarked by all as a girl "with no nonsense about her," such as "wasting the midnight oil," and fretting her round, dimpled face into wrinkles on account of some "congenial spirit."

Her early home was on the Susquehanna River, at the head of tide-water, a wild and romantic region, full of beauty and the inspiration of poetry and daring. Who shall say that the bold features of massive rocks, towering forests and rushing waters, may not have fostered her genius and had much to do in the creation of her best productions?

Miss Browne has for some time resided at Bloomington, Illinois, and is about taking up her abode in St. Louis, Missouri. Her poetry is simple and unaffected, as the specimens given will show.

ALONE.

THERE is a sound in all the land
Of the wind and the falling rain,
And a wild sea breaking on dead white sand
With a desolate cry of pain,
As if its mighty and terrible heart
Were heaved with a human pain!

I stand alone, with the wind and rain,
As many a poet hath stood,
Soul-lit with the beautiful inner-light,
And a sense of a higher good,
But feeling, because of the world, as if
My life were written in blood;
And my soul keeps sobbing a sorrowful song,
Like a brook in an autumn wood.

Blow wind! blow wind! fall, desolate rain,
 And cry, oh! sorrowful sea,
 To the dumb, dead sand thy merciless pain,
 For such has my heart for me!
 Pitiless! pitiless! homeless, and pitiless!
 Such is the world to me!

THE CONQUERORS.

WHO are kings, and who are heroes?
 Who are victors till the last?
 They who with unfaltering courage,
 Quell the lions of the past.

They who go from town and village,
 From the smithy and the farm,
 Nobler for the sign of labor,
 Branded on each stalwart arm;—

They who go from mart and city,
 From the rush and roar of trade,
 Go to grapple with the future,
 Strong of soul, and undismay'd;—

They who from the toiling present,
 Look not back through mist of tears,
 But across the coming harvest
 Of the golden-fruited years;—

They who nurse a noble scorning,
 E'en in thought to be a slave—
 They who hailed the glorious morning,
 Of the arts that keep us brave!

Deeming all men are born equal,
 Only by high deeds made best,
 They who strive to win the sequel,
 That shall crown the nations bless'd;—

They who with their great endeavors,
 Build a never-dying name—
 They whose thunder-bolts of genius
 Wrap this living age in flame!

These are kings and conquerors glorious,
 From the lowliest haunts of men,
 Climbing unto heights victorious
 By the toil of press and pen!

These, the winners of true knowledge,
 Strong to battle for the right,
 From the workshop and the college,
 Striding full-armed to the fight!

Blessed be ye! brawny workers,
 In the mighty fields of thought,
 Bless'd your planting and your reaping,
 When the harvest shall be brought!

Go out, victors, late and early—
 Sow the fiery seed of thought!
 Down by rivers still and pearly,
 Shall your perfect sheaves be brought;

When the world's great heart sublimely,
 Throbs a full calm as of yore,
 And beside immortal waters
 Angels dwell with men, once more.

AURELIA.

THE water-lilies float the way
 The tide floweth—
 So, to-day,
 Down purple memories far and dim,
 My happy heart doth follow him,
 The way he goeth!

The sunset's crimson cup, o'erfull,
 Stains the blue river
 Beautiful!
 So is my nature's high divine,
 In his rare nature's costly wine,
 Rose-tinged forever!

HATTIE TYNG.

THE parents of Hattie Tyng were both primitive New Englanders—her father a clergyman, and professor in one of the academies in that section. Hattie was born at West Mills, Maine, on the twenty-sixth of January, 1841. She is self-educated—devoting her time and energies to the acquisition of knowledge, as she had opportunity, which resulted in a thorough English education, with several modern languages. Her particular forte seems to be the sense of comparison—readily perceiving the resemblances in the great activities and events of individual or national experiences, which her fine genius expresses in graphic and beautiful forms and imagery. Her productions have appeared in the *Home Journal*, *Columbia* (S. C.) *Courant*, the *Milwaukee* and *Chicago* papers, with some others. Miss Tyng is a popular teacher in the High School in the village of her residence, Columbus, Wisconsin.

RUINS.

OVER sea and over desert,
Wand'ring many a weary mile,
By the lordly banks of Ganges—
By the softly flowing Nile ;
Travelers wander, seeking ever
Ruins which may tales unfold,
Of the rude, barbaric splendor
Of the mystic days of old.

And they watch with straining vision—
Watch as pilgrims at a shrine—
For a glimpse of those half-hidden
Castled crags along the Rhine.
O'er all ancient lands they wander,
Ever with a new delight,
Seeking ruins which are sacred
To their wonder-loving sight.

But they know not that around them,
Close at home, are ruins spread,

Strange as those that glimpses give them
Of the ages that are dead.
Crumbling fane or fallen turret,
Ruined mosque or minaret,
Teaches not the solemn lesson,
Which we learn but to forget.

Every where around are scattered
Ruined lives and broken hearts,
Wrecks of manhood far more shattered
Than these fragments of lost arts.
And we need not go to seek them
Far from our own native land,
For, unnoted and forsaken,
Near us many ruins stand.

But when eyes and hearts are heavy
Gazing on them comes the thought,
That, though corniced aisle and column,
Soon shall crumble into naught,
Still these darkened human ruins,
All rebuilt shall one day stand,
Beauteous fanes and noble structures,
Within God's most glorious land.

ELLA CALDWELL.

THE poems of Miss Caldwell have been mostly contributions to the *Louisville* (Ky.) *Democrat*, and have been extensively copied by the newspapers throughout the country. Her *nom de plume*, "Leila," has become familiar as household words. Ella Caldwell was born in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, on the sixteenth of April, 1842. Her father, James G. Caldwell, shortly afterward removed to Jeffersonville, Indiana, where he is a merchant. Fortunately the circumstances of Miss Caldwell's parents enabled them to give their daughter an education at home, and culture and accomplishments upon a broad and firm basis. She resides at home, surrounded by affectionate relations, an admiring and appreciative circle of select friends, and all that would seem to render hers the life of the poet. Miss Caldwell's poems are of the school of the affections, but there is a growing strength and higher purpose perceptible in her later efforts, though all are marked by a lingering sweetness of rhythm, a fine poetic fancy, not more surprising than delightful to find in the writings of one so young. Her poetry frequently reaches the tenderest pathos, and sometimes rises to a "fine frenzy," but is always sweetly rhythmical.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not, judge not! Ye may not know
The strength of passion's power;
Remember that an angel fell
In Eden's sinless bower;
And still the tempter's syren voice,
In accents soft and sweet,
Might lure a soul as pure as light
To worship at his feet.

Judge not, judge not! The erring heart,
Though dim'd and stained by sin—
Though lost to every good without—
Has God's pure light within.
Judge not, judge not! untempted one;
Stand not aloof, apart—
Remember that God's image lives
In every human heart!

Judge not, judge not! Although these
sins

May be as dark as night,
They may have bravely warred, yet fell
A victim in the fight.
Judge not! The marshaled hosts of sin
Are fierce, and dark, and bold;
And yet full many a gentle lamb
Has wandered to their fold.

Judge not, judge not! or coldly pass
A fallen brother by;
A smile from virtue would be like
A beacon light on high.

Judge not, judge not! Our barks are
all
Upon the same sea cast;
Some sink amid the angry waves,
Some reach the shore at last!

LIZZIE G. BEEBE.

LIZZIE G. BEEBE was born, in 1842, at Hartford, Trumbull county, Ohio, where she still resides. Her poetry has appeared chiefly in the *Ohio Farmer*, and has a "tender grace" and pensive sweetness of its own. The two little poems that follow, favorably illustrate the peculiarities of her taste and manner.

DAY'S DEPARTURE.

Oh! bright and glorious was the hand .
That slowly led away,
Through the gemmed doorway of the West,
The lingering, blushing Day.

They met upon the threshold—
Bright Day and dewy Night—
And Day gave to her sister's care
The earth so green and bright.

"Sing gently, oh! my sister Night,
Thy soothing song of rest;
Shadow it with thy curtains dim,
And fold it to thy breast.

"Breathe gently on the waving trees,
The wild bird in its nest,
And soothe the weary, restless child,
Upon its mother's breast.

"Kiss all the tender, meek-eyed flowers
That in thy shadows weep;
Oh! with thy softest murmurs hush
My darling ones asleep.

"And the calm star-eyes will look down
With their pure and dreamy light,
To see how peacefully the earth
Sleeps in thy arms, oh Night!"

THE SHADOW OF THE OLD ELM-TREE.

STEAL gently, sunshine, through its grace-
ful boughs,
And paint its shadow as ye did of yore,
And I will dream a little fairy form
Is playing still beside the cottage door.

Float softly, breezes, 'mid the trembling
leaves,
And make the shadows flicker, as of old;
And I will dream my fingers wander still,
With soft caresses, ~~through her~~ curls of
gold.

But ah! the sunshine comes not at my call;
To my lone heart there comes no shad-
owy trace
Of the bright head, all golden with its curls,
Of the sweet voice, and the lost angel face.

Beneath the long and waving blades of grass,
They laid the sunshine of my life away;
For as the shadow rests upon her grave,
So lies a shadow on my heart to-day.

And yet, I know, my darling has but gone
To the bright realm beyond death's cold
dark sea;
But my poor heart will feel that here she
sleeps,
Beneath the shadow of the Old Elm-tree.

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